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SEPTEMBER 1918

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"OUR MARY"
By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY - TORONTO CANADA



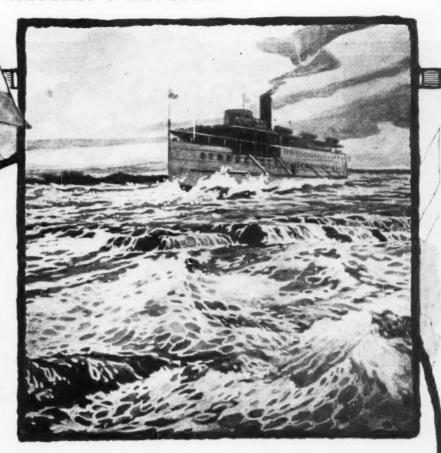
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When the b the making. to awe and amazement.

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PUTTING BY FOR THE WINTER

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# Business Outlook

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#### Crop Conditions Will Affect Business Outlook to Some Extent

THE outstanding fact is the disappointing crop outlook in the West. It is not so many weeks ago that everything was rosy and the crop experts talked of new records and big yields. To-day the chorus runs to forecasts of unrelieved pessimism and to estimates of wheat yields far below normal. By the time this article appears a close estimate of the total will probably have been arrived at, and it is the opinion of the writer that that total will not be nearly as low as the prophets now declare. It is generally found that the estimates of the Western crop experts are low. They play safe. Of course, it is not intended to imply that the present wave of pessimism has no basis in fact. It is only too apparent that the bad weather has killed enough of the crop off to bring it down below normal. It is the opinion of the writer, however, that we are at the present moment suffering from the tensest part of the wave of doubt that comes along inevitably every year and that later reports will show a gradual revision upward of the total. We won't have a good crop, we won't even have a normal crop, but at the same time we won't have a blue ruin crop either.

In any case it is not logical to attach so much significance to this matter of the Western crop, except as a factor in the feeding of the Allies. A bad crop will not have as depressing an effect on the business outlook as in pre-war days. People still speak of a poor wheat crop as though it spelt commercial depression as, to some extent, it did before war. doesn't mean anything of the kind now. At the present price even the poorest wheat crop means a very considerable revenue. The Western farmer will make enough on his wheat this year to still remain in a position of tolerable prosperity. He will not be flush as he was last year, nor so ready to buy everything going, but he will still be able to get all the necessities and a fair share of the luxuries of life. It must be borne in mind also that the last few years have been great years for the Western farmer and to-day he has the reserves of those years of plenty behind him. He has wiped off or comfortaably reduced his liabilities. He has-or should have—a tidy bit in the bank and a sheaf of Victory bonds. A slim crop, even a downright bad crop, is not going to throw him out of his stride. It may slow him up some but there is no reason, after all, to anticipate that business is geing to be bad as a result.

BUSINESS is not going to be bad. On the contrary it is going to continue on at the same brisk gait. Orders from the West may fall off, in fact there are some

indications already of this tendency. Credit lines will be drawn a good deal closer in the West. But, after all, the press of orders in most lines of business is still heavy and a slackening in demand would not mean any slackening of industrial activity. It would simply mean an opportunity to catch up and to relieve the labor strain.

There are some of a pessimistic turn of mind who believe that the slim crop will inevitably have a reactionary effect on business generally. The writer cannot conceive, however, of any material slack-ening as a result of the smaller Western It is still apparent that we can get as large a volume of war orders from Great Britain and the United States as we are prepared to handle. Consider, just as an instance, recent developments in regard to the filling of war orders for Last February underwear. Last February the U. S. Government approached Canadian manufacturers and placed orders for a very large quantity. So large were the orders placed, in fact, that when the Canadian Government got around to the same matter of underwear for the troops, they found the Canadian mills unable to accept any further orders. The result was that our Government approached Washington with a view to having the orders switched. The Canadian manufacturers made a counter proposal to Ottawa to the effect that the Government approach the jobbers and buy up any stocks that might be on hand. This was done and in all about 25,000 dozen were secured, enough to tide Ottawa over for a time, perhaps until the American orders can be filled. In the meantime, however, stocks available for the public have been very seriously

depleted.
This is but one evidence of the condition which prevails in some lines at least. The demand, complicated by orders for war purposes, is greater than can be satisfactorily met with the present supply of raw materials and the condition of the labor market.

THE most satisfactory feature of all, however, is the continued and very substantial increase in bank savings. The month of June showed an increase over June, 1917, of \$18,177,219. The total increase for the year is \$65,424,004, which indicates that the people of Canada are better off than even before despite everything. It indicates that the Victory Loan campaign will be launched with the public in a better position to take it up than last year.

At the same time, there is a very cautious tone manifested in business circles. It is recognized that the future is very uncertain, that almost anything might

Mention MacLean's Magazine-It will identify you.

happen and that the best way to do is to go slow. This tendency is manifested most distinctly in the matter of retail buying. It has always been the custom for merchants to book their requirements in certain lines well ahead. They would in the addingner converts by head. in the ordinary cause of events be booking up now for certain spring supplies. But this they are not doing; not, at least, but this they are not doing; not, at least, to the same extent as formerly. There is a distinct disinclination to the assumption of responsibility. It has been noted for a long time past, for five or more years, that merchants were beginning to buy in smaller quantity and oftener, but the tendency not to book in advance was never so pronounced as at present, and indicates a very cautious

tone generally to business.

This tendency toward buying oftener and in smaller bulk may be noted, in passing, as another factor in the higher price of everything; for the merchant, of course, pays a higher price for his goods when he buys on that basis.

#### Germany's Latest Manoeuvre

Is Warning the World of the "Anglo-Saxon Peril."

THE Imperial German Government has always felt it necessary to have a hate slogan to offer the German people. Russia, England, France, Italy and the United States have all in turn been made the victims of this curious national trait. Now a new one has been conjured up and is being fed out to the credulous Teuton with a tnoroughness that equals the rather ridiculous "Gott Strafe England" campaign. The people of the Central Powers are being told of the Anglo-Saxon peril-a combination of the British Empire and the United States to control the seas and shut the Germans out of all markets. This chimera is being used as a fanfare to rouse the jaded German people to a new war frenzy. The details of the campaign of the propaganda have been gathered up by Current Opinion from the leading newspapers of Europe and are presented in the following graphic story:

The sudden crisis at the Wilhelmstrasse, precipitated by the indiscreet utterances of Herr von Kuhlmann, would seem, from gossip in the Dutch press, to have been the first gun in the new Anglo-Saxon direction. The Anglo-Saxon drum is beating furiously all over Central Europe according to orders, affirms the Giornale d'Italia (Rome). The idea seems to have originated with a clique of Berlin worthies including the economic genius of the home office, Herr von Stein, the great economist and sociologist, also a deputy in the Reichstag, Doctor von Schulze-Gavernitz, and our old friend Herr Erzberger, the clerical leader. These gentlemen were not present at the royal meeting with Ludendorff and the rest, but they provided the ammunition that was discharged at the head of Charles I. He took away with him to Constantinople and to Sofia, the Rome Tribuna believes, an impression that the United States and England have come together to control the seas forever so that no nation in Central Europe shall have coal, wheat, copper or anything of that kind without becoming a vassal in disguise. Some idea of the sort has been disseminated for a long time in the Kreuz-Zeitung (Berlin), but Continued on page 10 The sudden crisis at the Wilhelmstrasse, Continued on page 10



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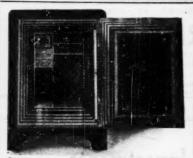
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### The Investment Situation

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal editor of The Financial Post.

This is the idea of investment that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE desires to present: That This is the idea of investment that Maclean's Magazine desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies. MacLean's Magazine does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of "The Financial Post" will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations.—The Editors.

#### An Upward Tendency and the Reasons

HE first indications of a general bullish tendency in the stock markets in Canada presented themselves during the later part of July, and the earlier part of August, when activity showed a disposition to broaden out, and some twenty-five stocks, out of a little over fifty that were moving, registered gains, and half a dozen reached new high marks in their history. Heretofore, it has been what may be termed the "specialties" that displayed a buoyant condition and moved up. In each case condition and moved up. In each case this action was independent of a general movement: often a particularly favorable announcement of increased profits in an individual stock and bright prospects of increased dividends started the stock on its way. But, like New York, the Canadian market held its course with a minimum of change.

The month of July saw the first what has the semblance of a general ad-Two securities started a prolonged rally on immediate prospects of four years of dividends being liquidated in a reasonable period: two more moved up where peace operations were considered sufficient to carry on the ordinary overhead expenses of the company, while shell orders provided a substantial sur-plus; a fifth rose over 20 points on prospects of a dividend being advanced from 7 to 10 per cent. This last menfrom 7 to 10 per cent. This last mentioned is a pure "peace" stock, as it is termed, it owes nothing to the war. One or two others of a similar nature started long-awaited advances. These movements led to a feeling that events in France were foreshadowing a definite victory to such an extent that the stock market had begun to discount it already, and henceforth would begin to play more strongly upon the "peace" stocks. The movements were scarcely definite enough to establish this theory, but it may be taken for granted that the financial world with its uncanny prescience will be working serenely and with assured confidence along peace lines in security dealings months before a London or Paris official statement commits itself definitely upon this point.

As yet the New York market refuses absolutely to lend itself either to peace stock booms, or even to general advances. The public are holding aloof, where in Canada they are now venturing into the market. Indefinite but heavy taxation still overhangs the earnings of all industrials, and there is a fear that future dividends may be imperiled. The glamor of victory in the brilliant dashes of United States troops against the German line is tempered by reiterated cautions against too early optimism, backed up by titanic preparations at home that scorn any suggestion at relaxing. Nor yet does the shifting scene carry strong enough evidence of a permanent turn in the tide; and so stocks continue to be held awaiting improving quotations, and the market is almost certain to continue so for some time to come, with moderate advances, and as moderate relapses

AN interesting and instructive action was taken by the Finance Minister early in August in cancelling the permission of a gold mining concern to issue in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 of stock. The prospectus and advertisements missed the applies in declarate the Minister of the complex of the property of the property and advertisements missed the problem. led the public in declaring that the Min-ister's simple consent to sell the stock under the War Time Investment Act constituted a guarantee that it was a "Safe Investment." The condemnation of this deceptive manipulation of a departmental action in The Financial Post led to the immediate withdrawal by the Minister of the permission that had been abused.

A review of some of the features of investment movements during the four years of the war is continued below:

O a great extent transactions on the Exchanges Exchanges reflected prices: heavy slumps were followed by a lack of activity and extreme listlessness. The records show that in January, 1915, the transactions on the Montreal and Toronto Exchanges amounted to only \$1,249,800 when the floor of the Exchange was closed: one year later, January, 1916, the transactions amounted to \$17,267,900.
There followed a period of great industrial improvement in Canada, based on high prices of agricultural products and increasing war orders, and a soaring of prices on the Exchange. By November, 916, the transactions reached \$67,658,000. Towards the end of 1917 bad war news caused serious breaks in New York and in Canada: transactions in January, 1918. were only \$7,015,500; and in February, \$9,994,700. Prices have gone up since, and sales have grown apace.

A REVIEW of securities during the past four years would not be complete without a reference to one feature of the financial aspect of industrial develop-ment that has taken place in Canada: the strengthening of working capital, that is in the surplus of liquid assets over current liabilities. This element in a company's condition does not always find recognition on the Stock Exchange:

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nevertheless, it is probably the most important, and hence the most satisfactory phase of conditions to-day, and the most promising element looking to the uncertain forces that so many concerns may have to face in the readjustment period. According to Greenshields' analysis the working capital of seventeen companies stood at \$71,822,620 at the end of 1917 operations as compared with \$30,751,097 at the end of 1914. Tabulated these run

Co.	1917	1914
1.	 \$ 1,777,346	\$ 1,084,298
2.	 926,060	. 1,091,783
3.	 3.763.145	1,931,547
4.	 6,739,416	6,750,000
5.	 786,411	567,333
6.	 1,713,007	1.631.944
7.	 1,189,913	438,164
8.	 13.131.158	3,730,807
9.	 2,258,923	730,723
10.	 4,362,901	1,473,205
11.	 1,419,383	1.075,212
12.	 10.163.438	154.883
13.	 3,451,517	1.099.975
14.	 2,649,562	1,183,685
15.	 1,293,434	578,054
16.	 3,223,127	2.118,899
17.	 12,993,899	5,110,595
	871 899 690	\$20.751.097

These are representatives of the main industrials: footwear, building supplies, steel, textile, milling, paper, knit goods, paint, étc.

TURNING from stocks to bonus, a rand-cal evolution must be noted, a change that will continue for years after the war, and in the main, will work out ad-vantageously for Canada. It marks, in brief, a step from dependence upon out-cide maney for the development of muniside money for the development of muni-cipal and commercial requirements, and vision for these from the savings of her own people. From dependence on financial help from Great Britain Communication of the savings of her own people. forced to turn to the United States; then, to herself. Recent negotiations of the Finance Minister with Washington indicate that some help may be forthcom-ing from the United States in the future, but in the main Canadian financial needs must be satisfied in Canada.

The records of the past four or five ears furnish conclusive proofs of this. The flotations of Canadian bonds in London fluctuated thus in the past five years:

1913					٠									£47,363,625
1914														36,777,271
1915									0		,			8,235,000
1916					0									1,000,000
1917		0	0	0		0	0					0	0	2,250,000

In the same period municipal bond sales in Great Britain were as follows: 1913, £69,323,350; 1914, £32,367,435; 1915, 1916 and 1917, nil.

In the United States, in 1915 and 1916, the decline in British funds was supplied to a great extent; in 1917, with the States at war, this was cut off:

Can. Muni. B'd. Sales in U.S. \$22,168,053 12,303,200 1914 35,483,114 32,336,764 1915 6,233,365

Cut off from Great Britain bond sales in Canada rose to \$36,683,359 in 1914, but in 1917 these fell to \$17,955,714 with increasing government requirements. Taking all three countries, Canadian muni-

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The Financial Post of Canada 143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. cipal bond sales declined from \$112,061,-642 in 1913 to \$24,189,079 in 1917.

But government war bond sales grew apace. The first war loan was called in November, 1915, for \$50,000,000, finally increased to \$100,000,000. The second was for \$100,000,000, to which there was an oversubscription of \$101,444,800; the third, of March, 1917, for \$150,000,000, oversubscribed by \$110,000,000, and the fourth a "Victory" loan for \$150,000,000, for which \$418,000,000 was subscribed by \$02,000 individuals or companies, and \$400,000,000,000 leated

\$400,000,000 allotted.

Thus in 1916 where the total government, municipal, railway and corporation bond issues were \$315,000,000, the

total in 1917 exceeded \$725,000,000. In 1916 the bonds sold in Canada amounted to about 33 per cent. of the total Canadian bonds sold, in 1917, to 75 per cent.; the United States share in 1916 was about 66 per cent.; in 1917, a bare 25 per cent., and the British funds available had shrunk to almost nothing.

This ability to finance for herself, with bank savings deposits increasing from \$621,000,000 in 1913 to \$985,000,000 in 1917, constitutes one of the most convincing proofs of Canada's growing strength, and this, in turn, will prove one of the most trustworthy safeguards in the years immediately before us to investors in Canadian securities.

#### Germany's Latest Manoeuvre

Continued from page 7

there is now reason to believe, says the London Post, that the Wilhelmstrasse was recently induced to urge this view of the war with energy and system and it has found a convert in Charles.

The progress of Charles through Central Europe became, perhaps without his knowledge, observes the Paris Figaro, a grand demonstration against the Anglo-Saxon race. Pamphlets on the subject of raw materials were hurled from the imperial trains. Economists of eminence filled the influential newspapers of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and even Turkey, with disquisitions on the relation of raw materials to sea power and the peril to civilization of such a design as President Wilson and the British between them have formed. The whole business, French dailies understand, was quite distasteful to Herr von Kuhlmann, who has long been unsound, from a German point of view, on the Anglo-Saxon question, we learn from the Debats. However, he put a good face on the matter and actually made one of the truculent speeches of the past few weeks in which the Wilhelmstrasse and its echo the Ballplatz have claimed raw materials, a place in the sun, territory to expand in and a redistribution of sea power. The conversion of Herr von Kuhlmann was believed by the Rome Tribuna to be too belated to save him. He is succeeded by a man of the Pan-German or Junker school who regards England as a pirate isle and the United States as a tail to the British kite. Already Spain, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and Holland, says the Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant, are flooded with pamphlets on the subject of the combination of the Anglo-Saxons for permanent possession of the world's waters. Editorial utterances in British and American newspapers, dwelling upon the cordiality of the new understanding between the two branches of the English-speaking stock, are given space in inspired organs of Central Europe as proof of the peril. Russia and the Balkans come in for a share of this propaganda, which the neutral press concedes to be as ingenious as the histories of the war which are sent out to neutral countries by the ton under the auspices of the Berlin general staff.

the auspices of the Berlin general staff.

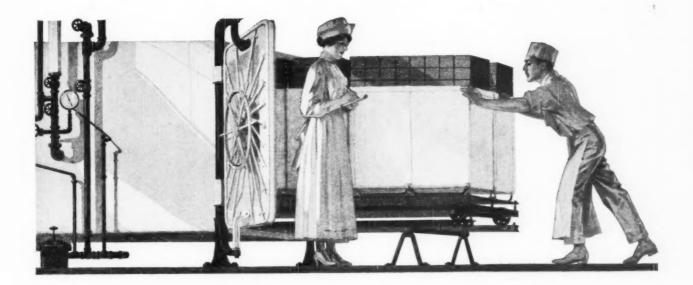
In Russia, observes the Milan Corriere, the German agents talk somewhat less of the Anglo-Saxon peril than of the "bourgeois threat" embodied in the alliance of the Anglo-Saxon powers. In Spain, the South American countries and Italy and among French clericals the Anglo-Saxon world is represented as the peculiar enemy of the Roman Catholic faith. The agitation is sufficiently spirited, the Italian dailies hint, to embarrass the French government in its relations with some important sections of the Latin world, a fact noted with pleasure by the Neue Freie

Presse, the able German organ of Vienna, The London foreign office, it suspects, may throw a little cold douche upon the entusiasms of rabid Anglo-Saxons in England, and the Washington government will deprecate manifestations of the sort in America, since they are undoubtedly having a bad effect in western Europe to say nothing of the eastern portion. The diversions of American troops to Italy and the speeding up of the forces for France are thus explained. Both London and Washington, the Austrian daily says, realize the importance of depriving the Central Powers of the Anglo-Saxon issue.

importance of depriving the Central Powers of the Anglo-Saxon issue.

Having reached an agreement that the Anglo-Saxon peril is now critical for Central Europe, the two Emperors and their advisers concerted measures to meet it. These, in the opinion of the Paris Debats, will amount to some sort of a blow at the British, seeing that the Americans are for the time being not so accessible. Highly significant to French and British dallies alike are the studies by German military experts which begin to fill the inspired press. Thus the conservative Suddeutsche Zeitung, an influential provincial organ, says the Germans must gain possession of Egypt. England, it seems to this commentator, will consider it rather beneficial to herself than otherwise if her armies are driven from France. She can in that event devote all her energies to securing her position in the middle East and consolidating the defense of the approaches to India and her African empire. Germany, the south German daily says, needs a bridge between her African colonies and her own population and she must direct her efforts to the construction of a railway from German Africa through the Sudan and Egypt to connect with the German Oriental railway. Germany must not let slip such a favorable opportunity as will be afforded by the impending humiliation of the Anglo-Saxon world. Germany must secure her place in the sun, just like England and America. So much general comment upon the international situation in Germany develops ideas of this sert, the geography of the Anglo-Saxon portion of the earth being reconstructed, that the London Post suspects an impending campaign on the water or perhaps a new conception of a strategical kind. There is much grumbling, it observes, at the failure to reach the Anglo-Saxon world in view of all the talk in Germany about its greed and materialism. The Kriegs-Nachrichten, a military organ, observes, however, that since Germany is waging a war for raw materials, the struggle will necessarily be longer than was foreseen. The An

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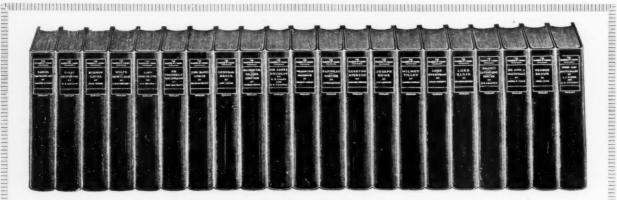
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# MACLEAN'S

## MAGAZINE

T.B.COSTAIN

EDITOR

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Number 11

## A "Close Up" of Union Government

Our National Executive as Seen from the Press Gallery

By J. K. Munro

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

HERE are three kinds of great men: those who have been born great, those who have been born greatness and those who have achieved greatness and those who have become cabinet ministers. It will be generally admitted that the Union Government is largely composed of cabinet ministers.

Travelling in a

Travelling in a private car with both pockets stuffed full of patronage, the cabinet minister can roll into his native village and create an impression somewhat akin to that made by the Queen of Sheba on a certain historic occasion. But view-ed "close up," and day by day, this per-sonage dwindles to a plain person and in many cases to a very ordinary person. The disadvantage a press gallery man labors under is that he sees this Union Government every day and "close up." So, if this appraisal lacks enthusiasm, you will bear with me.

It might also be

well to explain right well to explain right at the start that the press gallery belongs not to the heavens above, the earth beneath nor the waters under the earth. It just sits there and watches the procession move by. It never achieves greatness, yet mingles with it daily; it mingles with wealth yet never shares in the sees a common everyday member. mingles with wealth yet never shares in it. It sees a common everyday member of Parliament, called to the Cabinet, swell up like a toy balloon. It sees the halo sprout from the roots of his hair. It sees others bow the knee and burn the incense of flattery before him. And

Naturally Sir Robert experienced feelings of virtuous elation.

then, when the inevitable resignation comes, it sees the wind go out of the balloon, the halo fade and the flatterers vanish. If you want recent examples take Sir Sam Hughes and Hon. Bob Rogers. Since Sir Sam discarded the uniform and the special train habit he doesn't have to dodge reporters to keep his name out of the papers. Nor does Hon. Bob have to tip the hall boy to keep the "welcome" sign from being worn off his doormat. And yet it is only a few short months since these two statesmen found the spotlight hardly big enough to take in their entire persons.

Run down the list of discarded or resigned Ministers of the last ten years and note how they have all shrunk and then you will understand the attitude of the old press gallery old press gallery denizen who remarked: "Those Ministers have nothing on us. We have to have some ability to hold our jobs. They're only accidents." And only accidents. And if those Ministers could hear the run-ning fire of comment on their daily walk and conversation by those who know them best and follow their actions most closely it is a good guess that they would contract either a great-er contempt for the gallery or a smaller idea of their own importance.

With these few words let me introduce Sir Robert Borden, the man who made Union Government possible. his present cabinet is union in anything but name is an open question. To date it has stuck together. But how could it has stuck together. But how could it do otherwise when it is propped up on north, south and west, by the crisis in Europe and on the east by Sir Wilfrid Laurier? If the props should break, Union Government would exit with all possible despatch. Even as it is the rumblings that come from the Council Chamber taken with eabous from various parts of the country. echoes from various parts of the country

give every promise that the next ses sion of the House will be lively that the Gin-Group ger Group will not furnish all the ex-Robert Bor-Sir den will be the last man to find this out. Probably no man in Canada is so thoroughly immune to public senti-ment. If you wander into Ottawa on a day in summer — and it can get hot in Ottawa when it tries - and ask if there cool spot anywhere in the

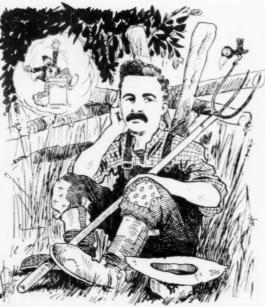
city, the answer is almost sure to be: "Yes, up in Borden's office." For you could hardly call the Premier genial. He admits also that he does not read the newspapers, except such selected passages as his secretaries clip for his perusal. It is safe to assume that those selections are not such as will hurt his self-esteem. Nor are his intimates, if any, of the kind to communicate to him much of what the masses are thinking. A thrifty person himself—he is the richest Premier that Canada ever knew—he rather prefers the company of men who make, and know, the value of money. For instance, you would hardly look to Sir George Perley as an interpreter of the public

mind.

Sir Robert is not a politician. That may be the reason some people have concluded that he is a statesman. He has a sort of genius for doing the right thing at the wrong time or vice versa. Neither is he an orator. He can make almost any subject uninteresting. Moreover, he mumbles his words, always appears to have a clove or something like that in his mouth and punctuates his orations with so many extracts from printed documents that "Borden readings" have become a by-word in the House. But there are occasions, far separated though they be, when he appears to shed his books, his clove and the marcelle wave in his hair and stand forth an orator and a statesman. When he announced his conscription policy his oration was so eloquent and courageous that his followers were enthusiastic. The real Borden, for whom they had vainly searched for years, had at last appeared. But the enthusiasm waned when, apparently forgetting the boys at the front for whom he had put forward such a pathetic plea, he spent almost the entire summer looking for this Union Government we now have. The next time he showed to advantage was almost a year later when he repelled the farmer invasion of the capital last May. That time he did not arouse the same admiration. His followers could not help wondering where they would be next day.

dering where they would be next day.

But the Premier's pursuit of Union
Government marked him as persevering



It looks like a good guess that Mr. Crerar will soon be back where ee belongs—on the farm.

Crerar will soon be back where side Sir Robert Borden would have been a much stronger man than he is had he turned either to the right or to the left.

But you probably ask, if Sir Robert is not a strong man and is neither a politician nor orator, how did he arrive? And it may be that, if a Cabinet Minister is an accident, a Premier is a victim of circumstances. Sir Robert was born in Nova Scotia and is consequently a statesman as naturally as a Kentuckian is a colonel. Boys down that way are said to be divided in their ambitions. Some want to be premiers, others to be brakemen on the Intercolonial. Sir Robert's family have already filled several pages of the country's pay roll and he followed the family inclination, paving the way by studying law. He is still a high-class constitutional lawyer. Of course, he came to Parliament in the natural course of events. When disaster overtook the Conservative party, his fine appearance, his nice wavy hair, his natural dignity and his knowledge of constitutional law made him leader. He tried to escape once or twice and failed. Then his op-

ponents adopted reciprocity and made him Premier. Even since it has been reported more than that once meant to retire. But he didn't. In the words of an old Conservative wheel-horse now the Senate, likes the position; and he likes the honor." Conscription, ably assisted by Sir Clifford Sifton and Sir Joseph Flavelle, finished the job.

IF you leave it to Sir Robert to name the most distinguished members of his

and determined, you Well, haps. It perhans. well, however, to re-member that one or two others wanted Union Governm en t just as much as did Sir Robert. One of these was Clifford Sifton. An-other was Sir Joseph Fla-velle. Both velle. Both habit of getting what they go after. Each has a certain amount of determinatio n With one of them prod-ding on each

Cabinet he will probably say Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell and Hon. Arthur Meighen. He has been known to say as much. But the majority of his follow-ers don't believe him. Neither do the ers don't believe him. Neither do the Opposition nor the disinterested spec-tators in the galleries. If you want to go still further, neither does Hon. New-ton think it of Hon. Arthur nor Hon. Arthur of Hon. Newton. Mr. Meighen was teacher's pet before the days of Union. Then along came Mr. Rowell and put his nose out of joint. The latter may not be popular in the House, as a matter of fact is very much otherwise, but he knows how to be nice to the Premier-and to get his own way too. instance, after the prohibition order-in-council was promulgated, Sir Robert found his desk piled high with telegrams of appreciation from clergymen all over Naturally he experienced feel-Canada. ings of virtuous elation and felt grateful to the lieutenant who had suggested legislation that brought such a spontaneous outburst of approval. What he did not know was that Hon. Mr. Rowell had stage-managed the whole proceeding-that the wires were sent at his suggestion. By little things like this, attached to a deferential manner, Mr. Rowell has gained and largely held the ear of his chief. So largely that there must be moments when Hon. Arthur wonders if he was not wasting his energies when he worked so hard to bring about the union Sir Robert and the others longed for. For Hon. Arthur sacrificed not a little of his popularity with the old Tories when, at the behest of his chief, he helped fill the front benches with his old-time enemies. When he first came in from the Prairies under the wing of Hon. Bob Rogers, young Arthur was the infant prodigy of the House. His argument was strongly partisan and the old hidebound Tories would gather in the House when he spoke and cheer his every sentence. He began to loom up as the Tory leader of the future and whether he wanted to break from the Rogers' leading strings or the older man recognized a dangerous rival for the Western leadership in young Arthur can only be surmised. What can be told only be surmised. What can be told with certainty is that whenever a nasty deal had to be defended on the floor of the House, the young Solicitor-General got the job. From champion of the extreme Tories he became the champion



When Union Government goes on the rocks Jim Calder will be found on the best provisioned life raft.

hair-splitter and when he turned in as assistant Union-Maker to Sir Robert Borden, while Hon. Robert Rogers stood out as the leader of those utterly opposed to Union, he moved yet further away from those who were loudest in his

So, as Hon. Newton is busy watching on. Arthur, and Hon. Arthur is busy watching Hon. Newton and neither has any following worth mentioning in the House, they can safely be dismissed when figuring futures. Both are clever when figuring futures. Both are clever lawyers but Parliament is full of clever lawyers. In fact there is a growing belief that there are too many of them there for the country's good.

BUT there is a little group of men who sit over to the right of Sir Robert Borden to whom the eyes of visitors in-variably wander and about whom more questions are asked than about all the rest of the Cabinet combined. They are Hons. Sifton, Carvell, Calder and Crerar. Strange as it may appear, they are all Strange as it may appear, they are all Liberal-Unionists which suggests that the future of Union Government has slipped from Sir Robert Borden to the Liberal-Unionists. As I write Sir Robert Borden has not yet fulfilled his promise to give the Liberals a "fifty-fifty" representation in his Cabinet. But the fact remains that when you

fact remains that when you look at that Cabinet it appears to be full of Liberals. It evidently feels that way too. Just before the last session of Parliament a Conservative member of the

Government was asked:
"When are you going to give the full fifty-fifty to the Liberals?

"Fifty-fifty, hell!" he ex-loded. "Those Liberals are ploded. "Those Liberals are always there and some of our fellows are always away. They're in the majority at every meeting now of the Council."

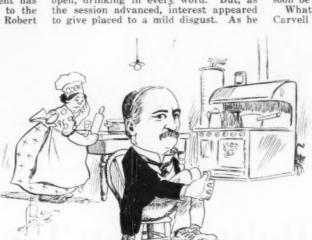
And the general contour of his language was not further evidence of that peace and good will on which unions

are alleged to thrive. And of the Liberals who look so numerous the four mentioned the students of political are the ones

form are watching. Perhaps it would better to deal with them by the process of elimination.

Of the four seems safe to predict that Mr. Crerar will He disappear first. is an honest farmer, head of the Grain Growers' Company, one of the strongest one of influential trusts in the country. But he is not a politician and not adaptable enough to ever become one. He tried hard to learn. He sat in House, leaning for-ward with hands clasped and mouth

open, drinking in every word. But, as the session advanced, interest appeared to give placed to a mild disgust.



Hon. Mr. Reid took a chair in the Borden kitchen and sat down.

wandered past the press room one night evidently he was expressing himself frankly to his companion and these

mpanion and these words came clearly to us, "This is the damndest place for passing the buck I ever got into." And a day or two later, when the House the House when was wrestling with weighty Foster's problems re the weighing of eggs or measuring of the cordwood or something, and a mild attempt was made to shove some of the responsibility over on his shoulders, he bucked absolutely. "I did not ask for the legislation," he declared, and he appeared to enjoy the laugh that told he had found his own soul again for the moment. It looks like a good guess that Mr. Crerar will

soon be where he belongs-on the farm. will become of Hon. Frank is another question. In What

Frank Cochrane sits and wonders if Sir William Mackenzie him off the Government Railway Board.

question. his old fighting days when, as his old fighting days when, as the executioner of the Opposi-tion, he hung the scalps of Fleming, Morine and Hughes at his belt, he looked the most formidable figure to the left of Mr. Speaker. Now he's in the transition period and he hardly seems to know himself whether he's a good Grit or a half-blown Bordenite. Neither does friend or foe know just how to place him. To be sure he still professes Liberalism. When, as a mem-ber of the Cabinet, he was forced to vote with his leader on the Yukon election case he did it but with no very good grace. And next day in the corridor when a friend congratulated him on casting his first Tory vote he declared in a loud tone of voice:
"That's the first d—d vote I ever was ashamed of cast-

ing." But he did it again when Sir Wilfred forced a vote on the Alien Franchise Act though but a few weeks before he had expressed a hope that he would not much longer have to apologize for that repre-hensible piece of legislation. "Honest, Fearless, Fighting Frank," as his admir-ers of other days loved to call him, is learning to "love, honor and obey." He is first and always a politician. He makes the Tories nervous and the Grits suspicious. He is a power in New Brunswick where he owns the Government even as Hon. James Calder owns the Govern-ment in Saskatchewan. He'll have to be reckoned within the final analysishow or when or where is one of the mysteries that make politics so interesting as a study. Meanwhile he owns the electric light plant in his native town of Woodstock, is a director of the Nova Scotia Telephone Co. and is so frankly

anti-public ownership that his reputation does not suffer when he goes off on fishing trips with Hon. J. D. Reid.

That brings us to Hon. "Jim" Calder, the silent man of mystery. Is James so consistently keeping his mouth shut to cover his astuteness or to save his reputa-Hon. James came down from the West with a great reputation for political sagacity. But, then, so did Hon.

Continued on page 94.

Sifton was sitting with his feet on Doherty's desk and smoking when the press boys called.



Shere Din made a close study of the game and his explanations were lucidity itself.

## The Beluchistan League

#### A Most Original Baseball Story

By Allen C. Shore

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

SHORT distance south of the border of Afghanistan, in Beluchistan, was a mine from which a soft, shaly, lignite coal was dug. This coal was then compacted into briquettes and used on the Government railways, thereby saving a long and expensive haul from the coal pits of Bengal. It was very difficult stuff to mine. On account of its extreme friableness timbers could not be used for support of its workings, and much ingenuity had to be employed, walls of bags, made out of tough cactus leaves, filled with pit dumpage, being built as stays. That, however, was but one of the difficulties of the situation. The labor available was one of the oddest assortments of humanity ever assembled — Beluchis, Pathans, and a dozen breeds, half, and quarter breeds, that flourish in that strange land.

When to these factors in the problem were added the perils of battle, murder, and extremely sudden death from raiding invaders, it may be seen that there were the Massachusetts Yankee. The years immediately preceding 1914 were quite

brisk ones in the hills. Afghan tribes are ceaselessly feeling with furtive hands along the Border fence, seeking weak places through which they might break profitably, lifting cattle, guns, ammunition, and women, and destroying the evil works of the Unbeliever. During these years there had been quite an influx of holy men into Afghanistan, German born and bred, who came along from Constantinople, travelling along the southern shores of the Black and Caspian Seas, and working their way into Northern Afghanistan. Others of them followed the new Baghdad route, swinging east through Persia, and trickling over the line where Persia, Afghanistan, and Beluchistan touch: An historic land, swept by Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Khubla Khan, Tamerlane, and the great Caliphs, and destined again in the immediate future to wake from its long slumber, and play once more distinguished part in the history of the race. Through this land, whose people are first-class fighting people and the fiercest of Mahommedan fanatics, the emissaries of the Kaiser went, preach-

ing the coming downfall of the British Empire in India, and stirring up the zeal of the natives to play their part, and gain the profits, in the great overthrow that was to come.

A S this, in the main, is Carswell's story, it is necessary to explain how he came into the hill land of Beluchistan. It is a rather regrettable relation, in some of its details, particularly in these days of dryness, but it is truthful. The happening was something after this fashion. Bill was a native of Stogumber in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and he said that while Stogumber might be all right for those who liked such places, it lacked the precise shade of color and degree of picturesqueness his soul craved. Drabs and browns and greys had never appealed violently or even alluringly to him. He was an engineer, and all Stogumber's engineering was connected with punching a time clock, and fooling over the same old kind of jobs. He wanted to know why the world had been made so various. He was not a man to poke about places like

Stogumber all his days, with nothing in prospect at the finish but a cemetery plot, with "His end was peace" on the tombstone. Wise folks told him that rolling stones gather no moss, but he replied that moss was the very last thing on his list of desirable acquisitions.

Now and again in the ten years that followed he went home. If he had transportation funds and facilities he managed to arrive in time for the World's Baseball Series, then went on to Stogumber to make quite sure that his earlier judgment had not been at fault. He found his ex-girls married, his pals running to double chins and snugly drawing vests and settled down to clock punching, or mugging from nine to five in an office or shop. So Bill Carswell always thanked God he was still master of his soul and pulled out joyously on the long trail again.

It was in Karachi, near the spot where the lordly Indus makes his multifarious marriages with the Arabian Sea, that he met Jim Winstanley. Jim came from Wigan, in Lancashire, a quiet, competent, masterful man, in his own world, easy to get on with, and a born native administrator. An earthquake could not stir him. All the troubles of that troublous land, amalgamated in a mass rush, would find him rock-like on his feet, and when the whirlwind was past, and the dust settled down, Jim would still be somewhere there or thereabouts. Jim was not only super-intendent of the Government mines, but father, mother, lord and master of a horde of the least manageable natives the world could assemble. He had come down to Hyderabad to see a missionary friend, and thence had passed on to Karachi to attend to some business.

The night was furnace hot, so the reader must make charitable allowances. a man has spent many lonely months on a Beluchistan coal dump, the solitary white among an extremely native populace, one should not scrutinize too severely his one night's relaxation in near-civilization. Jim was a sound, good chap, and there was nothing wicked in his ease-taking, but he was sociable, and, as I have said, Karachi was like the mouth of the

SOMETHING of the same latitude should be accorded to one who had existed for the greater part of a year in a sweating, hot-oil stinking

engine room of a tramp steamer, swashing round the Indian Ocean and Arabian Sea. This had been Bill's recent manner of life. At Karachi his engagement was up, so he decided to have a look at India, and add an-other tube of color to the stock from which he was painting life's canvas. There he met Jim Winstanley, also suffering from heat, ennui, and the efforts to alleviate both. Their

discussed quite a number of live, controversial topics—the Revolutionary War, who licked and was licked in 1812, and so forth. Jim taunted Bill with some details regarding the Spanish War, Bill retorting with number observations on the Boer. with pungent observations on the Boer fracas. Bill laid it down that Ty Cobb was the best hitter, base runner, all-round everything else on the diamond that the world had ever seen. Jim denied it on principle, admitting that while the Cobb chap wrote some good tales, he was no

good at the bat, or as a runner. were looking dark when an amiable fat man, who spoke English Teutonically, started in to pour oil on the troubled waters, whereupon both turned on him wrathfully, demanding the instant production of his license, as a German, to butt in between bosom friends.

"You've got to come with me," said Jim firmly, so they strolled into the street arm in arm.

arm in arm.

"Surest thing you know," replied Bill.

"Get a taxi right off." And, leaning against a post, he did his best to whistle.

"Disgraceful thing, no taxis. Make complaint," said Jim sadly. "No, perhaps better not. Taxis all gone to fetch nice, lil' gals from theatres. Wouldn't take taxis from nice. lil' gals, and make 'em

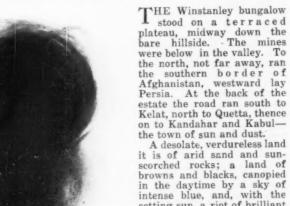
walk, and get their nice, lil', teeny-weeny feet all tired. No, sir! You and me walk."

And, with this chivalrous resolve, they made the attempt, which was not good.
"Toss, subway or 'levated," suggested
Bill. The spun coin jingled on the side-

walk, and rolled playfully out of sight. "Leave it for chambermaid," said Jim,

and they agreed.

It is an excellent rule in India not to pick up casual acquaintances, but the rule has exceptions. Between engineers there is a kind of freemasonry, and, in this instance, little was left to chance. Jim needed an assistant. He wired to Bombay next morning, Carswell was investigated and appropriate the condensation of the con and approved by cable, and the day after the two went north to their kingdom.



on to Kandahar and Kabul—the town of sun and dust.

A desolate, verdureless land it is of arid sand and sunscorched rocks; a land of browns and blacks, canopied in the daytime by a sky of intense blue, and, with the setting sun, a riot of brilliant colors, infinite in their shades and tones of unimaginable beauty. Over the bare, staring hills, Sphinxlike in their beauty. Over the bare, star-ing hills, Sphinxlike in their air of contemplation and challenge, a restless spirit ever broods. Its quiet is never slumberous, but rather the intent stillness of the ambuscade's watcher. In its most silent moment one feels the glance of the ever watching eye. A hair-trigger land, its inhabitants are hair-trigger people. When the Big War is over, and the eastern curtains lifted, there will be stirring stories to be told of Borderland intrigue and its results

during an epochal year or two.

There will be the tale of the seven great raids, Prussian inspired, into the southland, that followed the withdrawal of Tommy, the kilted Jock and Johnny Gurka. It required time for the territorial who took their place to catch on, and in the schooling process there were thrill-

ing incidents.

There is a story, too, of the surprise new There is a story, too, of the surprise new guns, that took the place of the old mountain batteries and screw guns, and the introduction of the Pathan ambusher to the new explosive T. N. T. Then again, the awed tribesmen tell weird stories of great birds that fly with amazing swiftness, carrying devils on their backs, and drop terrible eggs in their flight. And there is the tale of Lahore, and the narrow shave it had. row shave it had.

Truly a hair-trigger land, with hair-trigger people, and in 1914, and the months that led up to the epochal date,

hair-trigger times!

BOSANQUET, of the Political Service, D who used to drop in now and again, kept Winstanley and Bill posted, as well as he could, on happenings over the line. He would have had a guard sent, had the



cocky old bird, with a sly look on his

two men asked for or desired one. With the mines put out of commission by raiders, and the wild men of the hills not lacking for skilled agents to help them along, there might arise very serious transport diffivery serious transport diffi-culties in important em-ergencies. On the other hand, any sign of fear might precipitate the evils they desired to guard against. A small guard would be of no use to ward off the mischief that might be done in the pits by any be done in the pits by any of the thousand workers who entered and left them on the various shifts. seemed to the two white overlords the safest plan to keep a cool head, a reasonably close watch on the men, and a careful eye on the comings and goings of

possible trouble makers.

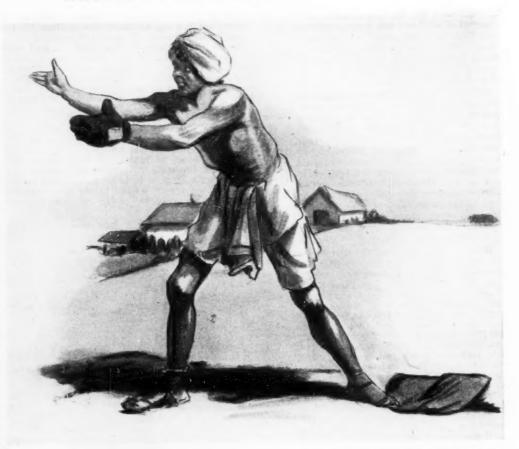
There is no doubt that the Mullah of Heshwar was the bane of the gay young lives of Jim and Bill. He was a sort of itinerant minister, a missionary, a circuit-rider, who visited the mine colony from time to time to administer spirtual ginger and tonics. He was a cocky, old bird, with a sly, impudent, malicious look on his ancient bearded countenance. There was that in his face, when he met the white sahibs, that said, plain as any words:

"I know you'd love to run
me out of town, but you don't dare. It
would not be policy, so I come and go,
and make all the fuss and trouble for you
I damn well please. Yah, dogs of un-I damn well please. believers!"

Metaphorically he put his grimy thumb to his hooked nose, and twiddled his fingers; and continued calmly and systematically to poke up the pious hatred of the true believers.

"He drifts along," explained Jim to his associate, "on a sort of hit-the-trail revival mission, once in every so often. When the folks show signs of being ing reasonably content, the old blighter arrives, and gives them beans for back sliding, exhorting them to meritorious lootings and murders. The old buck knows the Government objects to providing free haloes for his kind of saints, so he has a lot of room to splash round in. I've cudgelled my brains to know how to even up on the old hornet, but to no purpose. It must not be force, or anything that can be twisted into interference with his preachments. Any fool could rush him, but our line is different. We've got to queer him with his own folks. They're big kids, and if we could get them to make him the goat, trouble would pack up and quit here. At present we hold by white man's prestige. If we showed the trace of fear going round they'd be on us like a thousand of bricks."

BILL was a democratic soul, and it B grated on him to be met everywhere with a sullen half-hostility. He was in closer touch with the men than even Jim, being the direct boss of the workings, while Winstanley had the oversight of everything. There could be no approach to friendliness that would not be mis-



"Sli - - ide! you bone-edd, sli - - ide!

understood by the men whose friendship he desired to make so he had to wait for luck to throw something his way. The first bit of luck came one day, while he was exploring a distant part of the workings with his native understrapper, Shere Din, a big Pathan headman. There was a swift slide of the shaly coal that buried them both. Bill, by sheer good luck, managed to work himself free, and then he pitched in, and after a great effort, dug his companion out. Shere Din was rather mashed up. A leg was broken, he was half suffocated and there was enough coal dust inside him to pay for mining. However. Bill managed to bring him round and then lugged him to the foot of the shaft, and brought him up, a going concern, though much the worse for wear. To Pathan one has to do it in sections. To kill a

Shere Din was really grateful quoted the Koran appositely, intimated that henceforth Bill was to be regarded as his highly esteemed brother, and that any body who wished to die painfully could achieve his ambition readily by making himself unpleasant to Carswell Sahib.

After this there was a change in the popular regard, not by any means ostentations or fussy, but sufficient for both the white men to perceive it. The ice was broken, and prospects were brighter.

STRICTLY speaking, it could not be O called an inspiration. A hard, chunky piece of rock, propelled by a vigorous young arm, smiting in its rapid career a fat little man in the small of the back, can scarcely be thus denominated. As Bill saw it, the fat little man, arrayed in little more than turban and breech-clout, felt aggrieved by some personal observations addressed to him by the slim, mischievous

lad. Bill, as yet, was not deeply versed in the Pushto vernacular, but he understood enough to grasp that the boy was charac-terising rather coarsely the man's tubterising rather coarsely the man's tub-biness. Fat men, all the world over, are apt to be touchy on the subject of their plumpness, and this member of the club grabbed the lad, cuffed him satisfactorily, and proceeded on his way. There was fire in the young Pathan's eyes, extreme wrath on his visage. He shouted some more on his visage. He shouted some more compliments after his assailant, and then threw the rock. It caught the fat little man, as has been said, in the small of the back. He squealed, then roared, cursing the kid, his remote ancestors, his prospective progeny. The lad, hearing a suppressed chuckle behind him, turned and saw Carswell Sahib. Whereupon he fled like the wind, making a headlong dive into the doorway of one of the stone huts. Bill went on his way. Inspiration had

come to him.

"I've got it," he said to Jim, after dinner that evening.
"Got what?" the other asked, fussing

"Got what?" the other asked, fussing with his pipe stem.
"What's on these poor, unfortunate blighters' minds is monotony, hopeless monotony, the lack of color, pep, in their daily lives. They feel like I felt down in Stogumber," explained Bill. "You know home it is in juil?"

"Not yet," answered Jim. "Luck's been with me so far."

with me so far."

"But you've read about those prisonreforming ginks?" asked Bill. "They get
up things for the birds—concerts, sports,
bridge parties, and Old Home Weeks.
They've got the right pig by the tail.
Vary the monotony of oakum picking and broaden the man's spirit. We are all the same kind of folk, down at the roots—



Wherefore dost thou not touch the little bag?"

white, black, and intermediate shades." And he narrated the tale of the fat man, the hard rock, and the agency by which one was introduced to the other.

"I've seen the own brother of that kid selling papers in New York City, playing ball on sand lots, and nicking apples off the fruit stall while Giuseppe was smiling his winningest to some lady customer," said Bill.

"And the whip of him!" he went on. "He had that brick scooped up and into the small of the chocolate coon's back in one slick sweep, neat as Rabbit Maranville could have done it. And the way he lit out for the home plate! And the slide across! He was like a little thunderbolt in half mourning. This is going to be a baseball town, Jimmy. We're going to put the skids under the Mullah of Heshwar and his Holy War Jehads. We'll make old Xerxes and Cyrus, from over beyond, wish they hadn't died so soon, and coax Omar Khayam to leave his tree shade, and bring his jug and girl to the bleachers, where he can holler for the home talent, and take pot shots at the umpire."

UCK was with Bill, for he managed to L UCK was with bill, for he managed get an outfit in Bombay—bats, balls, mitts, mask, and the rest of the paraphernalia. With the preparation of the ground, the East turned in its sleep, if not in Matthew Arnold's disdain, with something approaching wakefulness. It was a spot to discourage any but the invincible optimist. Rocks and sand it was with precious little sand—but Bill went to it. Presently the worst of the jags were taken out, and it looked less like a harrow with the teeth turned upside, though sliding would be a fearsome business without a coat of mail.

The whole town turned out to see the diamond marked, standing well back of the whitewashed lines for fear of some spell being laid upon them.

It was magic, the mob decided after much whispering and gesticulating, but whether good or evil magic did not yet appear. Some suggested it was a spell to bar evil spirits from approaching the

oar evil spirits from approaching the mines, others that it was a strange temple for the Infidel to worship his gods in.

The wiser hinted that it had something to do with the tales that were being whispered in the hills, of great events that were coming, war, and the driving of the English into the community of the English into the community of the straight of the English into the sea. This was doubt-less some preparation, for the English were very stubborn and truly they had

curious and terrible weapons.

When the marking was finished, Bill produced a couple of white balls, and began to toss them to Winstanley Sahib, who caught them deftly, and flung them back.
Assuredly that, too, was magic, or why should the great white lords so act? It must be the conjuring of the English, but of a truth, it was not very wonderful. The of a truth, it was not very wonderful. The Carswell Sahib was not very clever, for now and again he let the ball slip away from him, to be pounced upon, after fear-ful hesitation, by the bolder spirits. Presently a number of the more adven-turous youths joined in the game of catching the ball, and for many days this strange sport drew the town.

HEN Bill produced another marvel. The plot was developing. This time the surprise was a splendid, shiny, varnished bat. Bill scattered the players players about the country, and began hitting the ball out to them. It was wonderful, and the crowd went wild with merriment.

Up and down the magic line strode

Shere Din, in great

authority and pride.
"Stand back! Stand
back, ye people! Do not across the white line lest the magic ball, smitten by the Sahib do

"Aie! can'st thou see, Dost Mahomed, that it has descended on the

nas descended on the nose of Yussuf, causing much blood to flow?"

"Aie! Ai—e! Lo, it has struck the belly of Abdur very fiercely.

Truly a very devil of a ball!"

The process of teaching the rules was a long one, requiring patience and practice, but the people were keen and apt. Shere Din made a close study of the game, under Bill's tuition, and his explanations lucidity itself.

"Behold, and hearken unto me, who under-stand the law of the magic ball and stick!" he proclaimed to a respectfully attentive gathering. "The just ball that goeth over the piece of iron on the ground, is one that must be smitten, or the cadi will a djudge it St-tr-ike. The other ball that doth not go over the iron is also just, but need not be smitten is alled smitten, is called

Ba-al. The unjust ball that being smitten goes to an unlawful place is called Fo—ul! Likewise the unjust ball that smitteth the body of the stickman, of this the cadi saith Take Base! and the smitten man goeth to the first little bag that lieth on the ground.

first little bag that lieth on the ground. And there is the ball, that being smitten, flieth like a bird, and doth permit the smiter to flee to the bag on the ground, and, arriving there before the ball, he findeth safety, with great joy.

"And when he hath compassed the four little bags, in spite of the tricks of the magic ball and the players who wish the smiter evil things, he hath acquired the merit of a run, and his fellows accord him praise with smitings on the back, as one who hath returned from the fight with much booty and many women.

much booty and many women.
"And there in the centre of the magic place is the cadi, the fat man from Bengal, who writes strange characters with the pen, in the company's offices. He is a man of naught, being from the plains, but he hath made a great study of the law of the magic ball. It is he who declareth the law, but he findeth little favor with the players, who cry, when he hath spoken, strange words of the English, as uttered by Winstanley Sahib and Carswell Sahib, the words being: Oh, Punk! and Oh, Rot—ten, Rot—ten! Which signifieth that the fat man from Bengal is unjust, a thief and a liar, fit but for the carrion of the hills, that the evil birds devour.

"And there is also the strange cry of Carswell Sahib, in extreme anguish, because of the injustice of the fat writing man from Bengal: Oh, for a Pop Bot-

"At first," continued Shere Din. "I would have removed the fat man from Continued on page 96.

## Our Mary

An Intimate Appraisement, in Four Parts, of the World's Most Widely Known Motion-picture Actress

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Photographs taken for "MacLean's Magazine"

"What message," I asked Mary Pickford, "have you for Canada?"
"What messages?" she thoughtfully repeated. "There are so many
messages, for Canada's my mother, you see, and we've always kept in
touch. But just now there's one thing I think of very, very often.
The world is always proud of vourage. Women, even more than men,
love a good fighter. And Canada has surely proved itself a nation of
fighters. I'm more than proud of them, I love them, those Canadian
boys who heard the call and went overseas singing 'Tipperary' and 'The
Maple Leaf Forever.' They don't sing so much now, they tell me, but
they fight and suffer and die as bravely as ever." She stopped and
looked up quickly. "Don't think I'm saying this without feeling and
knowing it's true. I've thought more about this war, perhaps, than you
imagine. There were boys I knew in the Princess Pats, boys that are
now dead and buried over in France, splendid boys, glorious boys. And
of the twenty-nine cousins I have in Canada I know of eleven who
at her from. I get letters from
other boys over there, wonderful letters, letters which by themselves
would keep me from forgetting I was a Canadian, if I ever could
forget it."

STOPPED short, that first day I went to talk with Mary Pickford, as I saw an automobile filled with four big policemen round a corner and deliberately run down a white-faced fugitive with two custard pies under his arm.

For a moment, I repeat, I stopped short. And then I remembered. I realized that the policemen were padded and fat, that their night-sticks were made of rubber, that the flivver in which they rode was uncouthly diminutive

for men of their weight, and that the victim of their assault wore a comedy moustache and a coat that was three sizes too small for him.

I remembered, even before I beheld the camera-man so solemnly turning his crank, that I was in the wilds of Holly-

wood, Hollywood the home-jungle of the screenvampire, the city of the silver-sheets and the melodramacrobatic heroes, the stamping ground of vengeful Sioux and broncoed sheriffs, the idyllic suburb where the ordinary peace-loving citizen is apt to return to his rose-wreathed bungalow and find it the background for indescribably bloodly carnage between train-robbers and mounted police, the town of valetudinarian tourists and retired octogenarians where the placid Old Veteran, with nothing to think about but the scenery and the tardiness of the rainy season, finds himself suddenly confronted by the roar of musketry and witnesses a regiment of yelling Rebels leap out of a lemon grove and do their little best to make a second Manassas by firing half-a-thousand blanks into the thick of a hundred equally active "Feds."

thick of a hundred equally active "Feds."

But it doesn't greatly disturb the Old Veteran.
He is used to it. He has to be, if he elects to dwell in that fountain-head of the celluloid-drama, of which, according to recent official figures, exactly nineteen thousand five hundred miles are unreeled

every night in the United States alone.

That drama has put its mark on Southern California just as Southern California has put its mark on the drama. To say which gets the best of the bargain is not my present aim and purpose—but both seem to pay the price. So on those days when you are tired of the eternal Californian background, it might be well to remember that the climate which ripens the Valencia and the five-reel feature has proved itself exceptionally rich in those actinic rays so valuable

in motion-picture photography, to say nothing of providing for the camera man over three hundred working days in the year and at least a dozen sharply differentiated brands of "location" scenery in an extremely limited area of this earth's surface.

So, as I wandered somewhat erratically about those drama-scarred outskirts of Los Angeles, in search for a star whose orbit was still slightly bewildering to me, I caught sight of things in the open street, and in borrowed and bosky dells, and high above close-boarded enclosures, which gave small promise of appeasing one's perplexity of mind. I saw love's young dream next door to arson and pillage, and a row of Elizabethan facades hobnobbing with what was plainly a replica of the Bastile, and three Venetian gondolas in a ditch made of canvas-covered planks. I caught sight of animal-cages and of pintoes and cowboys waiting to do their turn in one of the "Westerns." I passed more than one Hope Alley where the "extra people" patiently roost and await their call—and saddening indeed was that army of extra people in its dimensions. I remarked eight-cylinder racing-cars as polished as the young and handsome movie-heroes who owned them, and a bronco-buster in hair-pants, and a strawberry-tinted sedan belonging to a strawberry-blonde vampire,







advertised as a Russian countess, I believe, but really emanating from the slums of Pittsburgh. I made note of actors in their cadaverous-looking movie make-up, and studios festooned with Cooper-Hewitts as thick as garlic-strings in a Neapolitan kitchen, and "trick" bridges and "break-away" habitations, and a "comedy" tank, and a domesticated riverbed that could be made to curl about any given scene as companionably as a kitten.

II

BUT as I wandered further westward along Sunset Boulevard, and then turned north into Vine Street, I beheld a complete city block that was a crowded beehive of industry, only here, instead of spinning cotton and cobbling shoes, they spun dreams and revamped romance. Their capacity for this latter product, I might pause to add, is exactly one million positive feet, in film form, per week. For I had at last reached the home of that intricate and all but indecipherable amalgamation of producing concerns known as the Lasky Studios, which in some way embraces or is embraced by the Paramount-Arteraft corporation, and in turn includes the Mary Pickford Studios. But you must go to someone more initiated than I am to learn the fit and proper name for that city within a city, where, apparently, the

units and interrelationships are as inextricably mixed up as worms in a bait tin, or even as the royal families of Europe.



Mary Pickford at home; and at work.

Inside the jealously guarded temple of this somewhat polygamous goddess of art I was confronted by a community of workers, esoteric, and intent on their own ends, a community with its own carefully organized service department, including as it does its own police and patrol sys-

tems, its own fire, street-cleaning, water and electrical management, not to mention a cafeteria, a planing-mill, and a hospital. I saw glass stages and dark stages and scene docks and property rooms and paint frames and plaster shops and sailing ships and exterior sets and business offices and dressing rooms. Yet I could not tarry to digest my confusion of impressions, for I was late, and to keep a Queen waiting, I remembered, was the most unforgiveable form of less majesé.

I also remembered, as I was pass-

I also remembered, as I was passed on from functionary to functionary and from office to office along what seemed a grand tier of convict cells where everybody was ridiculously and inexcusably busy, that it was not the established custom to leave queens too accessible to the outside world. And I was led hither and thither and then outdoors again, this time out on "the lot"—it is remarkable how the moving-picture business has caught up and retained the language and spirit of the circus—and skirting that second bee-hive of invention denominated the Scenario Department, was introduced into a small



A picture of "Little Mary" taken on the steps of her magnificent home in Hollywood.

and secluded bungalow very simply and sedately done in mauve and grey.

IT wasn't impressive, that little dressing-room bungalow, except for its uplicity. The note that it sounded, in simplicity. fact, was almost austerity. It was only later on that I discovered what that almost monastic adherence to essentials meant. It was, really, a deck cleared for action, a ring bared for bitter combat. It was not like the dressing-room of certain stage-stars I had known in my day. It was made up of two rooms which could be thrown into one, by means of sliding doors. There was no clutter of American Beauty boxes and no litter of slashingly auto-graphed photographs and no untidy run-way of newly opened letters. Your mod-ern movie studio is much too sedulously organized for that sort of thing. The letters, I encountered later on, duly installed within the walls appointed for their harborage, for when you get five hundred letters every day of the week it is essential that System must be commandeered as the handmaiden of popularity. There was a dressing-table, of course, and one solitary bowl of flowers, and the harmless necessary chairs, and an equally necessary telephone, and a very sensible-looking Japanese screen and a small table

and tea-set that were there for service but not for show. And that was about all.

In the meantime, however, I was once more shaking hands with Mary Pickford and reminding her that our acquaintance was rather an old one, dating all the way back as it did to "The Warrens of Virginia." And Little Mary's question was a patently shocking one, for with that heatlightning smile of hers which is more or less familiar to countless thousands of picture-lovers she said: "Do you remember my pantalettes?"

I was able to say that I had a very distinct memory of those pantalettes, for little Mary in those days was still playing one of her "kid parts," arrayed in the archaic costume of the ante-bellum era. And she was an adorable kid, with an equally adorable big sister in the person of Charlotte Walker. In that same company I happened to have a brother-in-law, a gaunt and over-grown western boy of eighteen, with his first real part on Broadway. Belasco, with his genius for detail, had picked this boney newcomer from among a group of extra people because of his obvious and undeniable gauntness. That astute manager promptly made him the leader of his group of beleaguered Confederate soldiers, soldiers in their last extremity, dressed in rags, dining on only

a handful of parched corn, as you later saw them do in "The Birth of a Nation." Every trick of make-up was resorted to in the effort to accentuate an already lean and lanky boy's unfed misery of aspect. That starved Confederate soldier in his small part made a "hit," so distinct a hit that his proud and happy mother travelled all the way from Denver to New York City to witness his triumph in person. Belasco, on her arrival, very kindly gave her a box for a Saturday matinee. And when that anxious-eyed and affectionate parent saw her son in that devasting make-up, standing before her so starved and sick and ragged, she unthinkingly confounded romance with reality, as theatre-goers have the habit of doing, and fell to sobbing both uncontrollably and audibly. It "broke up" the company, of course; and as we sat there reminding each other of that historic afternoon, Mary Pickford ubbled with laughter, that light and golden laughter you catch only the thinnest shadows of in the fleeting picture-images of her face.

I REMEMBERED, as I saw Miss Pickford suddenly sober, answer a phonecall, and plunge deep into an explanation of why some certain scene should and must be done only in a certain way, how it was one of history's little ironies that the celebrity about whom so much is written, and has been written, usually remains the most nebulous of personalities. It is a case, I suppose, of the fixed stars, which appear to be always with us, really standing the most remote. Everything there is to say about Mary Pickford, I had been told, had already been said. Which naturally made me stop and ask: What has been said? For the personality of this young Canadian woman, quite as remarkable in her own particular way as was Maria Theresa or Aspasia or George Eliot or Mary Stuart or Ellen Key, remains more or less a mystery to those millions of men and women who clamor for a glimpse of her face and figure on the

For this, there is more reason than one. All such stars, in the first place, seem destined to be caught up in that overwhelmingly complicated mechanism of publicity prevailing in modern stage-life exploitation, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we find them turned out to the world as trim and conventionalized as a newly minted coin. For business reasons, they are Boswellized from mere persons into perso.ages. They are, as a rule, glad to have this pleasantly polished shell of deception to creep into. Some of them, I know, become imposters to even themselves. But over and above this, it is plainly a perilous thing to be always in the public eye, for the more conspicuous the figure the more ineluctably must it stand as a sort of helpless wooden Hindenberg into which the casual passerby may drive his nail of gossip and the cross-eyed devotee hammer her spike of hearsay. We are never happy until we have pretty well dehumanized all such figures, making them something traditional and Olympian, the victims of that persistent tendency of the world to romanticize the professional exponent of romantic roles.

#### III.

YET Mary Pickford is romantic, I venture to claim, in a way which neither she nor her press-agents are actively conscious of. I am not, I may as well acknowledge, right out in meeting a Mary Pickford "fan," being too dolorously defi-

cient in that tendency towards hero worship which Chesterton denominates as the heart of all good biography. Nor am I an unqualified lover of the movie, though I must not tarry here to go into either its deficiencies or its potentialities. But some seven or eight long years ago, when I was a dramatic critic in New York, I encountered and had the common-sense to recognize brilliance in a sixteen year old girl playing in a drama of Lavedan's put on by Belasco. Assuming the mantle of Moses, I then ventured to prophecy in print that this girl, if she kent on in the way in which she had begun, would some day fill the shoes of Maude Adams herself. That, of course, was a big prophecy. And it went wrong, as so many prophecies have the habit of doing, for this golden-haired girl, instead of keeping on in the way which I thought she would, went back to her earlier field of the motion-picture. She was lost to the speaking stage. She became a star, it is true, a star of unapproached magnitude, in the silent drama; but I find it hard to forgive Mary Pickford for thus confounding my prognostica-tions. That affront, perhaps, will leave it easier for me to assert that Mary Pickford is not a miracle, even though there is much about her career that takes on the aspect of the miraculous. She is not always beautiful to the eye, though even in she is always the possessor of that mysterious something to which we apply the threadbare word of charm. But from the standpoint of the psychologist she remains a phenomenon that is something more than arresting, something more novel. For when an entire continent reaches out its arms, as it were, and parreaches out its arms, as it were, and parentally whispers "Our Mary"; when they make her face better known than was the face of Caesar to the Empire of the Romans; when they imitate her as they once imitated Marie Antoinette, until our towns are so full of "Mary Pickford curls" that Father Time himself must squint electors to the milestenes, that stand he closer at the milestones that stand tween eight and twenty-eight in a woman's life; when this new-born millionthroated democracy of shadow-watchers figuratively drops to its knees and murmurs, "I love you," it is about time for the object of that diffused adoration to be in all seriousness subjected to the cathode rays of analysis.

In the face of all this, nevertheless, in spite of all this, Mary Pickford is simple. She is simple, and yet she is inscrutable, for it is the simple people, after all, who can prove so amazingly complex. I have can prove so amazingly complex. I have found it hard to link her up with any of her rivals who have come before my eye with those solemn stage ladies so detatched from the sustaining fabric of family life that the most meticulous or tamily his that the circumspection must always be exercised to prevent their personal centres of gravity from falling without their base. What ity from falling without their base. What is more, Mary Pickford is a woman (and I write the word "woman" deliberately, remembering the fact that the subject of this study has outgrown that perennial girlhood which she is so dolorously though so successfully coerced into portraying on the screen), a woman who knows life, and has thought deeply about its problems. One result of this thought has been the development of an instinctive self-criticism. And out of this almost febrile self-criticism has flowered that rare orchid known as taste, taste linked with authority. For the irreproachableness of her taste, even in her commercialized ebullitions of hoydenishness, is matched only on the American stage by Mrs. Fiske, a woman of whom Miss Pick-



Arriving for the day's work at the entrance to the wonderful Lasky-Famous Players plant.

ford spoke three different times during our talk, and of whom more shall be said later. The important part, accordingly, is not that "Our Mary" is to-day the best known woman in the world, or that her personal earnings now aggregate well over a million dollars a year, or that her income tax is four times as much as even Caruso's. But she stands intensely in-teresting to the impersonal student of life because she is a woman of so cerebral a type that the activities of the mind are plainly and continuously preying on the vigor of the none too robust body, a woman who, like Cassius, "thinks too much," and also a woman, notwithstanding the vitrifying influences of all colossal successes, who has encompassed that emotional subjugation of her fellow-beings which flowers in the phrase they have applied to her: "The Sweetheart of the World."

"Will you excuse me a minute, please, while I take my milk," requested Little Mary after I had been talking to her for a few minutes.

"Why milk?" I not unnaturally in-

quired.

We worked very hard over our production of 'Stella Maris'—one time, twenty-three hours at a stretch. I wor-ried a good deal over it all, and got nervous indigestion. So my doctor has put me on a milk diet."

A fresh thermos-bottle of pasteurized ilk was brought from the big limousine somewhere in the offing, and as the girl who made over a million dollars a year partook of her regal sustenance out of a tumbler over which she went on talk-ing as she sipped, I couldn't help thinking that life, after all, had its way of eventually evening things up.

She went or talking, I repeat, because the things of the mind were much more important to her than the refreshment of the body. As we sat in that mauve and grey Japanese bungalow, in fact, with a California mocking-bird singing in a pep per-tree just outside, we were interrupted by Marshall Nieland, her director, hurrying in to consult as to the details of a laboriously incubating "picture," and a wardrobe mistress—I don't know what they call them in the movies—who came in with a Red Cross dress which I later recognized in "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley." I was impressed, next to the way Alley." I was impressed, next to the way in which Miss Pickford knew just what she wanted and how she wanted it, by the fact that the body of this dress was not white, but of a pinkish shade.

"That's to help the camera," explained Continued on page 98.

The Portals of Hostibilla

#### Another Lenix Ballister Story

By Archie P. McKishnie

Who Wrote "Willow, the Wisp," "Link Gaffum," Etc.

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

ENIX BALLISTER, huge feet tilted high, bald dome with its fringe of crinkly curls tilted low, reposed at ease in the plush-upholstered chair of Lem Smith, the barber. On the oak, brassknobbed hat-tree, behind him, hung his best coat, a long "Prince Albert" which Lenix had acquired in a deal with a travelling camp-meeting evangelist.

Directly behind Lenix, seated with other colored gentlemen on the waitin'-bench, was Homer Hud-son. Homer's face was sullen, his blood-shot eyes brooding. Through his thick lips the gold tooth glim-mered not at all. His attention was divided between watching Len's shiny pate and scrutinizing a small -which might have been a lodge emblem—attached to the satin lapel of the coat hanging conspicuously before him.

Lenix squirmed his comfort as the well-working razor swished down through his soap-softened beard, and breathed audibly through his nose so as not to disturb the lather on his mouth. Every Saturday night, rain or shine, he treated himself to one of Lem's shaves. Lem was not only a good barber, he was a good sport as well; a human, trusting, friendly negro who looked upon the bright side of life, raked off the whiskers of allcomers and raked in their nickels. Lenix had known Lem but a short time: consequently he had an accordance. time; consequently he had an account there.

The shave over, he stepped from the shave over, he stepped from the chair, tonguing his upper lip to which still clung damp effusions of spirits of bay rum. His face was smooth and shining; his soul was smooth as a summer sea. He smiled down the row of waiting customers, calling each by name with that easy tolerance which made him so popular among them. On Homer his eyes rested for just a moment with a look akin to fear; but only for a moment. That nigger was bad, but what chance has badness with brain coping against it? None whatsoever. Homer returned the look from beneath drawn brows, giving back the other's effusive greeting of, "Howdy, Homer," with a surly growl.

MINUTELY the yellow pugilist took in each and every detail of Len's wardrobe as though he had an object in so doing. He sneered at the yellow tie and chuckled at the loud stripe of Len's shirt sleeves. It was not until Lenix reached for the coat and drew it on, after carefully stroking the satin facing on the



Seated on the waitin'-bench was Homer

collar, that Homer drew himself into his shell again and sat brooding.

Len winked to the barber to chalk it down, lit a cheroot and with a "Well, so iong, fellers," stepped out into the late summer's twilight.

No sooner had he reached the street corner than he felt a hand touch his shoulder. Turning, he looked into the sombre eyes of Homer Hudson.

"Len, whatall dat medal 'ting yo' wear-in' on yo' coat?" Hudson's tones were almost friendly in spite of the chill, prob-

Lenix smiled and lifted the satin-lined lapel. "Yo means dis badge, Homer? Dat Three Masons' badge."

"Humph. What right yo' all gotter wear it?

"Why?" Lenix's tones were half resentful. "Kase I'se one of dem Three Masons, dat's why." "When yo' jine up?"

Len leaned against a telephone pole

and looked gravely down at the squat,

pugnacious and clearly vindictive Homer.

"Look yo' here, Homer," he said with dignity, "What yo' tryin' ter do? Gib me a dignity, "V highball?"

"I ain't tryin' ter do nuthin' but fin' out why yo' am wearin' dat Three Mason pin. Doan' know no highballs, don't know ter. Furdermore, Len, dat ain't Three Masons' badge, nohow."

"How come it ain't?" Len picked up

the lapel again and strained his eyes on

the badge.
"Kase Three Mason badge is compass and square, same as Jedge McDool wears. I'se seen de Jedge's badge 'nuff times ter

"Dat's so, Homer. Yo' sure hab 'nuff chances ter study de Jedge's badge." The insinuation in the softly muttered words shot clean over Homer's closely shaven head, but he caught it on the rebound.

"I ain't been befo' de Jedge any mone'n

UXRITE

HAIR

NORIF

yo' yo'self have," he flared. "Yo' knows dat, Len. Only de Jedge he soak me whar he all let yo' off wif warnin.' Dat's de law. Persecute de innocent, pat de guilty on shoulder; dat's Jedge McDool ebery time."

"Homer." Honey was no sweeter than Len's tones as he linked his long arm in gleaming metal, but drew his hand back with a shudder and crammed it deep in his trouser's pocket. Lenix, leaning slightly forward, distinctly heard the crinkle of paper money in that pocket, as Homer's hand gripped upon it.

"Len, tole me. Is dat really a Three Masons' badge?" Homer's tones were

affable, almost pleading. Len hesitated before answering. "Well now, Homer, it is and it isn't," he said at "Dis hyar pin done represent a sis-

ter lodge of Three Masons, a secreter society, in ebry way, dan Three Masons, and much exclusiver. Look yo', Homer."

Len had unscrewed the badge and now held it beneath the rays of the light. There was printing upon it in raised letters of brass. Homer's thick lips mumbled as he spelled out the words. "Use Excelsior Dyes." "What all dat mean?" he asked



Hudson. Homer's face was sullen.

the shorter one of Homer and led him down street. "Homer, come 'long wif me and let me whisper brotherly council in yore ear as we journey forarrd togedder." Homer braced his feet and muttered something beneath his breath. He stood stock still, glowering up at Lenix. "I aint needin' no brotherly advice from yo' all."

needin no brotherly advice from yo' all," he grated. "Ebery time I done took advice from yo', so fur, it cost me money. Whar yo' purpose leadin' me, Len?"

They were standing beneath the glow of an electric light now. The yellow-white rays flashed upon the little badge in Len's lanel. Homer's ever ringed with Len's lapel. Homer's eyes, ringed with white, glued upon it. Lenix, one eye twitching, one corner of his mouth turned up, watched him, his manner gravely sympathetic; and waited.

Finally Homer sighed dolefully. He pulled out a red handkerchief and mopped his brow. He reached up as though to touch that scintillating button of touch that scintillating button of suspiciously, rolling his eyes up at Lenix. Lenix took the button from him and "Dat's Latin," he explained. "It means, 'Pertect yor Brudder Celsior.'"

"And what am Celsiors?" Homer's

voice was eager now.
"Us all be Celsiors, Homer, all us members of de Celsior Society be Celsiors, me, Jedge McDool-

"Len, could I all jine up, d'ye t'ink?"
Lenix started, and his smiling face
grew grave again. "Homer, it aint fer
me nor any member of dis hyar protective and secret society ter say who all kin jine up. Nobudy knows who kin jine, nobudy, 'tall. Yo' might be able to crawl in on yore belly fru de white pillers ob Hostibilla, an' yo' might not. Nobudy knows.'

"What dat Hostibilla, Len? Ah don't

like dat word. Seems I been in dar befo'."
"No, yer aint. Yo' was in hospital, time Jim White strop his razor on yore

shoulder, but yo' don't ebber seen dis Hostibilla, and aint likely eber will, kase yore record's agin' yo'."

Again Homer sighed. "I sure need sumfin like dat secret help yore brudder order, Len. Ef I could enter dat lodge I'd be mighty pleased ter. What I have ter do ter try?"

L ENIX drew Homer away from the light and down street. "Homer, us Celsiors hab got ter keep orful keerful," he said, as he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder. He had just caught a glimpse of a portly colored woman peering through the billiard room window, down street. Jane-Ann was evidently on the still hunt for him and it behooved him the still hunt for him and it behooved him to exercise due caution. Accordingly, he pulled Homer down a dark side street. "Us hab got ter be very keerful," he repeated. "Kase why? Well, kase ebery nigger in Chatville would wanter jine up, if dey gotter know what all dey could get away wif doin', onst they became Celsiors."

"Breekin' de language and the street was the street with the street was the street wa

"Breakin' de law, yo' mean?" Homer's

voice was eager.
"In plain English, dat's 'bout it."
Lenix nodded and smiled an enigmatical

Homer was thinking, conning over past events, remembering. He was recollecting how this same Lenix had by—as it seemed to him—simply a twist of the tongue, won old Jedge McDool over to dismissing the case against him. On more than one occasion this had happened. He wondered at it then, the more so because he, himself, had never succeeded in winning an acquittal from the Judge. But now it was all plain. He glanced up at Lenix with a look of dawning admiration and respect

in his eyes.
"Len, answer me. What I gotter do

ter be one of dem Celsiors?

Lenix put his finger on his lips and drew Homer over against the railing of the foot-bridge which they had just reached. Behind lay the town of blinking lights; before stretched the beech-hedged road which wound into the heart of the country. Lenix turned his eyes towards that shadowy road, now, and Homer's alert ears heard him murmur something ending with: "I come ter ascend de twistin' stair-way ter de portals of Hostibilla."

Homer's hide started to wrinkle and the cold chills assailed his spine. "Len,

the cold chills assailed his spine. "Len, fer Gawd sake stop chantin' dat away. It's fair like a hant. Tell me, what I gotter do ter jine up?"

Lenix made a secret sign towards the star sprinkled skies before he answered. "Firs' yo' gotter get someone ter vouch fer

"What yo' mean vouch?"

"Ter vouch fer yore good character. Can't jine de Celsiors wifout clean record, Homer.

"An, how's I goin' ter get dat, Len?"
Len considered. "Well, dat all might be arranged," he spoke finally. "I'm willin' ter vouch fer yo', Homer."
Homer's lips parted until the gold tooth shone in the star rays. "An' den what,

shone in the star rays.

"Well den yo' done pay ober yore nishation fee ter yore voucher."

Homer's face fell again. The old sullen look crept into his eyes. There was no smile on his lips as he asked. "How much am dat nishation fee, Len?"
"Fo' eighty-free."

HOMER was silent. He stood thinking. Finally from a vest pocket he took two cigars, examined them as minutely as

the shadows would permit. Handed Len the more tattered of the two, and lit up.

"Dat seem a powerful big nishation fee," he puffed, finally.

"Dat's only charter membershin fee," Len explained. "Regular fee am free hunerd dollars."

"Loramighty." Homer choked so that he nearly bit his frayed cigar through the middle. "An' yo' all tink I mought get in de lodge fer fo' eighty-free, now?" he asked eagerly.

eighty-free." Len scratched match and applied the flame to his busted cigar end. Homer stood, staring at him. "Yo' all said fo' eight-free, jest minute ago, Len."

"Dat's so, Homer. But let me jes' splain how come it's more now. Ebery secret society hab a rule. Candidate kick at nishation fee, he blackballed from jinin' fer dat fee. Ebery time he hesitate, add two dollars. Goin' to hesitate some more, Homer?"

But Homer was already feeling deep in his pocket. His hand came forth grasping a bunch of loose bills. "Hyar yore six a bunch of loose bills. "Hyar yore six eight-free, Len," he said excitedly, "Kin

eight-free, Len," he said excitedly, "Kin yo' all get me froo and get me a badge by to-morrie, d'ye think?"

"Lor', no." Lenix was folding the bills carefully and chinking the eighty-three cents, lovingly. "Us aint all dat speedy, Homer. You all gotter hab patience. Can't tell yit wheder I kin get yo' froo at all, but I'se goin' ter try kase nobody wanter spen' six dollar and eighty-free cents fer nuffin."

"What yo' all mean, spen' it for nuffin?"

"What yo' all mean, spen' it fer nuffin?"
Suspicion had gripped Homer again. He put a heavy hand on Lenix's arm as though he would suspend that gentleman's operation of placing the bills and silver in

"Well, yo' see, Homer, ef yo' don' pass, dat money am confiscate to de order. Dat is ter say," noticing the candidate's hands clench, "yo' gets six dollar and eighty-free cents worf ob pertection, wheder yo' sees or not. But I'se honin' yo'll pass." pass er not. But I'se hopin' yo'll pass.

"I get what, Len?"
"Six dollar and eighty-free cents worf

ob pertection, wheder yo' pass er not. But I'se hopin' yo'll pass."
"You'se hopin'." Homer sneered the words through his nose, and bit savagely on his cigar. "Look yo', hyar, nigger," he flared, "If I fail ter pass fru dem snowy pillers of dat Hostbiddle yo' done speak bout a while ago, dar's goin' ter be one mighty hurt Celsior. I'm tellin' yo' all dat now. How come yo' can't take me wif yo' and let me all jine up ter night?" "Aint no nishation ter night; jes'

routine business.

ENIX shuffled his feet and moved a ENIX snumed his feet and his step away from Homer. Negotiations having been effected to his liking, there was nothing more to be gained by tarry-ing longer with Homer. "I'll take yore name inter lodge, vouch fer yo' and yo'll be ballited onter ter night, dough, Homer.

"An' yo'll be bullited inter, lemme tell yo, ef I don't pass runnin'." Homer hunched his shoulders and spat his cigar stub into the creek. Lenix hastened to pacify his feelings. "As I done tell yo' afore, Homer, yo' gets six eighty-free's wuth ob pertection anyhow. 'Member

"I'se rememberin' it all hunky, don' allow yore feelin's ter get strained on dat account. I'se 'memberin' it. But lemme tell yo; six dollar and eighty-free cents worf ob pertection aint goin' ter help me much nex' Tuesday mornin' when I face ole Jedge McDool on dat trump up hossregular Celsior wif a badge same as dat one yore all wearin', so's I kin flash it in de Jedge's eyes an gib him de high sign." "Homer." Len's voice was soft as the

"Homer." Len's voice was soft as the angel's who whispers solace, "Homer, I clar ter goodness-but I shore fergot all 'bout dat police cou't case. I hones' did. How den, I tells yo' what I do. In case I don' get yo' in as fully 'nitiated brudder Celsior, I gets yo' pas' de outer portals anyway; an I'll teach yo' de work."

"I don' want nuthin' ter do wif work."

Homer squirmed out of Len's velvet grasp,

and kicked the railing loose on the bridge.
"But I means teach yo' yer obligation and give yo' pass words. Show yo' how to respond if de Jedge done try secret signs on yo', see?"
"Oh, dat's different. 'N' yo' all tink I kin get by wif it, Len?"
"Sure, Homer, nuffin' easier. Yo' jes

"Sure, Homer, nuffin' easier. Yo' jes trust ter me. Now den, I mus' go and climb de twistin' stairway ter de portals ob Hostibilla, an' pay dis six eighty-free inter de treasury, I'll get yo' all balloted on an come back hyar in an hour an teach yo' de work. If yore 'cepted, we kin hold special 'nitiation meeting' Monday night, and Tuesday mornin' yo' face de Jedge his pledged brudder, a full-fledged Celsior''

Homer wriggled his gladness. "Dat's fine, Len." The star rays glinted on his fine, Len." The star rays glinted on his gold tooth as he smiled and gripped the

"Fren's now but brudders soon," said Lenix, impressively. "Say, hole on a minute, hole on a minute."

Len had suddenly been smitten by an ea. Homer stood, mouth half open, idea. swayed betwixt new born hope and new born fear.

"Len, don't yo' all tell me dere's goin' ter be no hitch." Lenix was gazing skyward. He was muttering.

"Maybe it all kin be got ober ter night,

What all?" Homer shuddered and drew closer to the one of the secret order. "Nitiation work, eberyting! I jest thought dat maybe, seein's I'm Gran' Master ob de lodge, I kin get yo' fru ter night. Yo' meet me hyar in an hour an I'll let yo' know if it kin be done. I'll lead yo' 'cross de portals, and yo' gets yore firs degree right away."

degree right away.

"Well, I come along den."

"No, Homer. Yo' mus' stay right hyar
till I gets outer sight. Wouldn't do fer
yo' to come les' some member see yo' all "An sposin' dey do?" Homer whispered the question, and wiped his perspiring

brow on a red handkerchief.

ENIX glanced about him, then bending L ENIX glanced about min, then belians, whispered in Homer's ear, "Dat mean yo'll be buried alive, head firs' in a hole nine feet deep, on de red sands ob de shore of fiery lake Hostibilla."

"Gordamity!" Homer stuttered in his fright and shock so that Len gave him a

fright, and shook so that Len gave him a

"Course if yo' all wants ter take yore own chances—" Lenix disengaged himself and moved towards the blinking lights of the town, "yo' kin come 'long."

Homer's knees were shaking. "I reckon I don' want ter take no chances," he shivered, "but I won't stay here alone, nohow. I'll take dis side street and meet

yo' hyar in an hour, Len."
"Well," Len paused to deliver this parting injunction, "don't yo' mix any wif de udder niggers up town till after I'se vouched and had de ballots rolled. Kase if yo' do, it's goin' ter cause jealousy

'mongst dem all fer us showin' yo' favor. Yo' best hike long ter Mariar's restaurant and wait dar.

"Dat's jes' what I'll do, Len. Meet yo' hyar in an hour."

ENIX walked slowly and thoughtfully L ENIX walked slowly and towards the blinking lights of the main street. Occasionally he lifted his long arms and made secret signs towards the stars. Once he turned twice about, slowly, hands raised and fingers spread wide. Homer, he knew, would be watching him and it be-hooved him to strengthen the impression he had already made on that perspiring and much-fearing candidate to Excelsion dom.

Once having turned the street to the indifferently lighted main thoroughfare, however, Len's attitude underwent a complete change. His shoulders slouched forward, his thin face relaxed from fixity into a crooked smile, his feet scraped the pavement with a rhythmetic I'se comin', I don' care, I'se comin', don' know where

shuffle.

At Abe White's pool-room, those feet came to an abrupt halt, and the long neck extended, as Len strove to ascertain if there was plain sailing inside. Appar-ently there was. He turned into the poolroom. In just exactly fifty minutes by the alarm clock on the cigar-counter, he succeeded in making the six dollars and eighty-three cents, paid over as initiation fee by Homer, earn him two dollars and ten cents more. Then he put his cue in the rack, bought a five cent cigar and stepped out into the summer

He lit his cigar and stood thinking. By and by, he smiled and nodded his head His right eye was twitching and the left corner of his mouth was slightly turned up. Casually, as though going nowhere in particular, he sauntered down street. Finally, he turned the corner of the street along which he and Homer had walked arm in arm an hour ago. Luck was with him. He had met not a single soul to whom he owed money. and he had avoided colliding with the searching Jane-Ann.

But he was not out of the woods yet; this he well knew.

Waiting for him, even now, down on that rustic bridge among the tree-shad-ows, was a menace with which he still must cope. good, if not-If all went well-well and

Len experienced a cold feeling in his nerve-centre, a clammy finger running along his spine at memory of some of the exploits he himself had seen this same fist-and-foot fighter, Homer, perform-a veritable whirlwind of legs and arms against which no two colored men of Chatville were able to stand. "A bad, bad nigger who could lick his weight in wildcats, and knew it." That was how those who were familiar with his fighting exploits, described Homer. And Lenix had dared for the second time, to play with that nigger. that nigger.
"Jes like strokin' a lion's nose," shiver-

ed Len, as he threw a hugh sigh to the stars. "He's all liable ter wake up any time and strike out wif his paw."

DESPITE his trepidation he approached the bridge with half halting, half floating strides resembling those of a sleep-walker, and twice did the burly Homer hoarsely whisper his name before Len condescended to descend from the enveloping mists of Hostibilla, to answer him.
"It am all right, Homer. We all kin

put de work on ter night. Am yo' ready

"What yo' mean coached; ter ride de goat?" Suspicion flashed in Homer's tones, "Kase I tell yo' right now, Len, I don' ride no goat."

"Don't need ride none. I mean am yo' ready to become a Celsior, to do and to dare and perfect yore brudder, ter hang his persecuters and cut his enemies deep? Ef so, I'll gib yo' de firs' work an' teach yo' yore obligation."

yo' yore obligation.
"Well, I reckon yo' kin begin." Homer sighed and squared his shoulders. hated to have to go through with it, but he remembered his case in court on Tuesday. Judge McDool couldn't very well soak a

brother Excelsior very hard.
"All right den, Homer. Fust off, yo'
must gib me two dollars more ter bribe de goddess dat pertects de ladder ter let yo' ascend ter de portals."

Homer opened his mouth to protest but, remembering the lesson which had cost him two dollars earlier in the evening, he refrained from voicing his feeling and, from the generous roll he took from his

pocket and handed it to Lenix.

"All right. Now, Homer, dis hyar money will be burnt and de ashes sprinkled on de portals ob Hostibilla. Ef I was ter give it back ter yo' now, yo' would allars have a hant settin' on yore footsteps. Consequently dis hyar two dollars am playes burnt and de sehes dollars am always burnt and de ashes sprinkled on de portals ob Hostibilla."

"I doan' want dat two dollars, nohow, Len. Go on, what nex'?"

"Now den, yo' repeat afar' me, 'I is dead an' in my coffin.'"
"What dat?" Homer shivered and Homer shivered and enix. "What dat mean, drew closer to Lenix.

"Nebber min' what it mean. Repeat it after me. 'I is dead an' in my coffin.'"
"But I aint dead and I aint in no coffin!" Homer's voice was husky.
Len sighed and let his eyes rest on the candidate. The look said, "I must have patience."

"Homer, don' yo' see it's all make be-lieve. It's yore obligation, yo' see; yore oaf. Yore all takin' de furs' degree, yo'

know. Yo' is carried in, sposed to be dead, and wearing' nuffin' but a shroud. Yo' is put in a real coffin, and us all sing a dirge 'bove yo' and walk roun' in a circle. Den de lights go off an' yo' set up in yore shroud and say. 'I is dead an' in my coffin am my spirit done crouch outside de portals of Hostibilla.' Den we all wail loud and long. Den yo' speak up again, keeping yore eyes tight shet, 'I am all alone beside de black trackway ob death.' Den we wail right pitiful, and ob death.' Den we wail right pitiful, and yo' hole out yore arms and say. 'Open de dore and let my spirit come ter me.' And den way off a light blink and a skull grin at yo' from de altar, and a v'ice it say ter yo'. 'What all will yo' do ter merit de gif' ob yore spirit from de portals of Hostibilla?' An' yo' say: 'I will pertect all present and all Celsiors whereher dev be at. hang dere perwhereber dey be at, hang dere per-secutors and cut dere enemies deep, An' I'll turn inter de treasury ob dis hyar lodge sixty per cent. ob ebery dollar I make—" make-

"Len," Homer was half crouching, hanging to the one arm of the bridge. His eyes reluctantly enough, peeled a two spot oaf. were rolling and his hat had fallen in the dirt. "Len, fer gawdamighty" sake, stop. Stop it, Len."
"Why Homer, I—"
"Lemme outin hyar. Oh, nigger, fer de love ob heaven, let me outin hyar. I don' want ter be no Celsior. I don' wanter see no wanter see no coffin. I'd die sure if dey put me in one. Yo' all my good frien Len, won't yo' lead me Continued on page 96. Homer was half crouching, half hanging to the one arm of the hanging to the one arm of the bridge. His eyes were rolling with

## The Birth of a Maritime Power

What Our Ally is Doing to Defeat the Submarines

By Agnes C. Laut

HEN in England before the war, one of the things that puzzled me was the real secret of England's tremendous potential wealth-a reserve of capital that was even then financing more than half the world. It wasn't a wealth that displayed itself in plate-glass windows and show fronts. Some of the most powerful financial houses wore the meanest exteriors, and the banking mart of all the world in the East End of the cityas far as appearances were concerned - would hardly compare with the sweat shops of New York's Lower Fifth Avenue.

I asked the question right and left, and never once got a definite answer that you could bite into and find full of the meat of a simple fact. It was a hem and a haw, and a this and a that. It was England's colonial pos-sessions. It was "the thrifty husbandry of many years." It was the trade and commerce. Pshaw! England's colonial possessions up to that time had cost her more than she drew out of them. Right that winter, she was keenly financing fool projects in colonial possessions that would have given a Wall shark apoplexy Street laughter. from were irrigation bonds on lands 500 feet above the possibility of ever pumping water. There were fruit land projects 200 miles away from a market. There were "rails" and "oils" in Mexico, and silver

and gold mines in China, and "wild cats" in South Africa that ought never to have escaped from the Zoo. I smiled at the idea of far gold bricks pouring wealth into the laps of sleepy old "ladies," who were gentlemen in London finance.

As to "the thrifty husbandry of many years"—with apologies to the great poet—it was all right to have meadows so sleek and clean they hadn't a weed or stick on them the size of your little finger. That might be "thrifty husbandry." Then again, it might not. It depended on the point of view; and my point of view was that to have fields lying in park grass in a kingdom that had to import ninety per cent. of its food was the rottenest kind of "thrifty husbandry" I had ever seen in my life. It was thrifty all right; for the poor had to skimp and cheese-pare to buy food, or go with empty stomachs. And one night with a

General view of the shipways where the launching of the "Alamosa," "Alcona" and "Chetopa" took place on the Fourth of July.

Salvation Army escort, I went among the poor of the East End and saw the ricketty foreheads and gaunt faces above the empty stomachs. The memory haunted me like a nightmare; but it didn't strike me as a fine example of that "thrifty husbandry," which was the secret of England's wealth-fields lying waste for lack of hands, one-tenth of the population submerged for lack of sustenance. I thought England the most wasteful nation I had ever seen in my life-as prodigal of spending as the United States without the American electric high-geared speed to increase earnings.

As for the explanation that England was the richest nation in the world because of trade and commerce, that was an empty platitude. It was x was z. How came it that a little island less than half the size of a Canadian province, or two of the smallest New England States. was the supremely greatest power in trade and commerce of all the nations in the world? How came it that the grimy gray drab quarter known to financiers as "the city," could finance the whole world out of reserves and reserves and reserves of exhaustless hoarded wealth? came this tiny island to be "mistress of the seas," banker of the world, first in rank of all foreign trade, the exchange mart and exchange market of all countries and climes'

When I pressed the question too hard on an English friend, he lost all patience. "Blank it," he said, "she just is! It's perfectly natural she should be. It's something you colonials and Americans can't understand.

"I know it," I answered, "that is why I am trying to find out and understand; but why is it natural she should be?"

"Say," he answered, "come on out and have afternoon tea."
But one morning going through an art gallery, I came on two
pictures. One was by Turner, the other by Millais. It doesn't
matter what the titles were. I have forgotten. They both dealt
with the same subject—the Birth of Maritime Power. One was
that misty, golden picture of the boys of Carthage playing boat
amid the sands of a harbor shore, with the bizarre sails of a
thousand ports rocking to the tide and fading lights. The

boys were building boats, digging dikes, sailing rafts, excavating mud puddle canals in the rain-sodden sand. The other was that boyhood picture of two great English navigators squatted on the shore listening breathlessly to a Spanish sailor spinning blood-curdling yarns of the Spanish Main.

There was the whole story visioned by two great prophetic There was why Britain was great. No figures at all! No empty, windy platitudes! The freight and the wealth of the world's seven seas, of China and Cathay, poured into a tight little box of an island not as large as one corner of a Canadian

province, or one section of a New England State!

But it took me two more years to learn what a merchant marine meant to a nation, why England dated the birth of her world power from Drake's voyage round the world and the defeat of the Spanish Armada, why she held her title, "Mistress of the Seas" far more proudly than of "Empire on whose flag the sun never set," why in a line Germany's hatred of England's supremacy on the seas was growing into a mad-dog, frothymouthed, insane obsession of maniacal fury, to break amuck in this present war in the submarine campaign of frightfulness. Emperor William had grasped what those pictures meant. So had Lord Roberts, but the rest of the world, though we felt it, couldn't articulate it, till the submarine set out to destroy England by destroying her merchant marine. It is all very well for the Kaiser to tell Germany the submarine campaign is "to reduce England to starvation." That is an explanation the German brand of culture can understand. real object of the "sub." campaign is deeper than starvation. It is to punch a founder-hole in the bottom of British prosperity and sink the source of England's constant stream of wealth in the bottom of the eternal seas.

under the American flag going to and from Asia. Get clear on this! That does not mean there were not countless ships-12,000 of one nation-going to and from American ports to foreign ports. There were; but they were under foreign flags. While America had an enormous aggregate tonnage of shipping under the United States flag, it was coast tonnage, lake tonnage, harbor craft, coal barges, port ferries and freighters. Of American craft in foreign trade, the total was pretty nearly nil. American ships carried only 8 per cent. of their own trade abroad; and they were building yearly only two to three hundred thousand tons of water carriers and those for home use.

It was then I was able to translate Turner's picture and Millais' picture into terms of gold dollars. It was then I learned in terms of dollars what filled England's gold chest with an everlasting supply of gold-what made her rich, what gave her the whip handle of world power, why she could be the most prodigal national of all the earth and yet have enough and more than enough to finance the whole world. Freights or foreign exchange could be paid only in ultimate settlement in -gold. Bills of exchange demanded gold. The United States alone was paying England in ocean freights and ocean insurance from \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 yearly in gold. Multiply that by every year since the Civil War-when American merchant carriers disappeared from the high seas! Makes billions of gold reserves-doesn't it? Only two nations in the last twenty-five years had attempted to build ships enough to carry a large portion of their own foreign trade-Japan and Germany. So add to that total of billions from American freights for forty years, billions for other such nations as Russia, Italy, Spain, France, Turkey, Persia, China-England was doing over 54 per cent. of the carrying trade for all these

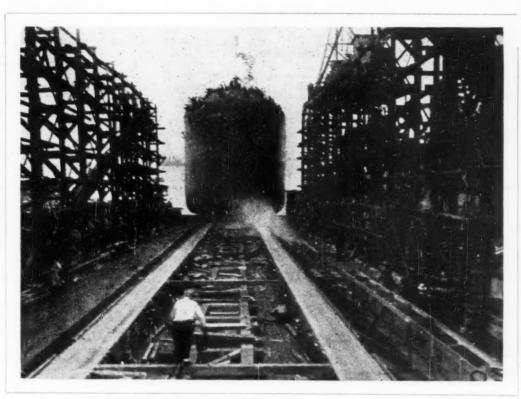
almost shipless nations.

Now you know why England was called "Mistress of Seas." Now you know why she drew the wealth of the world to her coffers. Now you Turner's picture of Carthage (Turner, himself, lived down in a mean house near the Thames Millais' picture of the Main, explain England dates her birth from Drake and the Armada. The sea has Germany's inspired froth of hate and The Engsea has been

know why embankment), why sailor of the Spanish land's power. you know why Engas a world power maniacal fury. land's national epic.

BUT right here and now, we are living another similar epic; only no Turner and no Millais have yet put it on canvas for us. The Americans have their Drake and their Ra-

leigh and their Frobisher, only their names are Schwab and Hurley and Piez. Dash it, they have called our beautiful, wonderful epic, an "Emergency Fleet Shipping Board" wouldn't that take the poetry out of your iambics? And today we have our Spanish Armada, only its name is Submarine; and we have our harbor lights calling the nation to arms to defeat the Sea Monster only our modern way of calling the yeoman to arms is to put out the lights and let the air birds out of the cages spitting bullets with Lewis and Browning guns, We are witnessing the birth of a greater Marine Power than



This photo shows the SS. "Agawam" going into the water. She is the first fabricated ship built and was launched at the Submarine Boat Corporation's big yard in Newark.

TWO years after coming back from England, I visited every shipyard in the United States. As I told previously in MACLEAN'S, they were like a morgue. There were only seven and they were each running at a loss and would have gone bankrupt but for Navy orders given them with a generous margin of profits. As Mr. Root said: you could go round the world and, except for the American Navy, not see an American flag on the sea. There were only six to eight ships under the American flag on the Atlantic, two under the American flag plying to South America, and in busy seasons perhaps eight Carthage knew, or Spain dreamed. After the war is over, which God speed, I venture to say the greatest gain to humanity next to winning the war for democracy will be the sudden birth and growth as it were overnight of a great Sea Power, pledged

to the cause of freedom.

There is no use giving figures. Any figures I could give would be antique and dwarf compared to developments in three months; but you recall a year ago when Uncle Sam's ship programme was announced, there followed a nightmare winter when everything stalled and stopped. Over a hundred shipvards had sprung up overnight like mushrooms. There were going to be three million tons of new ships in a year. everything seemed suddenly to ball up in the most awful failure and confusion. The shipyards didn't fail, but the weather sent fifty-nine storms in sixty-five days, and the railroads did The shipyards couldn't get material from the fabricating steel factories to go ahead; and labor would not stay put; and there were not houses for the laborers, if they had stayed put; and strikes were just about as frequent as the storms. There was a Congressional investigation. There was a ballyhoo and a hultabaloo. Every patriot got up on his hind legs and howled failure. The food profiteers "sicked" Congress on, and it was proved-proved mind you, by the highest authorities in the land-that though there were going to be the soldiers ready all right, we couldn't possibly have the ships ready to take them across. We couldn't possibly have three million tons of new ships ready this year. Smash! Fate had called our bluff and we had best go back to a job with sackcloth and ashes, or something like that.

THEN something happened! What happened was Schwab. He jumped in. He ought to have been allowed to jump in two years before; but he jumped in; and to use the expression of a man on the job, "you ought to have heard the shirt tails in the shipyards crack." Now I want to give all credit to Mr. Schwab's predecessors. They did a big job. They broke ground. They got a machine going—a huge machine. They got it going so hard that when it stalled in the mud of the worst winter in sixty years it threatened to smash itself and the Administration all to pieces. But Schwab jumped in; and the analogy was exactly similar to an expert chauffeur jumping into a high-powered runaway car just as it was heading for a precipice. A quick reverse of gears, a spurt of juice which I believe Mr. Schwab's friends call "pep" but which I call power, and the blooming machine was heading up hill at a speed that sizzled and ate the high grade up alive.

I know there is no use giving figures; for any figures I could give now would be dwarfed in three months; but I also know in a very few years Mr. Schwab will be regarded in the United States as Drake is in England; and I want to give some comparative totals to show, not where we are at, but where we

are going and the pace.

Before the war, the United States had less than seven active shipyards. At time of writing, 159 shipyards are actively at work for the Emergency Shipping Board, not counting the yards building ships for the Navy. Counting shipyards doing work outside Government contracts, there are over 300 in the United States to-day.

Before the war, the United States seldom launched more than one big ocean carrier a year, and that was for some foreign country like Argentina, or for their own coastal or Hawaiian service. On July 4, there were launched 95 merchantmen in

one day.

We had only from 200,000 to 300,000 tons of shipping on ocean routes before the war. In three years, at their present rate of building, they will own and operate half the ocean car-

riers of the world.

Before the war, terminal charges of handling at ship side cost more than freight across the ocean. For instance, it cost more to unload a barrel of flour from the train and cart it through New York streets and reload it on the ship, than to carry it across the Atlantic to Liverpool. To-day, the new shippards are being so constructed that, when the boom in shipbuilding subsides, they can be used as great terminal shipping points. One freighter launched in Philadelphia was so placed on the ways that when she slid into the water she could at once take to her sea heels with full cargo aboard. This is a point not appreciated by the layman but it easily cuts terminal costs by half to shipper and buyer. Another cargo carrier

recently launched will require only two hours in port to re-load In time of war, time wasted by waiting in port to unload and re-load costs the shipowner in fuel and crew \$5,000 a day. Charge that pro rata two hours instead of twenty-four, and you have the saving of the new methods!

Counting ships seized from the enemy, requisitioned, chartered from neutrals and built, Uncle Sam's ocean fleet will exceed 10 million tons this year. Compare that to 200,000 or 300,000 tons before the war! And they are only in the first

spurt of their shipbuilding race.

Before the war, barely 30,000 men worked in American shippards. To-day, 300,000 men are working in the yards assembling the parts and as many again are working in the fabricating factories supplying the parts.

Did any patriot howl calamity last year and tell the welkin it was impossible to launch three million tons of new ships in a year? The chances are by the 30th of June, of 1919, there will

have been launched six million tons of new ships.

And by the time these words appear in print, Schwab will have accelerated the speed as much again. He is doing for the United States what Drake did for England—plowing a silver furrow round the world through the sea. Never again can Mr. Root lament that you can go round the world and not see a single American flag above the sea. Schwab is doing to Germany what the English merchant fleet did to the Armada. He is crippling a dragon of evil.

NOW while our epic era, too, springs from heroic endeavor to destroy a great menace to mankind, to win the war, and to convey fighters and supplies to the fighting line, it is inevitable that the same reaction should come to the United States as a great maritime power as came to Carthage, as came to Spain, as came to England.

Certain reactions are almost axiomatic.

The nation that carries the traffic of the world becomes the mart of the world.

The nation that carries the traffic of the world and becomes the mart of the world also draws to her coffers the gold of the world.

The nation that draws the gold of the world becomes the banker of the world.

These inferences are merely projecting the facts of the past as a searchlight into the future; but a lot of other interesting questions are coming up.

Having created an enormous merchant fleet by direct government building and operation, will the United States Government continue to own and operate ocean transportation?

In the past, United States ocean carriers have been driven off the seas by simple competition. Paying a higher scale of wages, their cost of operation was so much higher than the foreign carrier's cost of operation that the merchant fleet was simply driven off the seas. The foreign carrier could underbid and did underbid the United States vessel out of existence. How about the scale of wages after the war?

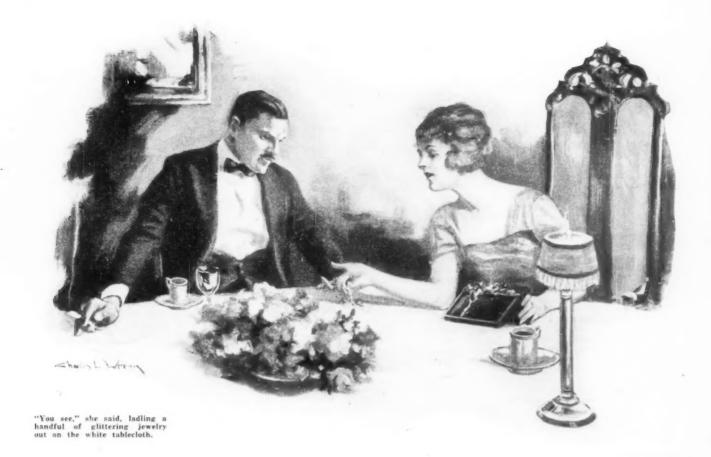
If the United States owns half the merchant fleet of the world, it is quite plain who will own the other half. Is Uncle Sam going to enter in competition with his ally, England?

No one can answer these questions; for after the war, we may enter a league of nations to enforce peace. We may be a part of that Brotherhood of Man of which the poets have sung, or we may be on the verge of that Earth Millennium, which prophets have foretold. Or perfectly frankly—let us face the fact—if the war lasts, we may be part of an utterly crippled economic world. But here are one or two facts to guide us—

The United States Government is in the transportation business. Is it in it for good? It has raised wages. It has raised wages beyond the level at which practical operators say they can make expenses and dividends. You are aware that two of the strongest railroads in the United States have this year failed to announce any dividend. They are afraid to. They don't know what is ahead. Now it is a mighty easy thing to raise wages; but it is an almost impossible thing to jam them down again. I have no further guesses to make. It seems to me transportation as far as ships are concerned will settle itself as a Government job because private operators will not take the job off the Government's hands.

Then, if the Government continues the job of operating its government-owned ships, how is it going to stand up against

Continued on page 76.



## The Strange Adventure of the Irreproachable Butler

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Hand of Peril," "The Door of Dread," "The Silver Poppy," Etc.

Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn

RE you waiting for someone, sir?" That question, for all its veneer of respectfulness, was only too patently a message of dismissal. And I resented it, not only because it was an

patently a message of dismissal. And I resented it, not only because it was an impertinence, but more because it had driven out of my drowsy brain a very beautiful picture of Mary Lockwood as she stooped over an old Italian table-cover embroidered with gold galloon.

"Are you waiting for some one?" repeated that newly arrived all-night waiter, in no way impressed by my silence.

"I am," I announced as I inspected him with open disapproval. I was dreamily wondering why, in the name of commonsense, waiters always dressed in such ridiculous and undecorative neck-ties.

This particular waiter, however, continued to regard me out of a fishy and cynical eye. Then he looked at the clock. Then he looked at my empty wine-cooler, plainly an advertisement of suspended circulation in the only fluid that seemed vital to him. vital to him.

"Was it a lady?" he had the effrontery

to inquire.

I could see his eye roam about the all but empty room. It was the low-ebb

hour when a trolley car is an event along the empty street, the hour when chairs are piled on café tables, the white corpuscles of the milk wagons begin to move through the city's sleepy arteries, and those steel nerves known as telegraph wires keep languidly awake with the sugary thrills of their night letters.

"Yes, it was a lady," I answered. That wall-eyed intruder knew nothing of the heavenly supper I had stumbled on in that wicked French restaurant, or of the fine and firm Clos Vougeot that had been unearthed from its shabby cellar, or of

fine and firm Clos Vougeot that had been unearthed from its shabby cellar, or of my own peace of mind as I sat there studying the empty metal cooler and pondering how the mean and scabby wastes of Champagne could mother an ichor so rich with singing etherealities.

"Eh—just what might she look like, sir?" my tormentor next asked of me, blinking about with a loose and largely condoning matter-of-factness as though in placid search of some plumed and impatient demirep awaiting her chance to

patient demirep awaiting her chance to cross the bar of acquaintanceship on the careless high tide of inebriacy.

"She moves very, very quietly, and has a star in her hair," I replied to that fish-

eyed waiter. "Her breath is soft and dewy, and her brow is hooded. And in her hands she carries a spray of poppies."

HE waiter looked down at me with I that impersonal mild pity with which it is man's wont to view the harmlessly

"Surely," I said with a smothered yawn, "surely you have met her? Surely you have been conscious of those soft and

you have been conscious of those soft and shadowy eyes gazing into yours as you melted into her arms?"

"Quite so, sir," uneasily admitted my wall-eyed friend. Then I began to realize that he was waking me up. I grew fearful lest his devastating invasion should frighten away the timorous spirit I had been wooing as assiduously as an angler seeking his first trout. For one long hour, with a full body and an empty head, I had sat there stalking sleep as artfully and as arduously as huntsman ever stalked a deer. And I knew that if I moved from that spot the chase would be over, for that night at least.

"But the odd thing about her," I languidly explained, "is that she evades only those who seek her. She is coy. She

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denies herself to those who most passionately demand her. Yet something tells me that she is hovering near me at this moment, that she is about to bend over me with those ineffable eyes if only I await the golden moment. And so, my dear sir, if you will take this as a slight reward for your trouble, and cover that exceedingly soiled-looking divan in that exceedingly disreputable looking alcove with a clean tablecloth, and then draw that curtain which is appar-ently designed to convert it into a chambre particuliere, you will be giving me a chance to consort with an angel of graciousness more lovely than any meretricious head that ever soiled its faded plush. And if I am left uninterrupted until you go off in the morning, your re-ward will then be doubled."

His puzzled face showed, as he peered

down at the bill in his hand, that if this indeed were madness, there was a not repugnant sort of method in it.

So he set dazedly about draping that none too clean divan with a tablecloth, making it, in fact, look uncomfortably like a bier. Then he carried my hat and gloves and overcoat to a chair at the foot of the divan. Then he took me by the

arm, firmly and solicitously.

His face, as I made my way without one stagger or reel into that shabby little quietude screened off from the rest of the world, was a study in astonishment. It was plain that I puzzled him. He even indulged in a second wondering glance back at the divan as he drew the porti-eres. Then, if I mistake not, he uttered the one explanatory and self-sufficient word—"Needle-pumper."

HEARD him tiptoe in, a few minutes later, and decently cover my legs with the overcoat from the chair. I did not speak, for bending over me was a rarer and sweeter Presence, and I wanted no sound or movement to frighten her away. Just when her hand touched mine I cannot tell. But I fell off into a deep and natural sleep and dreamed I was being carried through Sicilian orange groves by a wall-eyed waiter with wings like a

Then the scene changed, as scenes have the habit of doing in dreams. I seemed to be the centre of a sub-cellar conference of highwaymen, presided over by Latre-ille himself. Then the voices shifted and changed, receded and advanced. I seemed to be threading that buffer-state which lies between the two kingdoms of Sleep and Wakefulness, the buffer-state that has no clear-cut outlines and twists like weevil between ever-shifting

"Where's Sir 'Enery," said a voice from a mountain-top. Then an answer-ing murmur of voices buzzed about me like bees, only an intelligible word or two seeming to reinforce the fabric of my imaginings as iron rods reinforce concrete-walls. And I continued to lie there in that pleasant borderland torpor, torpor, which is neither wakefulness nor slumber. I seemed to doze on, in no ponderable way disturbed by the broken hum of talk that permeated through my brain.

"Then why can't Sir Henry work on the Belmont job?" one of the voices was

asking.
"I told you before, Sir Henry's tied

"Up in Seventy-third street. He's got 'em hog-tied."

"And what's more," broke in a third voice, "he won't touch a soup case since he got that safe wedge in the wrist. It o' broke his nerve for nitro work.

"Aw, you couldn't break that guy's

"Well, he knows he's marked, anyway." THEN came a lull, followed by the scratch of a match and the mumbling

voices again. "How'd he get through the ropes up there?" inquired one of these voices. "Same old way. Butlering. Turk Mc-

"Same old way. Butlering. Turk Mc-Meekin doped him up a half-dozen Lon-don recommends. That got him started out in Morristown, with the Whippeny Club. Then he did the Herresford job. But he's got a peach with this Van Tuyl gang. They let him lock up every means silver and all—and carry the keys to bed

"It's up to Sir 'Enery to make 'em dream he's the real thing," murmured

another of the voices.
"Sure!" answered still another voice that seemed a great distance away.

Then the mumble became a murmur and the murmur a drone. And the drone became a sighing of birch tops, and I was stalking Big-Horn across mountain peaks of cafe parfait, where a pompous English butler served peches Melba on the edge of every second precipice.

When I woke up it was broad daylight, and my wall-eyed waiter was there waitfor his second bill. And I remembered that I ought to phone Benson so he could have the coffee ready by the time walked home through the mellow November air.

T was two hours later that the first memory of those murmuring midnight voices came back to me. The words I had overheard seemed to have been buried in my mind like seeds in the ground. Then here and there a green shoot of suspicion emerged. The more I thought it over, the more disturbed I became. Yet I warned myself that I could be sure of nothing. The one tangibility was the re-peated word, "Van Tuyl." And there at least was something on which I could focus my attention.

I went to the telephone and called up Beatrice Van Tuyl. Years before we had played water polo and catboated on the Sound together. the Sound together. I realized, as I heard that cheery young matron's voice over the wire, that I would have to pick my

steps with care.
"I say, Beatrice, are you possibly in need of a butler?" I began as offhandedly as I was able.

"Out of a place. Parley, dear?" was the chuckling inquiry that came to me.
"No, I'm not, but I know of a good
man." was my mendacious reply. "And I rather thought-

"My dear Parley," said the voice over wire, "we've a jewel of a man up the wire, "we've a jewel of a man up here. He's English, you know. And I'm beginning to suspect he's been with roy-alty. Jim's always wanted to stick pins in his legs to see if he really isn't petri-fied."

"What's his name?" "Just what it ought to be—the most appropriate name of Wilkins."

"How long have you had him?"
"Oh, weeks and weeks!" Only a New York householder could understand the tone of triumph in that retort.
"And you're sure of him in every

"Of course we're sure of him. He's been a Gibraltar of dependability."

"Where did you get him from?

"From Morristown. He was at the Whippeny Club out there before he came

"The Whinneny Club!" I cried, for the name struck like a bullet on the metal of memory.

of memory.
"Don't you think," the voice over the wire was saying. "that you'd better come up for dinner to-night and inspect the paragon at close range? And you might k to us a little between whiles."
"I'd love to," was my very prompt re-

ply.
"Then do," said Beatrice Van Tuyl.
"A little after seven."

AND a little after seven I duly rang the Van Tuyls' door bell and was duly admitted to that orderly and wellappointed Seventy-third Street house, so like a thousand other orderly and well-appointed New York houses hidden behind their unchanging masks of brown

gray. Yet I could not help feeling the vul-Yet I could not help feeling the vulnerability of that apparently well-guarded home. For all its wall of stone and brick, for all the steel grills that covered its windows and the heavy scroll work that protected its glass door, it remained a place munificently ripe for runder. Its solidity, I felt, was only a mockery. It made me think of a fortress that had been secretly mined. Its occupants been secretly mined. Its occupants seemed basking in a false security. The very instruments which went to insure that security were actually a menace. The very machinery of service which made possible its cloistral tranquility held the factor for its disruption.

As I surrendered my hat and coat and ascended to that second floor where I had known so many sedately happy hours, I for once found myself disquieted by its flower-laden atmosphere. I began to be oppressed by a new and disturbing sense of responsibility. It would be no light matter, I began to see, to explode bomb of dissension in that principality of almost arrogant aloofness. It would be no joke to confound that smoothly flowing routine with which urban wealth so jealously surrounds itself.
I suddenly remembered there was noth-

ing in which I could be positive, nothing on which I could with certainty rely.

And my inward disquiet was increased, And my inward disquiet was increased, if anything, by the calm and blithely contented glance that Beatrice Van Tuyl leveled at me.

"And what's all this mystery about our man Wilkins?" she asked me, with

the immediacy of her sex.

"Won't you let me answer that question a little later in the evening?"
"But, my dear Parley, that's hardly

fair!" she protested, as she held a lighted match for her husband's cigarette. "Do you know, I actually believe you've spot-ted some one you want to supplant ted some one you Wilkins with."

"Or did he spill soup on you some time when we didn't see it?"

"I imagine he's spilt a bit of soup in his day," I answered, remembering what had overheard as to the safe wedge. And as I spoke I realized that my one hope lay in the possibility of getting a glimpse of the mark which that wedge had left—if, indeed, my whole sand chain of coincidences did not slip back into the inconsequentialities of dreamland.

"You can't shake my faith in Wilkins," said the blue-eyed woman in the blue silk dinner gown, as she leaned back in a protecting armed and softly padded library chair which suddenly became symbolic of her whole guarded and up-



His position was such that the sleeves of his black service coat were drawn away from the white wrists.

holstered life. "Jim, tell Parley what a jewel Wilkins really is.

JIM, whose thought was heavy ordnance beside his wife's flying column of humor, turned the matter solemnly over in his mind.

"He's a remarkably good man," admitted the stolid and levitical Jim, "remarkably good."

"And you've seen him yourself, time d time again," concurred his wife. "But I've never been particularly in-terested in servants, you know," was my

self-defensive retort.

"Then why, in the face of the immortal ironies, are you putting m" butler under the miscroscope?" was the return shot that came from the flying column. The acidulated sweetness of that attack

even nettled me into a right-about-face.
"Look here," I suddenly demanded,
"have either of you missed anything valuable about here lately?"

The two gazed at each other in per-plexed wonder.

plexed wonder.

"Of course not," retorted the woman in the dinner gown. "Not a thing!"

"And you know you have everything intact, all your jewelry, your plate, your pocketbooks, the trinkets a sneak thief might call it worth while to round up?"

"Of course we have And I courted."

"Of course we have. And I can't even resent your bracketing my pocket-book in with the trinkets."

"But are you certain of this? Could you verify it at a moment's notice?"

"My dear Parley, we wouldn't need to.
I mean we're doing it every day of our lives. It's instinctive; it's as much a habit as keeping moths out of the closets and solve he was a superstant of the convers." and cobwebs out of the corners

"What's making you ask all this?" de-manded the heavy artillery.

"Yes, what's suddenly making you into a Holmes's watchman?" echoed the flying

Still again I saw it was going to be no easy thing to intimate to persons you cared for the possibility of their sleeping on a volcano. Such an intimation has both its dangers and its responsibilities. My earlier sense of delight in a knowledge unparticipated in by others was gradually merging into a conscious-ness of a disagreeable task that would prove unsavory in both its features and

its finale.
"I'm asking all this," I replied, "because I have good reason to believe this para-gon you call Wilkins is not only a criminal, but has come into this house for criminal purposes."

"For what criminal purposes? "For the sake of robbing it.

BEATRICE Van Tuyl looked at me D with her wide-open azure eyes. Then she suddenly bubbled over with golden and liquid-noted laughter. "Oh, Parley, you're lovely."
"What proof have you got of that?"

demanded Jim.

"Of my loveliness?" I inquired, for Jim Van Tuyl's solidity was as provocative of the smithy anvil which the idler cannot pass without at least a hammer-tap or two. Yet it was this same solidity, I knew, that made him the safest of financiers and the shrewdest of investors.

"No," he retorted; "proofs of the fact that Wilkins is here for other than honest purposes."

"I've no proof," I had to confess.

"Then what evidence have you?"
"I've not even any evidence as yet. But I'm not stirring up this sort of thing without good reason."

"Let's hope not!" retorted Jim.
"My dear Parley, you're actually getting fussy in your old age," said the laughing woman. It was only the solemnity of her husband's face that seemed to sober her. "Can't you see it's absurd? We're all here, safe and sound, and we haven't been robbed."
"But what I want to know" went on

"But what I want to know," went on the heavier artillery, "is what your rea-sons are. It seems only right we should inquire what you've got in the shape of evidence."

"It wouldn't be admitted as evidence," I confessed. He threw down his cigarette. It meant

as much as throwing up his hands. Then what do you expect us to do?" "I don't expect you to do anything. I ask is that you let me try to justify this course I've taken, that the three of

us dine quietly together. And unless I'm greatly mistaken, before that dinner is over I think I can show you that this

man-

I saw Beatrice Van Tuyl suddenly lift forefinger to her lip. The motion for a forefinger to her lip. The motion for silence brought me up short. A moment later I heard the snap of a light switch in the hallway outside and then the click of jade curtain-rings on their pole. Into the doorway stepped a figure in black, a calm and slow-moving and altogether self-assured figure.

"Dinner is served," intoned this sober personage, with a curate-like solemnity

HAD no wish to gape at the man, but that first glimpse of mine was a sharp one, for I knew that it was Wilkins himself that I was confronting. And as I beheld him there in all the glory of his magisterial assurance I felt an involun-tary and ridiculous sinking in the diaphragm. I asked myself, in the name of all the Lares and Penates of Manhattan why I had suddenly gone off on a wildgoose chase to bag an inoffensive butler about whom I had had a midnight nightmare?

Then I looked at the man more closely. He wore the conventional dress livery of twilled worsted, with an extremely high-winged collar and an small lawn tie. He seemed a remarkably solid figure of a man, and his height was not insignificant. Any impression of fragility, of sedentary bloodlessness, which might have been given out by his quite pallid face was sharply contradicted by the muscular heaviness of his limbs. His hair, a Kyrle-Bellewish gray over the temples, was cut short. The well-powdered and close-shaven face was bluish white along the jowls, like a priest's. The poise of the figure, whether natural or simulated, was one marked

for servitude. Yet I had to admit to myself, as we

filed out and down to the dining room, that the man was not without his pre-tended sense of dignity. He seemed neither arrogant nor obsequious. He hovered midway between the Scylla of hauteur and the Charybdis of considerate About the immobile and maspatience. like face hung that veil of impersonality which marked him as a butler—as a butler to the finger tips. When not ally in movement he was as aloofly de-tached as a totem pole. He stood as unobtrusive as a newel post, as impassive as some shielding piece of furniture, beside which youth might whisper its weightiest secret or conspiracy weave its darkest web.

I had to confess, as I watched his deft movements about that china-strewn ob-

long of damask which seemed his fit and rightful domain, that he was in no way wanting in the part—the only thing that the futility of that part. puzzled me was There was authority, too, in his merest finger movement and eye shift, as from time to time he signaled to the footman who helped him in his duties. There was grave solicitude on his face as he waited the minutest semaphoric nod of the woman in the blue silk dinner gown. And this was the man, with his stolid air of exactitude, with his quick-handed move-ments and his alert and yet unparticipating eyes, whom I had come into that quiet household to proclaim a thief!

WATCHED for his hands every course as I sat there talking against timeand Heaven knows what I talked of! But about those hands there was nothing to discover. In the first thing of importance I had met with disappointment. For the cuffs that projected from the For the cuffs that projected from the edges of the livery sleeves covered each large-boned wrist. In the actual deportment of the man there was nothing on which to base a decent suspicion. And in the meanwhile the dinner progressed, as all such dinners do, smoothly and quietly, and, to outward appearances, harmoniously and happily.

But as it progressed I grew more and

But as it progressed I grew more and more perplexed. There was another nauseating moment or two when the thought flashed over me that the whole thing was indeed a mistake, and what I had seemed to hear in my restless mo-ments of the night before was only a dream projected into a period of wakefulness. Equipped with nothing more than an echo from this dream, I had started off on this mad chase, to run down a man who had proved and was proving himself the acme of decorous

respectability.

But if this thought was a sickening one, it was also a sickly one. Like all sickly things, too, it tended to die young. It went down before the crowding actualiwent down before the crowding actualities of other circumstances which I could not overlook. Coincidence, repeated often enough, became more than fortuity. The thing was more than a nightmare. I had heard what I had heard. There was still some method by which I could verify or contradict my suspicion. My problem was to find a plan. And the gravity of my dilemma, I suppose, was in some way reflected in my face.

my face.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Van Tuyl, with his heavy matter-of-factness, at a moment when the room happened to be empty.

"Don't you see it's a mistake?" added the wife with a self-assuring glance

his wife, with a self-assuring glance about the rose-shaded table and then a wider glance about the room itself.
"Wait," I suddenly said. "What were

"Wait," I suddenly said. his references?"

"He gave us a splendid one from the Whippeny Club. We verified that. Then he had letters, six of them from some very decent people in London. them was a bishop."
"Did you verify those?"

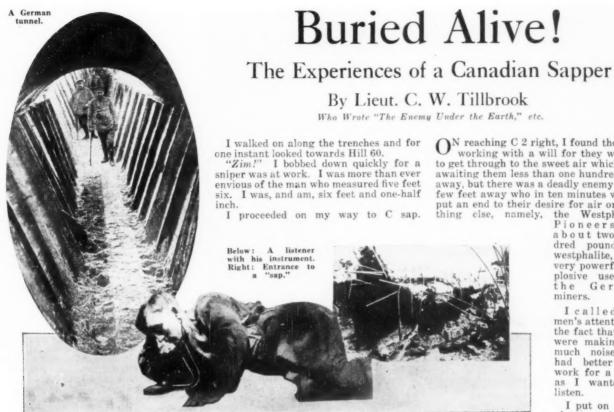
"Across the Atlantic, Parley? It really didn't seem worth while!"
"And it's lucky for him you didn't!"

"Why?" "Because they're forgeries, every one

of them!'

"What ground have you for thinking that?" asked the solemn Van Tuyl.
"I don't think it—I know it. And, I imagine I can tell you the name of the man who forged them for him.

Continued on page 85.



ID ten feet all lagged in C sap last night, Old Top, and we had to stop and listen for an hour. The men said they heard sounds with the naked ear—talking and walking—but the listener and myself couldn't hear anything with the G phone. Just the same watch that place " watch that place.

The speaker stopped and then, in a voice mingled with emotion, he enquired: "Who the deuce let that candle drip into my cigarettes — ? By the way did any pickles come up with the rations last night?"

I got up into a sitting position rather I got up into a sitting position rather quickly and regretted doing so instantly for the top of my head came in contact with some of the caps, or roof, of the dugout; for I was sleeping in the top bunk. At this point a clamour outside announced the arrival of the old shift for the rum parade. I picked up my shrapnel helmet and proceeded to go on shift.

I remember that there was an alterca-

I remember that there was an alterca-tion going on between the sergeant, the officer presiding and our company rum officer presiding and our company rum mopper, Angus. The sergeant announcing that the R. M. had already had his issue, the accused stating emphatically that he had not. I am inclined to think from previous experience that the sergeant was correct. I made my way up the gallery still hearing Angus protesting his innocence. I ascended into the front line trench, and met the shift sergeant and instructed him with regard to the distribution of the men. tion of the men.

Overhead one of our planes was dron-ing its way over the lines presumably tak-ing photographs of the enemy's line. A few Archies, (antiaircraft shells) were bursting away behind him. Evidently the German gunners were not awake, or over-

worked.

Arriving there, I took off my boots preparatory to descending into the works. This step was absolutely necessary for all mining operations must be carried on in silence, and one of the easiest sounds to detect is a man walking in the gallery.

I lit my candle and walked along about

two hundred yards through the narrow gallery. My candle grew dimmer till it seemed on the point of going out owing to the bad air. I reached the "T" where the galleries turned right and left and met the shift sergeant again.

"Air very bad, sir."
"Yes, get the bellows installed right away."

"Yes, sir. Shall I come with you, too?"

That word saved his life as will be shown by what follows. I only wish that I could have said the same to the brave fellows working in the above-mentioned

sap.
"Now get that done right away, ser-

geant."

"Very good, sir."

"Oh! by the way, how much have we to do to get to B sap?"

"About eighty feet, sir."

"Well we should be through in two days and I shall be very glad when it is all over. I don't like that place. The Hun is somewhere around. Well, carry on"

He turned sideways to let me pass and we both proceeded in opposite directions: I to what was to be a living tomb: he to get the means of ultimate salvation.

I walked about one hundred and fifty feet when my candle went out so I lit my electric torch. The air was fetid, smelling of sandbags and decaying wood, and can only be described as smelling like a

ON reaching C 2 right, I found the men working with a will for they wanted to get through to the sweet air which was awaiting them less than one hundred feet away, but there was a deadly enemy but a few feet away who in ten minutes was to put an end to their desire for air or any-thing else, namely, the Westphalian

Pioneers with about two hundred pounds of westphalite, the very powerful explosive used by the German

I called the men's attention to the fact that they were making too much noise and had better stop work for a while as I wanted to listen.

I put on my G phone and pro-ceeded to the lis-

which was about eighty feet from the men, and at right angles to the main gallery about thirty feet in depth. For five minutes I could hear nothing but the tut—tut—tut of a machine gun away in the distance. Twice I heard the sound of a shell bursting: then silence. What a shell bursting; then shence. What was that? I was immediately tuned up. Somebody walking, several people quite hurriedly, then a dull thudding noise, which I diagnosed as tamping, the most leadly example a mining engineer can ever a second to the sample of the sampl deadly sound a mining engineer can ever wish to hear for it indicates that the enemy is loaded and is preparing to fire his mine. I stepped out of the pocket and went down to the men and said: "Get your things together and get out at once. Don't make any noise, but hurry."

I went back into the nocket and commenced listening again for sounds.

could feel my pulse beating in my wrists, neck and temples. It was the first time that I had ever heard the enemy tamp, so any acceleration in my heart's beat was

excusable

I could hear my men coming up the allery. Then I heard a crack followed instantly by a muffled roar. I experienced a feeling as if I were being spun round on roulette table: then I was hurled up in the air, and then as though a large door had fallen on me there came a complete

first sensations on regaining My consciousness were not very clear. There was a ringing in my ears and a stinging numbness all over my body, especially in my face. Gradually it dawned on me that there had been an explosion. I was lying face down. I tried to rise but found I could not move for I was pinned down by some fallen timbers which were on my left side. I fumbled for my watch. It was still going and pointed to eight sixteen



Top: In a French underground system. Centre: Ruins that protect entrance to an old German "sap." Lower: Canadian emerging from under-ground system.

walls of earth in a frenzy. frantically at the damp bounds of my prison and in time my efforts served the necessary purpose of quieting me down. And then I started to crawl back to where

I had been in the first place.

My head suddenly came in contact with a timber which had fallen down diagonally. I swore vigorously. That broke the spell, I realized that I had got a hold on myself again. So I sat down and began to think over my position more or less calm-ly. I reasoned out that our other work parties would know of the explosion and would try to find out if there were any person alive. I crawled into the listenng pocket and found that it was intact. It was at right angles to the force of the explosion—a fact which accounted for my escape from the fate of my comrades. On the sills, or floor, was my G phone. I put it on and listened: I could detect a crackling sound, due to disintegration of the soil after the explosion: then, joy of joys, I heard two knocks followed by three sharper ones—the miner's knock, some-times known as Kentish fire. I replied and listened again; and got the signal back "Coming through."

STARTED to claw with my hands at the face of the pocket and I very soon had a pile of dirt that was going to cut me off from the main gallery. I went back and got some sand bags. Then I noticed a change coming over me; my head was aching and I felt very big about the hands and feet. This was due to car-bon monoxide poisoning from the ex-plosion. If the relief party did not break

through soon I knew it would be too late. I started to fill the bags, but my hands and fingers seemed like bunches of bananas. I could hear by this time the other party with my ear; they were evidently boring. Would they be quick enough? It get very warm and comfort. dently boring. It got very warm and comfortable and I did not seem to mind how long they were as long as they would let me sleep. I knew I was going off in a sleep which would be fatal, and the thought of death, when life was so close at hand, stimulated me to make another effort. I crawled to the face of the listening pocket and started to scratch at the soil. I tried filling more sand bags. How long this went on, I do not know, but I sud denly felt another shower of dirt and something hit me in the face. There was a clank of metal, and then a rush of cold air, the rescue party had got a bore-hole through to me. I heard the eight inch auger being withdrawn, then a voice said: "Who's there?"

I shouted back: "Me. For God's sake get

me out!

course of my search I came on a few arms and legs, all that

remained of what had been probably as fine a sample of men as were ever on the Wes-

tern battle front.

I then felt hopeless and I must confess that I cried as if

I were an infant. Finally, however, I collected my wits and groped my way in the opposite direction, only to be abruptly

stopped by a wall of loose dirt—I was buried alive! My next few moments were spent in a condition bordering on insan-

ity. I shrieked and yelled and beat on the

Then down the hole came something. I reached out feebly and felt a hose. Then came a piff-paff of air and I knew that the bellows, which I had formerly instructed the sergeant to get, were playing their part in keeping me alive.

In about one hour I crawled out to the

rescue party. The officer of the previous shift greeted me with the anxious

"Did he get any of you?"

"All but me.

"Good God! Seven of the best gone. The sergeant standing by said: "Oh; well, sir, it's all in the day's work—could the men have a tot of rum?" I do not remember if the answer was in the affirm-ative—doubtless it was—for the gallery began to tilt and everything went and once more I relapsed into unconscious-

The next thing I remember was opening my eyes to the glorious sunlight and my batman, my brother officer and the ser-geant were looking at me.

"How are you feeling, Old Top?"
"As if I were going to die. Thank you very much."

"Are you past rum?"
"Try me." They did-

They did-with success.

WAS still feeling shaky after the effects of being buried and was decidedly blue for some of my best men were gone. I felt like reporting sick. I could at least get back to a casualty station for a couple of weeks and possibly to Blighty. I tried a cigarette. It tasted like nothing on earth that I knew of—absolutely vile. So I threw it away in disgust. I heard someone entering my quarters and then a light appeared. I looked and saw that it

was Major Henry—the O.C. He lit a couple of candles and coming over to the side of my bunk, took hold of

my wrist.
"When did you have something to eat

'This morning, sir, before it happened." "Now, old man, get hold of yourself, I'll call your batman."

few minutes I could hear the In a thrum thrum of the Primus stove at work.

The O.C. looked at me sharply.
"Tilly, you have had a bad time but
you have no bones broken. I can have you evacuated if you like but I would rather have you stay on. Those boys have to be avenged, and I don't think it will be long before we can get back at the Boche. We have lost some men but remember that is war, and you can't make omelettes without breaking eggs. If every little setback we have is going to take the heart out of us, we may as well quit. member that at present not one hundred vards away there are some Huns laughing up their sleeves because they 'got us. boys that are gone have to be paid for.
Will you collect?"
I felt so mean that I was ashamed of

myself and nearly forgot about m- head-

ache.

"I'll be ready next shift, sir."

"Good! Remember, don't get windy, get the Hun." After we have eaten we "Good! go and look at the damage done.

Then my batman arrived with two plates of beef steak, fried potatoes and plates of beer steak, Irred polatics and canned peas. I started picking at mine, but soon I was wondering what was going to follow. It is quite true that eating and fighting only want a beginning. The fighting only want a beginning. The "afterwards" consisted of some canned apricots, canned cream and coffee. The war wasn't so bad after all.

WE got out into the front line trench W and walked along in the darkness, stumbling into gaps in the duck boards. "St! Keep still."

A very bright light shot up into the night, hissing on until it burst with a pop about fifty feet above our trenches, illuminating the landscape and showing the bowed heads of working and carrying parties interspersed between the splintered remains of what had once been trees.

We stumbled along to C Sap. Here we discovered some infantry men huddled

just inside the entrance.
"What are you doing there?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Well, get out and do something quick. You know very well you are forbidden the saps. They are to be used by Tunnellers only. Now get along and don't let me catch you again."

The poor tired fellows scrambled out

and wandered off to find a vacant viece of firing step on which to stretch their weary limbs. We could hear them muttering something about "bleedin' underground larncers

The O. C. led the way down the steps I shuddered as we passed through the deserted galleries for the air was stickier and damper than ever and the whole place seemed to advertise the fact that it was a tomb. We crawled through into the hole where I had been buried and made our way to the spot where the explosion had occurred.

OUR lights picked out the wreckage and above all I noticed two legs sticking at an impossible angle. The O. C. out at an impossible angle. caught hold of one and moved it. sound was distressing-splintered bones

grating.
"Don't do that, sir, please, I'll get a party in to clean it up."
"I don't know that it matters."

"What shall I do, sir?

"Bag it up, about ten feet in depth. Now we'll go back to the dugout. I want you to get the carpenter to make a cross and then you write the men's names on it with their numbers and put underneath 'killed in action' and bury it with them.'
"All right, sir."

"All right, sir.
We got back to our dugout and met two
the other officers. "Anything to reof the other officers.

"No, sir, except that there are occa-sional sounds in B sap."

The O. C. flashed a look at the speaker. "Ah! I thought so. Clear the men out and get your two best listeners in there." "Yes, sir."

He left us to walk on to the next of works at Hooge, a matter of two miles, from there to the Redan, and so on right

round our system.

What a man our O.C. was! Of commanding personality, a born leader with an indomitable will, I have known him to go for three days without food and five days without sleep and at the end of the time he was as fresh as if he had just got up and finished breakfast. His brain always worked with lightning-like rapidity and he was gifted with a wonderful power of deduction. He seemed able to tell exactly where the Hun was, and what he was doing. Henry is still alive and going strong. Now that tunnelling is almost a thing of the past, he is a D. S. O. and a colonel of one of the crack Imperial regi-

GOT back to my dugout and threw myself down on my bunk. The signallers were busy in the next dugout, tuning up their buzzers and with this music in my ears I gradually faded away into the land ears I gradually faded away into the land of nod. I awakened at 5.20 a.m. by my watch, and got up. A messenger came in from the signallers, and handed in a slip—"O.C. Blighty. Ajax condor fly A A A Able Fred Apple. O.C. Stone." It was a code message from Henry. I deciphered it and read the result out to my follow officers. fellow officers.

my fellow others.
"Something doing, Old Top."

We picked out a party of six men, collected two torpedoes, three cans of am-monal, an eight-inch auger and ten rods and then started for B sap.

About twenty-five feet up the gallery a candle light showed two forms crouching over in the listening posts. approached, the two listeners looked up towards us, their foreheads wrinkled and eyes opened, not so much as in surprise, but more as if in protest at our having

disturbed them in their vigils. The smaller of the two men, Angus by name, got up on his knees as we approached and, when I got beside, he handed me the ear piece of his G phone and whispered: "We'll be shaking hands with him in a few hours, sir."

I put on the ear clips, Clomp! Clomp! Clomp! Clomp, clomp, clomp! I took the G phone off and listened. I could hear the sound ever so slightly with my ear, but still it was there, just as if I were inside a brick building with very thick walls and someone was hitting the outside with a hard wooden mallet. The Boche was working on the face with great speed, and, as far as I could judge, he was about the same level and to the right. Was he coming towards, parallel with, or past us? Time would show. But that time had not to be wasted.

THE boring party arrived and it was but the space of ten minutes before they had the auger at work and the first sandbag filled. The auger is practically the same thing as a post digger but in-stead of being used vertically it is used

horizontally. "Bingy"— -my fellow officer-was arranging the ammonal containers placing

them ready for use. I beckoned him to me. "Send a wire in code to the O.C., tell him 'Enemy working to the right of B sap. Heard with the naked ear. Am getting ready to load, will not fire till absonecessary—wire approval, O.C. Blighty.

All right. How about the front line?" "I was coming to that. Go to the O.C. trenches and tell him enough to get his 'wind up.' Make him hustle. Tell him you are going to blow the Hun and he must hold his line very light for three hundred feet on either side of B sap. Tell him to have bombers ready in case the Hun gets by us. Pile it on good and thick. I don't want a lot of them hanging around the sap head, for if the observer at Hill 60 spots a crowd he will immediately start a -you know."

"All right, Old Bean, I'll pile the agony on." And he disappeared

And he disappeared.

BY this time the boring party had got D their hole in ten feet. I stopped them and decided that they had gone far enough. The Hun could be heard much plainer now. About this time a new arrival appeared in the form of Captain Barker. He was a typical miner, a short and thick-set man with an eve like a hawk. He had a very determined mouth, but it which was only on rare occasions.

"Good morning."

"Something doing, eh?"
"Quite."

"Where is he?"

"To the right, coming this way."
He listened for about a minute, then asked: "How far do you estimate him?"
"About twelve feet" "About twelve feet."
"He was—but now?"

I listened intently—I could hear the Boche talking plainly. Then there was a tapping of wood on wood, they were putin a sett or framework of timber with which the galleries are lined. Then work was continued by them. Clomp! Clomp! Clomp! Then patter, patter, as of the snow sliding off a roof and falling—it was the loosened dirt dropping. Then we could hear their shovels scraping on the timbers, as they lifted up the dirt to bag it. This was followed by a few dull thuds.

They were bumping the nearly full sand-Continued on page 92

# The Three Sapphires

#### A Story of Mystery and War Intrigue

By W. A. Fraser

Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds." etc

Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn

#### CHAPTER IX.

NEXT morning Swinton again rode alone, Lord Victor declaring he would have enough exercise in the hunt that

As Shabaz came out of his loping canter and steadied to a leisurely gait up the palace hill, Rada, the groom, overhis master.

"Put a hand on the stirrup," Swinton commanded, "for the hill is long and your legs are the legs of experience."

"As the sahib wishes; but I know little of her who rides the gray stallion," Rada replied, grasping the iron. Swinton chuckled at the naive admission that the servant took it for granted he was

to talk, being thus favored.
"It is the way of my people," Rada resumed, when his breath came easier, "that when we make speech with a sahib we watch his eyes for a sign, and if it is one of displeasure we then tell lies over his engage, but with the centain one of displeasure we then tell lies to avert his anger; but with the captain sahib this may not be done."

"Why, Rada?"

"Sahib knows the karait—the snake with an eye that is all red?"

"Deadly as a cobra."

"Yes, sahib; and our people say that if one looks for a long time into that

res, sant; and our people say that if one looks for a long time into that red eye that never shifts nor blinks nor gives a sign, he will go mad."
"Delightful! And mine are like that,

"No, sahib; only so far as that they give no sign. So if I make speech that is displeasing, the presence must command me to be still."

After a time Rada said: "The Missie

Baba will not ride the gray stallion to-

day?"
"Why not?"

"I know not, except that she has reported that the stallion is lame; but the groom says he is not lame."

R EACHING the plateau, Swinton followed a road that swung around the Place of Roses. Over the brick wall floated the sweet perfume of myriad flowers, to give place presently to the tang of animal life as they came to the tiger garden. A jungle clamor vibrated the morning air; cockatoos and parrakeets called shrilly beyond the brick wall; a hornbill sent forth his raucous screech; pigeons of all colors, green, blue, gray, fluttered free in the air, waiting for the grain that would presently be scattered by the keepers. The unpleasant, sputtering laugh of a hyena, raucously grating, mingled with the full, rich-toned monologue of leopards raucously grating, mingled with the full, rich-toned monologue of leopards that paced restlessly their cages, eager

Then the road crawled restfully into the cool of a noble sal forest. To the right it branched presently, and he caught the glint of white marble split-

ting the emerald green.

"The lady who rides the gray stallion lives yonder with the large sahib who

Synopsis.-Lord Victor Gilfain and Captain Swinton, presumably his guide but in reality Captain Her-bert of the secret service, visit bert of the secret service, visit Rajah Darpore, who is suspected by the British authorities. Herbert finds that the Rajah is plotting to collect three sacred sapphires, in order that he may use to his advantage a Hindu superstition that the holder of the jewels is the true Buddha and will rule all India. One of the sapphires that has been found around the neck of a wandering elephant is stolen by Dar-pore from Major Finnerty, keeper of the elephant keddah. A second has been set for the Rajah by a jewelry firm but is stolen by na-tives from a Bengali intrusted with its delivery, Baboo Dass. A third is in the possession of Captain Swinton himself. A native is found murdered in front of the compound where Gilfain and Swinton are quartered and no motive can be found for the deed.

is her uncle," Rada explained; and as they came to a path on the left a little beyond, he continued: "This leads to Jadoo Nala, wherein is a pool."

Captain Swinton turned Shabaz into the path, following it to the edge of the plateau and down its winding course to

plateau and down its winding course to the pool.

Pointing to a covert in a pipal tree that overhung the pool, Rada said:
"That is the rajah's, but no one makes a kill here—it is but for the pleasure of the eye. Knowing this, the dwellers of the jungle come to drink of the waters that are sweet with salt, and depart in peace; though it is said that at times a spirit, in the shape of an evil leopard, creeps from yonder cave and makes the creeps from yonder cave and makes the kill of a deer or a sambar. In the cave yonder, Buddha, who was once of our faith, lamented on the sins of the world till his tears made the stream sweet with salt, and so it has remained. The cave sait, and so it has remained. The cave is an abode of evil spirits; lights have been seen, and deep noises heard such as the hill gods make."

"Who comes to the pool, Rada—for there is the retreat?"

Rada lifted his small, black, twitching eyes to the placid, opaque ones of Swinton. "The sahib knows what talk over a hookah is, each one trying to show great knowledge; but it is whis-pered at such times that the Missie Baba, who fears neither spirit, comes here at night." horse nor

"For what purpose to meet some

"Of that Rada knows nothing; that the evil gossips say it is the rajah is perhaps a lie."

SWINTON turned Shabaz up the path, and at the top rode a little tour of inspection, following a road that circled above the winding stream. Overlooking the Jadoo cave and the path that wound down the hillside was a heavy wall built of stone that had been taken from the buried city.

"Most delightful place to plant a ma-chine gun, or even a 'three-inch,'" the captain muttered.

A reverberating tiger roar shook the earth as Swinton rounded the Place of earth as Swinton rounded the Place of Roses on his way back, and past its wall he came suddenly upon Lord Victor in active controversy with a lop-eared native horse he was more or less astride of. Evidently the sudden tiger call had frightened the horse, for he was whirling, with his long ewe neck stretched high in air, his lop ears almost brushing the clinging rider's face. Lord Victor had lost his stirrups: he was practically had lost his stirrups; he was practically over the pommel of the saddle, sitting the razor-bladed wither. A country bred's neck is like a piece of rubber hose, and Anglo-Indians have learned to sit tight and let him have his head; but Lord Victor climbed up the reins, pulling the brute's head into his lap, and when to save himself he threw an arm around the lean neck, down went the head and he was sent flying, to sprawl on his back, where he lay eyeing smiling captain.

Having unseated his rider, the country bred, forgetting all about the tiger, stood looking with complacent vacuity at the groom, who now held him by the

"Thought you weren't riding this morning," Swinton remarked, as they went down the hill.

"Changed my mind. You didn't happen to see a young lady on a gray stalion this morning, did you, old chap?"
"I did not. And the earl expects you to ride away from spins, not after them,

"The governor is optimistic. This is only curiosity—to see the girl Ananda is going to make his queen."
"Where did you hear that rot?"

"Where did you hear that rot?"
"The usual source—my bearer."
"Bad form. It's all idle gossip, too; she's the niece of old Boelke."
"Oh, now I know why you ride up on the hill every morning. Did your bearer tell you? Earl Craig expects you to keep away from skirts while—By Jove! What's the bally shindy—re they planting another by so god in are they planting another brass god in the temple?"

L ORD Victor's sudden change in the course had been caused by sounds of strife that came from a Hindu village that lay between Maha Bodhi Hill and ORD Victor's sudden change in dis-

that lay between Maha Bodhi Hill and Darpore City.

"The men of the temple and others who are followers of Mahadeo live yonder in Chota Darpore," Rada said.

As eager as a boy at the clang of a fire bell, Lord Victor, his eyes alight with sporting fervor, cried: "Come on. captain; every bally hour in this land of the poppy has its spiffing thrill."



There was a crash and the high-pitched scream of a horse in terror.

Arrived on the scene, a unique battle y before their eyes. The center of lay before their eyes. The center of the conflict was a silk-skinned, terrified little cow tied to a stake. A fanatical Mussulman priest, ordained to the bloodletting, waited with a sharp knife behind a battling line of Allah men for a chance to slit the cow's throat. With a chance to slit the cow's throat. With the followers of Mohammed were ranged the adherents of Buddha in a battle line that checked the Hindus, who, with fierce cries of "Maro, maro!" fought to rescue the cow and stop this offence against their gods—the slaying of a sacred animal.

Heads cracked hereath the follows.

Heads cracked beneath the fall staves, and red blood spurted from the fall of knife thrust or the cut of a tulwar. Swinton smiled grimly as he saw here and there a man in a green-and-gold jackets were the Hindu police of the maharajah.

Encouraged by their gaunt leader, the Hindus charged fiercely, and, seizing the cow, bore it toward their village, fighting a rear-guard action as the Mussulmans, with cries of "Allah! Allah!" charged over the bodies of men who lay in the silent indifference of death, or writhed in pain. There was a desperate melee, a maelstrom of fanatical fiends, out of which the Mussulmans emerged with the sacrificial victim to fight their way back-

ward to the slaughter mound.

The tinkle of a bell, the "phrutphrut" of an elephant, caused Swinton to turn

toward the road. It was Finnerty on Burra Moti.

The mahout, at a command from the major, drove Moti into the fray, where he, with gentle, admonishing touches from the mahout's feet against her ears, from the mahout's feet against her ears, picked up one combatant after another, tossing them without serious injury to one side. But the fanatics, religion-crazed, closed in again in Moti's wake and smote as before. One Mussulman, whose red-dyed beard bespoke one who had been to Mecca, threw a heavy Pathan knife at Finnerty, just missing his mark.

SUDDENLY a shrill voice rose in a screaming command; there was teror in the voice that came from the lips of a gigantic Tibetan priest, who stood with extended arm pointing to the tinkling bell on Moti's neck As though strong wind had swept a field of grain, the Buddhists ceased the combat and stood with bowed heads. Even the Mussulmans, realizing from the priest's attitude that it was something of holy import, rested from warfare.

import, rested from warfare.

"It is the sacred elephant of the Zyaat of Buddha Gautama!" the priest said, when the tumult had stilled.

when the tumult had stilled.

Then spoke Finnerty, seizing upon this miraculous chance: "Cease from strife! You who are of Chota Darpore, go back to your village; you who are followers of the Prophet, the grace of Allah be upon vou, go your way, for even some of you are servants of mine at the keddah. As to the disciples of Buddha, the bell on the sacred elephant recalls them to peace. I will take away from strife the cow, so that there be no killing."

He called to one of his Mussulmans, saying: "Come you, Amir Khan, and take the cow to the keddah."

The scarlet-whiskered Pathan who had thrown the knife stepped forward, and in his rough voice said: "Sahib, these infidels, these black men, have descrated the shrine of Sheik Farid by tying there a pig, therefore it is injustice if we be not allowed to crack a few heads and spill the blood of a cow on the doorstep of their village."

"You threw the knife, Hadjii; you're a poor marksman," Finnerty answered.

"Yes spill it was an unlaborated."

"Yes, sahib, it was an unlucky throw; but a man fell against my elbow at that or the sahib would have received my gift. Perhaps the next time I will have better luck."

With a smile at the humor, Finnerty said: "The spirit of a saint like Sheik Farid is not disturbed by the acts of infidels. I will speak to the rajah and have the village fined a

matter of many rupees to be paid to your people, Hadjii."

From the Buddhists, who stood in a semicircle eying Burra Moti with reverence, a priest came forward, saying:
"We have fought with the idolators
because the shrine rests on the 'Rock of
Buddha,' and so is sacred to us, too.
The sahib has seen in the flat rock the

free sand has seen in the flat rock the footprint of Prince Sakya Sinha where he stood and became Buddha?"
"But Buddha commanded peace, not strife," Finnerty reminded the priest.

AT that instant Burra Moti, undoubt-A that instant Burra Mott, undoubtedly bored by inaction, reached back with her trunk and tinkled the bell. It was like a voice crying out of the temple. The Buddhists in silence went away; Amir Khan, at a command, departed with the cow of discord.

Burra Moti was twred and with Lord

Burra Moti was turned, and, with Lord Victor and Swinton riding at his side, Finnerty swept regally down the

"Your elephant seems deuced happy, major; she's got a tooty little gurgle that suggests it. Where did "ou find your sapphire bell clapper?" Lord Victor queried.

tor queried.

"Oh, this isn't——" Finnerty caught the import of Swinton's gasping cough in time to switch, adding: "This is a clapper the old goldsmith fixed up for me, and it's doing beautifully. Moti is like a woman that has found a necklace she had lost." This latter for Captain Swinton's addication. Swinton's edification.

"Why doesn't Prince Ananda sit on these bally fire-eating worshipers-why do you have to keep them in hand, ma-jor?" Lord Victor wanted to know. Finnerty pondered for a minute. He

could have told the captain in a very few words his idea of Ananda's reasons for keeping out of the matter, but with Lord Victor he would have to answer cautiously.

"The rajah's police wallahs were there," he answered; "but they're never wallahs were any good. As for my part in it, the Maha Bodhi Temple is really under government supervision, being practically a national Buddhist institution. The government never interferes with either Hindus or the Buddhists there unless it with either might be in just such a case as this, stop a riot. To tell you the truth, I've rather exceeded my authority, acting without an invitation from the maharajah or an order from the government; however, as it was a drawn battle, nobody will appeal to the powers. The keddah is something in the same way," Finnerty added, as they jogged along; "it's in Darwill appeal to the powers. pore territory, but the government has an arrangement with the maharajah, as this is an ideal spot as a center for our elephant catching all through the Siwalik Hills."

At the fork in the roads the major called back: "After you've had breakfast, get your hunting kit all ready, captain. I'll meet you with the elephants

at the same place as yesterday, at one o'clock. We mustn't keep the old Banjara waiting—we're to be on the ground at two—his buffalo might stir up Stripes before we arrive."

#### CHAPTER X.

THERE was a scowl on his face as Lord I Victor, looking so pink and white after his bath, sat down to breakfast, growling: "There's a bally London fog growing: "There's a bally London fog of that attar fume in my room; some-body's been pawing my letter case, kit bag—everything. It isn't my bearer, for he smells chiefly of dried fish and opium."

"The attar would suggest a woman-

"The attar would suggest a woman—a jealous woman looking for love letters; but you haven't been here long enough, Gilfain," the captain remarked.

A servant entered with a broiled fish, and Swinton switched Lord Victor to a trivial discussion of food. When the servant reappeared later with curry, the captain said: "Leave it on the table, Abdul, and sit without." Then, rising, he added: "I'll be back in a minute." he added: "I'll be back in a minute."

"My stuff has been censored, too," he

said, on his return. "What's the devilish idea—loot?"

"No; nothing missing."
"Who's doing it—servants?"

"This is India, youth; here we don't bother chasing 'who;' we lock up every-thing, or destroy it."

"I'm going to dash the bearer with an exam," Lord Victor said decidedly.
"You'd get nothing but lies; you'd draw blank."

The captain lapsed into a moody silence, completing a diagnosis of this dis-turbing matter mentally. The attar turbing matter mentally. The attar suggested that somebody on intimate terms with Prince Ananda had investigat ed. Doctor Boelke would do it; he could read papers written in English and as-similate their contents. If Swinton were under suspicion, Prince Ananda would look for proofs as to whether he was a secret-service man or just the companion of Lord Victor.

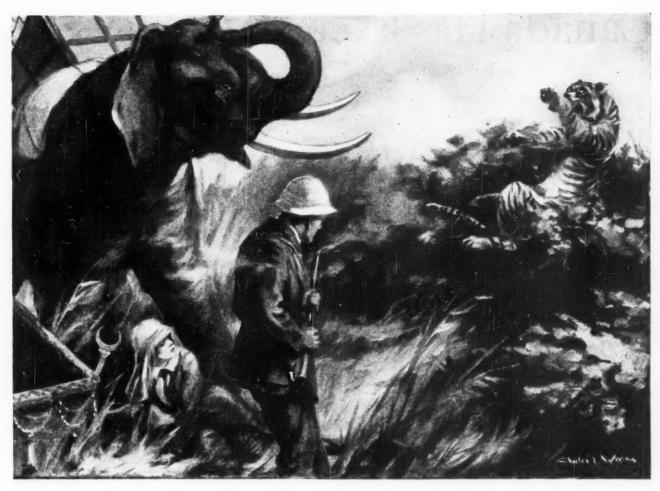
A RRIVED at the hunt ground with the keddah sahib, Finnerty, the Banjara, who was waiting, said: "My brothjara, who was waiting, said: "My brothers have taken the buffalo to the west of the big growth of tall grass wherein is the slayer of my cow, because from that side blows the wind and it will carry the scent of the buffalo, and the tiger will move forward, not catching in his nostrils word of the guns which the sahib knows well how to place. When the sahib is ready, I will give the call of a buffalo, and my brothers will make the drive. Where will be the place of the young sahib, that I may remain near in the way of advice lest he shoot one of

my people, or even a buffalo?"

"Where will the tiger break to, Lumbani?" Finnerty asked.

The Banjara stretched his long arm toward the north. "At that side of the cane fields lies a brook that carries a cane fields lies a brook that carries a path up into the sal forest, and the tiger knows it well. If he is not annoyed with hurry, he will come that way out of the cane; and if the young sahib's elephant is stationed in the brook, the tiger will come also that carries a tiger will come so close that even he can make the kill."

"That's the idea," Finnerty declared.
"Swinton, you and Lord Victor take your elephant to the stream—the Ban-jara will show you the very spot to stand; I'll post the prince on our left when he arrives; I'll keep the center, and if the tiger is coming my way I can turn him off with old Moti-I'll shoo



The tiger landed upon two gleaming ivory swords that, with a twist of the mighty head, threw him twenty feet into the shrub.

him over to you. Here comes the prince Heavens, you'd think he was going to a marriage procession! at the gorgeous howdah! And

at the gorgeous howdah! And he has got old Boelke and the girl, too."

The howdah was a regal affair, such as native princes affect on state occaas native princes affect on state occasions. The girl was almost hidden by the gilded sides of its canopied top; indeed, her features were completely masked by a veil draped from the rim of her helmet. The heavy figure of Doctor Boelke bulged from the front of the heaviles.

the howdah. "Where are we stationed, major?" Ananda called, the mahout checking their elephant some distance away. "To the left, beyond the pipal tree."

"To the left, beyond the pipal tree." Swinton chuckled, observing Gilfain stretching his long neck as the prince's elephant plodded on; evidently there was to be no introduction.
"We'd better get placed at once," Finnerty declared; "the buffalo may get out of hand—anything may happen. The elephants that will act as stops are already in place on the two sides: I sentended." ready in place on the two sides; I sent them on ahead. The natives on their backs will keep tapping on rongs to prevent the tiger from breaking through the sides; if he does break through, they'll blow shrill blasts on their conch shells. Away you go, Swinton!

AND at an order from the mahout, their elephant trudged over to the point of honor, accompanied by the Ban-In a few minutes his voice rose in the plaintive squeak of a buffalo, and in answer down the wind that rustled the feathered tops of the cane came a mild clamor of buffaloes, being driven, and

men's voices crying:
"Dut, dut! Gar! Aoi-aoi!"

The buffalo were in a huge fan, ad-

rancing in a crescent troupe slowly, so that the tiger, not suddenly overrun, would keep slipping along in front.

Finnerty sat with his .450 Express across his knee, his eyes fixed on Gilfain, whose head he could just see above the bank of the stream, which was shallow where it struck the plain.

The turmoil of buffalo noises and

their drivers' cries, drawing near, had increased in the cane. To the left, on one of the stop elephants, a native beat vigorously on his brass gong, followed by voices crying from a stop elephant: "The tiger passes!" Then a conch shell sent out its warning sereeth. sent out its warning screech.
"Gad! He's broken through!" Fin-

nerty growled.

Prince Ananda, thinking the tiger was escaping, had the elephant driven forward to give Boelke a shot at the fleeing beast; but just as they reached the grass there was a coughing roar, a flashing turmoil of brown and gold in the sun, and the elephant, terrified by the ferocious onslaught, whirled just as Boelke's rifle barked. Straight back for the fringe of trees where Finnerty waited the elephant raced, the tiger clinging to his rump and striving to reach the bandsh howdah.

Burra Moti knew the elephant was running away, and, at a command, shuf-

fled forward with the intent of peeling the tiger from his perch with her trunk. But the fleeing animal, taking Moti for a new enemy, swerved to the right under the pipal, a long arm of which swept away the howdah, leaving Herr Boelke

away the howdan, leaving Herr Boelke sprawled on the limb like a huge gorilla and yelling: "Ach, Gott! Hel-lp!"

The tiger was carried away in the wreck, and now, thirty feet away, was crouched, his tail lashing from side to

THE girl had struggled to her feet and stood dazed, clinging to the wrecked howdah. The tiger was in a nasty mood; he would charge the first move the girl made, Finnerty knew, and nothing but a miracle shot through the heart or brain could stop him in time to save her. Ordering the mahout to pick the girl up, he dropped to the ground. Holding his gun from the hip, both barrels cocked, he slipped past the girl to stand between her and the snarling brute, saying: "Keep cool! Keep your face to the tiger and step back; the elephant will pick you up.

His blue, fearless, Irish eye lay along the gun barrels, looking into the yellow eyes of the tiger as he spoke to the girl. Well he knew how straight his shot must be, or that flat, sloping forehead, with its thick plate of bone, would glance the

bullet like armor plate.

A little cry of pain, the thud of a falling body, told him that the girl had gone down at the first step. For a fraction Continued on page 78

# Canada Has Exceeded Objective

By T. B. Costain

CANADA has exceeded her objective! Some time ago, on the occasion of the late Lord Rhondda's last visit to Am-erica, a conference was held between the three modern Josephs—Rhondda, Hoover and Thomson. The wonderful Welshman, who has since laid down his life in the Service, pointed out that the Allies in Europe would need a certain quantity of food from this side of the Atlantic in order to "carry on." The situation was carefully considered and a schedule was drawn up of what would be needed from Canada and the United States—so much wheat, so much beef, so much bacon,

And Canada has passed her objective. She has supplied more than was asked of every kind of essential food; and is

going to go on supplying more.

This satisfactory showing is due primarily to the spirit with which the great public of Canada has accepted the food restrictions. Directly, however, it can be credited to a hard-working branch of the hastily constructed machinery of war government which is known as the Canada Food Board.

Canada's first experience in controllership was not a particularly happy one and this was not in any sense fault of the brilliant man who ted the onerous post and struggled manfully with it. Hon. W. J. Hanna had no

chance to make a suc-cess of the controllership for two reasons. The first was that he had no power; the second was that the people of Canada were in no mood to be controlled. The second was the real obstacle. The public, in fact, had the most perverse idea of what a food controller a food controller was for. They thought that he was appointed to make it easier for them, to keep down prices and insure a regular supply of everything and to generally add to the sleek comfort of the civilian population.

As a matter of fact. the duty of the Food Controller was, and is, quite different. It was summed up with charactertistic terseness by Mr. Thomson in the course of a conversation, with the versation with the writer the other day. "We're supposed to

we're supposed to keep the Canadian people out of the trough," he said.

And that is what it amounts to. The Canada Food Board strives to save enough strives to save enough food here to meet the

deficiency in the allied countries in Europe. If that is accomplished nothing else matters. Make things easier for the housewife by fixing the prices of foodstuffs? It

would be nice what counts after all is sending forward a uniform supply to our needy allies overseas. As a plain matter of fact it is not the duty of the Food Board to make things easier for Mrs. Jean Muldrew, Di-rector of the Domestic Science Section. lave a loaf a week help win the war cents a pound less in Tallanassee
than it does in Toronto, and
what is Mr. Food Controller going to do about it? The people of Canada have learned that the Food Controller
is not a servant to minister to their wants,
but a taskmaster, with powers to enforce a systematic patriotic abstinence. Behind the Canada Food Board is the

S. E. Todd, Secretary of the Board.

the people, but to make things harder to educate, to inspire, to insist on the production and conservation of food. The Canada Food Board is the buckle on

the belt that Jack Canuck has volunstrapped around him.

Chairman.

THE Canada Food Board has succeeded in its objective largely because the public has gradually come to see things in the proper light. The older the proper light. The older clamor about prices has died down. The newspapers have stopped printing tables of fig-ures to show that liver costs 214 cents a pound less in Tallahassee

forceful personality of Henry B. Thomson. The finding of Thomson was almost accidental. G. Frank Beer of Toronto, who has been looking after the fish end who has been looking after the fish end of food problems, came in contact with him in the course of his investigations on the Pacific Coast. "There's a man named Thomson out in B. C. who's worth having," he told Ottawa. So Ottawa, needing men who could get things done, wrote a letter addressed to Henry B. Thomson, suggesting that he call at the Food Controller's office at his earliest convenience. convenience.

Nothing was heard of the matter until



Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

# The Magic Makers

#### A Story of Adventure in Northern Canada

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "The Inner Door," "Blantyre-Alien," etc.

Chapter XIV .- Continued.

HAT took you here in the first place?" he demanded, with a touch of awkwardness, being

mindful of many things.

"Nanook, of course," came the grim answer. "I had drifted north from Cobalt, always north, till I reach Moose Factory. There the wanderlust was still a reach the street out with a free trader. on me and I went out with a free trader.

He naturally avoided the Hudson Bay coast, and we ran into a tribe, some of coast, and we ran into a tribe, some of whose members had come across the ice from some island in the Bay and were heading for Little Whale River with their fur. Nanook was the principal man among them and just for pure deviltry one day I gave him a shock with my pocket battery. I don't know why I had taken it with me, but anyway I had carted it everywhere. The free trader told me that it helped business with the Huskies, because they took it for some kind of magic. When I tried it on Nanook he jumped a foot high and then, after thinking hard for a whole day, brought me a big chunk of metal. See!"

He willed up hig sleeve and around high

He pulled up his sleeve and around his arm a broad flat band gleamed whitely in the strengthening light. "It's silver, native silver. It lies in the rocks at a place twenty miles past the village and

just near the north end of the island. I don't know how much there is, but there's a good deal. Well, anyway, Nanook told me about this and said if I would keep it a secret and come with him to where the rest of the tribe were and make magic for them, the he would load me up with silver and send me back again. And like a fool I took him on.

"Then it was Nanook from the very

first

"Of course. But when I reached the village I found I was a prisoner." He hesitated a moment, then: "I was crazy, MacTier, when I left Scotland—I know it now, but," he added with queer solemnity, "I think I've paid the price."

NOON next day found the travellers skirting the westerly shore of the Great Lake. Almost due north and south it ran and it was, by Rintoul's reckoning, it ran and it was, by Rintoul's reckoning, not less than forty miles long. By this time he had been able to tell his rescuers much of this mysterious land. It lay, he said, some eighty miles due west of the Little Whale River, which, to common knowledge, runs into the easterly side of Hudson Bay, having taken its rise in the unexplored hinterland of Central Ungava. Just opposite the belly of Richmond Gulf, which is bisected by the mouth of Little Whale River, Jock remembered having noted on the Government chart that series of small indefinite specks which, as Salty Bill now rement chart that series of small indefinite specks which, as Salty Bill now reaffirmed with breathless earnestness, were invariably avoided by all skillful and sober mariners. And at this Rintoul laughed with the first touch of mirth he had known for two long grim years.

"You're tramping down the middle of those very speaks your only intend of

those very specks now, only instead of reefs it's solid land, inhabited by a tribe most of whom are unknown to history. From the hills I've picked up land as far as I could see, north and south, and I take it that between us we've added three or four thousand miles to the area of Canada, and that within ninety miles of a spot where the Hudson Bay Company have traded for a hundred years and within nine hundred miles of the City of Toronto. Do you realize it?" he jerked out

jerked out.

Salty Bill shook his head and cast an anxious eye at the horizon. "Nope," he said resignedly. "I quit realizing things some time ago. Say, mean to tell me that for the last twenty years I've been calling around this darned island withsailing around this darned island with-out seeing it?"

"According to your own statement, you were so darned afraid of it that you didn't get near enough. As for the Hudson Bay factors, they are not travellers but traders, and their job is to stick behind the counter and rope in fur. So you can count them out."

"Aye," broke in Jock, nodding his head wisely, "but now that we've found it, what's it good for?"

For answer Rintoul swerved a few feet to the right to where a lift of dark brown rock shouldered naked through the snow. After a moment's effort he broke off

fragment as large as his hand and tossed it to the giant. "Know what that is?"

The big man balanced its weight in outstretched hands. "Iron," he said,

'Yes, iron," came back Rintoul, with a lift in his voice, "there's iron under your feet, and if you walk two days north and two days south it's still iron. This island is built of it, and the next one too. And what's more, if it is there's no place on top of the earth where there's

so much for the taking. In summertime you can see it stretching in great long been rubbed brown waves that have been rubbed down and polished off by thousands of years of weather. Nanook once told me that it is believed by the Huskies that this whole country was a mass of ice, many, many winters ago, and if you look at those rocks you'll believe it too, because you can see where the ice has smoothed them like piecrust."

Jock glanced at him shrewdly. "I'm thinking," he said, "that an iron mine in a frozen wilderness is not the making

of any great fortune."
At this Salty Bill laughed outright.
"Say, take it from me, that you aint got no darned enthusiast in MacTier. I learned that long ago. Aint you got anything else up here except wolves and iron and Huskies that dress in feathers?"

In reply Rintoul smiled triumphantly and flashed before the skipper's wondering eyes the broad, flat armband. "There's that," he said curtly, recount-

ing his story.
"Like Cobalt?" The skipper had heard of Cobalt, and the name suggested untold riches.

"I can't say how much there is because I don't know, but I do know that the formation is the same, and after all, why shouldn't it be?"

Instantly the skipper asserted that

without doubt the formation was probably exactly the same, and that in fact he believed that, compared to this new found land, Cobalt would look like thirty cents. His mind was open now, wide open. A few additional marvels were

"Say," he demanded with mock seriousness, "you aint said anything about diamonds yet."

RINTOUL'S lips were twisting into a R smile when suddenly from far behind them came the hoarse-throated cry of a wolf, and at this he pulled himself up abruptly and stared back over their dwindling trail. So grim grew his face that Jock, noting it silently, unslung his rifle from its case, and, dropping the taut rope from his shoulder, retraced a few hurried steps and stood motionless at Rintoul's elbow.

You know what that means?" asked the latter, after a breathless pause.

Jock shook his head. "I'm thinking it may mean anything."

ything. first, Blackmouth, then engwer. "Black-"It means: first, Blackmouth, then Nanook," was the grave answer. "Black-mouth is the only wolf that stirs in the open after sun up. He's been following us, as I thought he would, in a sort of rear guard. Now he's spotted someone coming up from the north, for that's not a hunting signal, but a man signal. You remember I told you that our daylight danger was Nanook. It seems I'm right."

"You reckon he's travelling with dogs?"
"Certainly. He'll come up as close as he can; then at sundown build an igloo for shelter for himself and the for shelter for himself and the team till sunrise. He'll try and pot us either this afternoon or to-morrow, and out of all the hunters he's the best shot of the lot. What's more, he's not travelling alone.

"I'm not exactly putting myself up as first-class shot," remarked Sergeant MacTier, contentedly, "but if yon Husky can pick the head off a spruce partridge at a hundred yards with a Ross rifle he's not doing so badly, and I'm verra willing to see which of the two of us can shoot the straightest." the straightest.

And with that the big man turned again to his labours.

An hour before dark Rintoul halted

for the night. They were by this time more than half way down the length of the great lake and already there was looming far to the south the outline of that bold promontory they had noted from the long-deserted cabin. The sight of it roused in them that ineffable hope and inexplicable delight known only to the heart of the explorer who, after facing danger and hardship, wins gradually back to kindlier and well-remembered scenes.

The cabin's just opposite that?" said Rintoul with a curious light in his eyes.
"Within five or six miles," answered
the big man cheerfully, "but it's not much
we'll be finding in the cabin, for yon
brown-faced devils have gone through
it at their ease."
"Then you couldn't have chosen a bet-

Then you couldn't have chosen a better place, for that's where we strike across to the mainland. We've twenty miles to go yet to the jumping-off place, and one night more on the Belcher Is-

's what they're called on the MacTier stretched his stiff legs. "That's "And what was that line you put on your map. Hold on a minute, here it is. Man, man, to think we haven't shown it to you before."

RINTOUL smiled curiously as the soft, crumpled thing was laid in his hands. Two years before he had made it, begging the hide from a good-natured hunter, and pleading for a morsel of red dye with a Husky woman who, years before, had filched it from a squaw of the Yellowknife tribe somewhere in the land of little sticks. A small thing this map but pregnant with the expression of all hope, despair and unutterable longing. Mutely wondering at the strange and incomprehensible ways of Providence, he noted now the faint line where once he had carefully inscribed "fifty-eight latitude," for this he had reckoned, should it ever reach civilization and be deciphered would be the greatest guidance of all. With a lump in his throat he stared at his own delineation of the big lake and of that parallel island whose southern end now lifted into the great promontory of that parallel island whose southern end now lifted into the great promontory that loomed dark in the horizon. Slowly his gaze travelled to the motionless figure of Sergeant MacTier, the driving force of this indomitable pair, and, to the blist-tered face of Salty Bill, whose quizzical and growling cynicism had contributed its own note of particular value, both welded now to the rescued man by infrangible bonds of spirit and courage. And at that something suddenly snapped in the breast of Henry Rintoul and there was unsealed a flood of emotion which, for past years, had slowly been congealing within him in the bitter struggle for life. A moment later, when the storm had passed and left him trembling, he noted that Jock was cleaning the breech of his rifle and humming, in extreme absentmindness, the lilt of a well-known Scotch air, while Salty Bill, his legs spread wide apart and oblivious, apparently, to the presence of wolves and all other danger, human or four-footed, had thrown back his head and was hurling at the inoffensive sky a string of the most vivid oaths that ever echoed over land or at the inoffensive sky a string of the most vivid oaths that ever echoed over land or sea from the reeling deck of an oil-sodden whaler.

THAT night inside the circular barricade of snow the travellers had hastily erected, Rintoul sat motionless hour after hour peering into the darkness through which the lean shape of Blackmouth appeared at intervals and



flitted into obscurity. Strange things were moving inside the wolf's flat skull. things that had awakened his wild in-stinct into that which in its attributes was almost human. Ever since the day when, in sudden passionate worship, he had licked the hand that bound up the long gash in his shoulder, Blackmouth had been divided between something utterly cruel and relentless and some other thing that made him unhappy in a grotes-que and pathetic way. This two-legged que and pathetic way. This two-legged animal that touched him so gently was the only animal that had never bared its teeth in his presence, the only animal that had never shown either flight or battle, and when the red welt in his flesh began slowly to heal, he had a curious longing for the presence of the human who did not carry a long thing that are who did not carry a long thing that spat fire and killed almost as far as he could see. It came to Blackmouth also that there was danger for the human from the rest of the pack, and, being the strongest and fleetest among them, he set his wolfish brain at work to stand be-tween his own brethren and this thing he had begun to love with such uncom-

fortable intensity.

Thus, day after day, and week after week, strengthened the amazing friendship. Rintoul, in the progress of his battle for life, had acquired a contempt for danger which communicated itself in some extraordinary fashion to the great brute, who so often slunk along at a little distance regarding him with ter-rible yet kindly eyes, till gradually the distance lessened and there arrived that

wonderful morning when Rintoul, setting forth from his hiding place to seek food, forth from his hiding place to seek food, found the gaunt beast ambling at his heels, his jaws open, his red tongue lolling between his wicked teeth. After that came another amazing period in which the two seemed to have reached back thousands of years till they recreated for each other those prehistoric days in which man, himself clad in the skins of beasts, maintained a primordial friendship with the ravening forerunners of Blackmouth,

the ravening forerunners of Blackmouth, and, kindred in hunger and danger, fought side by side against prodigious and long vanished mammals.

But with the pack it was different. No debts had their wild brotherhood to the thing that walked on two legs and slept, not in villages, but in the open. It was true that he did not hunt them nor run at their approach but that was only because, whenever he walked, the leader of them all walked with him. There spread, however, amonest the pack the consciousthem all walked with him. There spread, however, amongst the pack the conscioushowever, amongst the pack the conscious-ness of Blackmouth's mastery. No other wolf was there that could so harrass an wolf was there that could so harrass an infuriated bear, that could so cleverly raid the fox holes along the pitted shore, that knew so instinctively where the white whales would be cast up by the heaving waters of the bay, for be it known that the pack lived not on the caribou, that the pack lived not on the caribou, whose fat flanks nature elsewhere provides with which to fill their bellies, but only on the offal of the sea and on the quivering bodies of other beasts as wise and as cunning, as strong and almost as tireless as themselves. True it was that Blackmouth worshipped the two-legged

lead of Blackmouth, or scattered at his signal, or attacked at his battle-cry, because he was by virtue of bone, blood, muscle and courage, the king of The night had grown blacker when out the darkness came a single howl at

which Rintoul leaned tensely forward and put his hand on Jock's slumbering form. Instantly the big man was awake and alert, such is the training of those to whom danger wears a well accustomed

face.
"What is it?" he whispered. His rifle

"What is it?" he whispered. His rifle lay across his knees.

"The beginning of trouble with the pack. Hark to that."

As he spoke the howl sounded again, this time angrier and closer than before. Even while it echoed, there moved past the low harricade the shape of Black. the low barricade the shape of Black-mouth as, growling savagely, he vanished into the gloom. Rintoul's eye caught the speeding blur and his fingers closed instinctively over the wrist of his companion.

panion.

"If it is what I think it is, we'll know now. There!" From the north came Blackmouth's challenge, more deepthroated, more menacing than anything Jock had ever heard, then a sudden hoarse snarling and the sharp ringing snap of locking jaws. For an instant this continued till there was borne a curious choking cough that gradually lifted into a wild and half human shriek of pain. After this a short irregular gasping and then silence.

gasping and then silence.
"Look!" whispered Rintoul. "Here he comes."

Out of the night loped Blackmouth, one hind foot swinging a little stif-fly. As he approached they could hear him panting. His jaws, half open, were bright and glistening and, from a short gash in the great scar that ran along his side, the blood was oozing in congealing.

welts. Out of the night he came and, swerving in his coming, passed swiftly in front of the barricade and darted a sidelong glance at the three humans. Amongst them he apparently found that which satisfied him for, wheeling, he cantered off noiselessly as before. So swift and silent was his transit that he seemed a chastly heast that hed for a seemed a ghostly beast that had for a moment visited the earth and now sped

"That means," said Rintoul slowly,
"that the pack has broken away from
Blackmouth and is out to kill."

Blackmouth and is out to kill."

As he spoke there came from the distance the sharp crackle of rifle shot.

"And that's Nanook standing them off."
Sergeant MacTier's voice had in it a curious note as though he drew a certain comfort from the occasion.

Rintoul nodded. "It won't last long. At any rate not after daylight."

"That's when we stand off Nanook," put in Salty Bill with undisguished anticipation.

Rintoul cast an anxious glance southward. "We've got twenty-four hours more of it and then we'll be out on the sea ice. After that it's free for all, with

#### CHAPTER XV.

THUS drew on the last day during which the fugitives were to traverse this forgotten land. At high noon they had only fifteen miles to go but the travelling was heavy with new fallen snow, and through this impalpable mass Jock steadily dragged the burdened sledge.

Periodically, each put forth his utmost to assist the giant, but neither of them could muster anything approaching the big man's amazing strength. The twisted trace rope had sunk into a crimson furrow across his massive shoulder, a slow fire was darting through the tendons of back and arms, but ever with in-domitable persistence he forged ahead, a modern Atlas on whom depended the safety of this cast away and minute world.

The sun was at its Arctic height when, nearer than before, sounded the crack of a rifle and a bullet whined thinly overhead. Instantly Sergeant MacTier, as though recalled to old time discipline by this deadly song sengrated his forces.

"That's Nanook from behind you ridge!" he snapped. "Here, Rintoul, you get out on the right flank while Bill takes the left. I'll plug ahead. Put your best foot forward straight south as fast as you can, but keep out of line with me. We're most beyond range as it is and he's just taking a pot shot at the thick of us."

a moment the new formation was completed and all three toiled strenuously on. Jock, straining to the trace, his teeth set, yielded to a sudden conviction that brought a new light into his grey

eyes.
"What do you make of it, Rintoul?" he said presently.
"Pursuit for another twenty-four what also is there!" "Pursuit for another twenty-four hours. What else is there!"
"Aye," grunted the big man, "but pursuit by how many?"
Rintoul stared bear

Rintoul stared back at the slow lift of the ridge. "Just what do you mean?" "That there's only one Husky there, and that's Nanook. Didna' you mark that there was but a single shot. There was more trouble than our own last night and the wolves were too much for the dogs so the rest of Nanook's party started back and have left him to see the thing through by himself. Have you heard a single dog bark the morn?

'No," answered Rintoul, "I haven't." "Then you can take the truth when you And now it's a three-cornered

T seemed in the next few hours that, even as the weary miles dropped slowly behind, the distance still be traversed actually increased. At nightfall, so thick and threatening was the weather, that Sergeant MacTier determined to make camp where they were, and be ready for any emergency rather than push on through the pitch darkness. There was, too, an unnatural consolation in the fact that just as the light failed, Blackmouth appeared out of the gloom, and started once more a solitary and swift-footed patrol. So restless was the great beast, so continually did he lift his muzzle and sniff into the wind, that it seemed to be all part of some preconceived plan when the voices of the pack began to sound yapping in the distance. More black grew the night and with the drone of the gale, which was now whipping steadily from the north-west, came the elusive assurance that there was shortly to be played out the last scene in this extraordinary drama.

The consciousness of it affected them

all differently. Rintoul muttered nameless exhortations to Blackmouth, who shot in and out of view with fleet persistency. Salty Bill swore with something more than customary color and began to calculate audibly the amount of insurance apprected to collect on the Sires while he expected to collect on the Siren, while Jock himself said nothing whatever but only strained his grey eyes into the unrevealing night while his finger crooked

beside the trigger guard of his rifle.
"Nanook won't trouble us to-night,"
whispered Rintoul after a tense period. "He's built an igloo by this time and is safe inside.

"I'm thinking you might as well have learned how to build one yourself. Lord

"I tried it, many's the night, but the roof always fell in. It's the last six rounds that does it. Did you ever try it

A flashing report interrupted him and A flashing report interrupted him and MacTier, who had fired almost ere the rifle reached his shoulder, contentedly jerked out an empty cartridge. "Yon was a small wolf. He was just prospectwas a small wolf. He was just prospecting like and I'm thinking he found what he didn't look for. You didn't see him?"
"No. It wasn't Blackmouth, was it?"

For answer the other pointed to a gaunt form just within vision. "Yon's Blackmouth. Ma conscience! did you see

VEN while he spoke the great form had shot forward and disappeared. An instant afterward there came out of the darkness a new and frenzied howling. It seemed almost that Blackmouth were giving battle singlehanded to the whole pack. Presently a group of them dashed into view. The master wolf, his shoulders lifting highest of all, seized the nearest of his brethren and, with a cur-ious jerk of his long grey head, tugged at the loose skin under the shaggy throat. Even while they stared the wolf dropped. At this the group, seemingly aware that one of their own kin was waging desperate battle against them, jerked round and, in a second Blackmouth was the centre of a leaping and chocking mound. "Don't shoot!" whispered Jock, breathlessly. "Man, but he's making a grand fight. Now's your time."

lessly. "Man, but he's making a grand fight. Now's your time."

The mound, heaving, broke apart and, flattening itself into a small and undu-

lating blanket of grey, streamed after the racing Blackmouth. Closer they came the racing Blackmouth. Closer they came and closer, till, simultaneously, three rifles spoke. At that the blanket seemed rifles spoke. torn into shreds, of which some dropped behind and lay writhing, while others circled on with undiminished speed. Blackmouth turned southward and, with a few prodigious leaps, increased his

ad.
"You see that?" hissed Rintoul in a lassion of excitement. "That's to give a chance to shoot — now — take the passion of excitement. "That us a chance to shoot — now

Again the rifles spat flame and this time there was left but one pursuer whose straining body maintained its pace in a wild and solitary chase. Suddenly Blackmouth curved his great neck and, seeing his single assailant, doubled on his own tracks with astonishing swiftness, and hurled himself straight at his panting brother. So great was the shock with brother. So great was the shock with which these two flying creatures locked, that heads and shoulders were heaved up that heads and shoulders were heaved up till they stood on hind legs slashing at each other with fierce and sabre-like strokes, while, all the time, there sound-ed a dreadful staccato of short and fur-ious snarls. To those who watched breath-lessly it appeared that evil, dreadful in form and ferocity, was fighting with evil before their staring eyes, till, with one master stroke, Blackmouth got home.

master stroke, Blackmouth got home.

After that came a pause. The great grey animal, squatting, licked his wounds while still through the night came the diminished chorus of the pack. Half of them were done for but infinite danger still survived ere morning should enlighten the earth. To Rintoul's summons the battle-scarred wolf paid no attention. The lust of conflict was blazing in its breast and it may be that, in the thing mysterious and baffling which served Blackmouth for a soul, there moved the consciousness that this, of many fights, was sciousness that this, of many fights, was to be the last and the greatest. He did not feel any longer the quick protective impulse which had animated him through so many changing months. He only felt that the pack had challenged him and de-fied his leadership and that, cost what it might, it was for them to learn that they should either acknowledge him as master or pay the price.

SLOWLY from the north approached the yelping chorus, and Jock, hearing it, knew that the next few moments would determine the issue of the night. Blackmouth heard it but only sat motionless, licking his long jaws till there appeared through the driving snow the misty cohorts of his brethren. Then, in lonely dignity, he moved ahead and halted directly between the nearing pack and the crouching figures that peered so intently over their low and glistening barricade.

Followed now his ultimate strategy Blackmouth, weak from many wounds, but preserving still in his throbbing body the magnificent strength which is born of courage, flung himself straight at the advancing rank and, just as the im-pact seemed inevitable, swung off sharp at right angles and began once more his circling race. Hard at his heels swept the pack, bellowing their rage while into fleeting blur the bullets sang incessantly. Pursuers and pursued both had achieved that last great frenzy to which there is but one outcome. Once Blackmouth's wind failed him and for a terrific instant he was overtaken with a tearing of white teeth at his grey flanks.

To be concluded.

## Less Petty Politics, More Common Sense

By Lieut.-Col. J. B. Maclean

HEN my last article was written the campaign against the representation of Canada in Imperial Councils in London was just beginning. The thought had such a tremendous appeal to the prejudices that it was certain to be developed by agitators and by the unthinking chatterers on the daily press. It was. It has occupied more editorial space than any other topic. And one seldom sees any subject handled with such ignorant pettiness; chiefly appeals to prejudices; sane arguments noticeably osent on both sides.
The Winnipeg Free Press took a prac-

tical view, but the best article of all came, as frequently happens, from the rural press, The Packet, Orillia, which said:

"The complaint used to be that Canada had no voice in Imperial affairs. Now that Canada's statesmen have been called into consultation, and the Premier is actually a consultation, and the Premier is actually a member of the war cabinet that is deciding Britain's war policy, the same grumblers loudly demand that he should come home and attend to business at Ottawa. It is childish to contend that the discussion in which Sir Robert Borden is taking part could be carried on as well by correspondence. When an Orillia manufacturer has important business to transact with a firm important business to transact with a firm in Toronto, or Montreal, or New York, he jumps on the train, and goes to the city, because he knows that more satisfactory re-sults may be obtained in half an hour of personal interview than in weeks or months of correspondence. The same principle is even more true in connection with the queseven more true in connection with the questions now under consideration in London, in which there are so many interests and points of view to be considered that it would be a hopeless task to come to any conclusion by correspondence. Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues are doubtless getting an insight into the war situation, the peace terms, and the plans for reconstructions which will be invaluable to them in peace terms, and the plans for reconstruction which will be invaluable to them in
planning Canada's war programme. It is
hard to imagine how they could be more
usefully employed from Canada's point of
view. The Dominion is part of the Empire,
and also one of the Allies, and our own
statesmen must from time to time get into
close touch with those with whom they have close touch with those with whom they have to co-operate. For the same purpose, Mr. Lloyd George frequently visits Paris, and some times goes as far as Rome; Lord Kitchener was on his way to Russia when he met his tragic end and Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir Frederick E. Smith, and other British statesmen have come to America. Mr. Wilson doesn't go overseas, but probably one reason that prevents him from doing so is that the United States constitution won't let him leave the country. If as many Canadian ministers were at the summer resorts as are now overseas, there would be nothing said."

THE most extraordinary course is that of the Globe and the Star, Toronto, the personal organs of Hon. Mr. Rowell. The President of the Council has not been the success in national politics his promoters had hoped for. He has antagonized his colleagues in Parliament and in the Chinet. He quarrelled in his own in the Cabinet. He quarrelled in his own department with the Mounted Police, and the Commissioner, Perry C.M.G., resigned. He made enemies among his own friends—the Liberal-Unionists. I am giving facts and only some of them, and not expressing my own opinions. As a matter of fact I supported Mr. Rowell in these columns and elsewhere. The Imperial Government did not invite him to the con-

ference. But his promoters insisted that Certain powerful interests wanted their affairs protected in London, and I think they deserved protection. they hope he may replace Borden ere long and this trip would give him official prestige. A lively row took place in the Cabinet. Three ministers who were slated to go—who were particularly wanted in England—refused to accompany Sir Robert if Mr. Rowell were included. The fight lasted until sailing time. Mr. Rowell's quiet persistency was rewarded. In England he was as necessary as a fifth to a cart, and as unwelcome as Hon. Mr. Seely when the latter forced himself on French's headquarters in France in 1914, and on the Canadian cavalry brigade later.

Ordinarily our space is too valuable to note these incidents, but they have become important because of their bearing on the future. They have led to an expression of Imperial policy; the reversal of old principles, which many of us cannot understand, which many of us think against the interests of Canada and the Empire, and particularly against our army overseas. They would leave our soldiers; they would leave our prisoners army overseas. in their sufferings to the indifferent con-trol of the self-seeking incompetents who are still at the British Military Headquarters. How anti-Canadian this is I will show further on.

Mr. Rewell has two important sources inspiration. One of them is Joseph E. Atkinson, of the Toronto Star—one of the men who intrigued at Ottawa for Mr. Rowell's going to London. Yet since Mr. Rowell started for Canada that paper has inconsistently and persistently showed its readers how unnecessary it was for Canada to have any one in London, but particularly Borden. It makes no reference to Mr. Rowell having been there. Of course this may be due to Mr. Atkinson's outstanding characteristic — his restless intriguing. He intrigued against restless intriguing. He intrigued against Laurier and when he was defeated he began to intrigue for him. But the Globe, which was established to fight the rights of a people to have a say in their own affairs at the time Canada was in the hands of a "governing clique," as Imperial affairs are to-day, also attacks Borden. Mr. Rowell is one of its directors. It lays down the principle that:

"The control and conduct of the British army is no business of the overseas premiers. . . If Premier Borden in Britain is taking part in any fight the British Premier is making in regard to the organization of the British army, its system of appointments, its internal economy, and other things upon which efficiency depends, then Premier Borden is not representing Canada or the Canadian

It is hard to believe that this is the real policy of the great Liberal organ. Rather it now takes this course to belittle Sir Robert Borden and his col-leagues, General Mewburn and Colonel Ballantyne, Ministers of War and Marine, now with him in London in order to play up Mr. Rowell, who has returned.

Leading British newspapers and pub-men freely admit it was the lic men freely admit it was the Colonial and American influences that enabled Lloyd George to accomplish the greatest things in this war.

Without going into the various important Imperial matters of political and general inferest to Canada let me give some experiences that will show how necessary it is for the colonies and India not to leave their men to the antagonisms and neglects that still exist—despite the wishes of the British people who are most generous. Last month reference was made to the feeling in the United States over the removal of the most useful man Britain has had at Washington in recent years, to make way for a brother of Earl Derby. He was a colonial and he had not the pull with the "old gang." Another case is one that is creating bitter comment among a few Canadians in France who know. A distinguished general three times endeavored to have an extraordinarily capable officer appointed to an important post under him. The War Office refused and insisted upon someone else. Finally the British general was told that no doubt the British general was told that no doubt

was a very capable officer, but
it was "impossible to give him the appointment as he is a Canadian." That
letter was signed by one of the "old
gang" in the War Office, London, and no
doubt a copy will be found there. If not,
there is a Canadian in France who can
show it. I will undertake to give Sir
Robert a copy. It is not necessary to give Robert a copy. It is not necessary to give names but it is important for the "old gang" to know that the Colonies are part of the Empire, and that our Premiers go there to see that our officers and men have justice. Canada has now enlisted about 570,000. We may require 750,000 before we are through. We have incurred suffering and taxes that may keep us poor for a couple of generations. We did the right thing. We went in, and will stay to the end, on behalf of the mother

In the last issue I touched on the question of our prisoners. More detailed information has come since. A number of Canadian officers were permitted to leave Germany and are interned in Holland. It appears they held a meeting and generously urged the release of the N.C.O.s and privates in preference to themselves. The officers were fairly comfortable, but the privates were suffering untold tortures in Germany—so bad that the press is forbidden to publish the facts for fear of exciting reprisals. Some of the facts are leaking out and under pressure the British War Office has as a measure of reprisal withdrawn the jam ration issued to German prisoners in England and reduced the cheese rations from one ounce to four-sevenths! For their ounce to four-sevenths! For their action these officers in Holland were attacked by Lord Newton, who called them ungrateful wretches. They had been brought out themselves and why should they worry about the privates. He is the flabby negotiator who se in 1917 to He is the flabby negocial conspicuously failed in 1917 to secure an exchange. Time and again he told the House nothing could be allied prisoners. Disgusted, done for Allied prisoners. Disgusted, the French and Italians took matters into their own hands. In a few days a treaty was made and nearly 350,000 had been avalenced. It was weeken between the state of the state been exchanged. It was weeks later be-fore Newton took any action on behalf of the Canadians and other British, and then he did so under pressure. The Germans he did so under pressure.

were ready for an exchange in 1917 but because of the red tape of British diplomacy and the slothful helplessness of officialdom in the War Office the Canadian prisoners are still burning in German hells, and Canadian officers are sneered at by a Cabinet minister for protesting. Yet the Toronto Globe and Star say Premier Borden and General Mewburn and Colonel Ballantyne must sacrifice these men and not interfere in any way on their behalf—a policy, it is to be hoped, Hon. Mr. Rowell has already repudiated by cabling his colleagues to re-main in London until they see the last Canadian private out of Germany.

The British Government, that is the new influences that have come in with Lloyd-George, are reversing the policy of the old gang. They believe in publicity. They want the men, that is, Canadian journalists, who aim to keep the Canadians informed on the war and political situation in Europe to visit them to see and investigate conditions on the spot. They offered to transport them free of expense and afford them every facility. I am informed that the Globe and Star and their Toronto colleague, the Telegram, were the only papers that refused. They revel in their narrowness and jealously, in getting minus men in plus Uplifting the masses and lambasting the industrious interests them more than the great world events. Is it any wonder Toronto is being called the Am-erican Petrograd and the new headquarters of the Bolsheviki on this continent? It is not the fault of the citizens, but of their local press.

I am told that the visit of the Canadian Premier to our army in France was looked forward to, prepared for and enjoyed as the greatest event of the year. The next was the visit of the Canadian journalists. It was tonic—a breath from the pure unvitiated air of home. I said when Beaverbrook was appointed to the propagandist job that he was just the man for the place. Many papers sneered They won't do things themselves and attack those who do. By arranging these two visits Beaverbrook has per-formed great services for the men in France and the Canadian people at home.

SINCE this article was put into type Lloyd George has announced that Great Britain had enlisted 6,250,000 since war began while the Colonies and India contributed 2,250,000. Canada's enlistments are now about 575,000. Nearly one-third of the British army comes from overseas and the new Globe-Star-Rowell anti-Borden policy is that we must have nothing to say "with its control and conduct." That it must continue in the hands of the "Old Gang," who are trying to undermine Lloyd George. Who kept a helpless failure like Gough in commend after his general great lifest. mand after his second great defeat and stood by him in his third, the greatest reverse in the history of the British army. Who for three years prevented the ap-pointment of an allied commander; who supplied Germany with cotton, cloth for uniforms, munitions, cement, Canadian uniforms, munitions, cement, Canadian nickel etc.; who suppressed facts and published lies, but who do not want to suppress the Kaiser. Lord Buckmaster, who was chief censor in Asquith's Cabinet, protested when Major Putnam, an American officer speaking in the an American officer speaking in the National Liberal Club, London, said the Americans "would fight until the world was freed of a military despotism which believes other peoples are only made to be enslaved." "It is a mistake," said Lord

Buckmaster, "to imagine that this war must be continued until we have de-throned the Hohenzollerns \* \* \* \* I earnestly deprecate the idea that this war is to be waged until some moment at which you will awaken to find the Hohenzollern throne without an occupant." audience supported the American's views with general cheers. And these are they who would allow the Germans to maltreat Canadian prisoners without letting them know that worse would happen—not to the German soldiers, but to the German Kings and Princes and higher officers. This is what our men did in South Africa and there was no more ill-treatment of our prisoners.

Do not let us imagine because the war D is going favorably that it is near its end or that defeat of the German army ends our fight with the enemy. We must not forget that it was Premier Hughes of Australia after consultation at Ottawa and with the moral support of the Canadian Premier who forced out Asquith and a few of his pacificist incompetents, who played so prominent a part in bringing in Lloyd George. And when we utter praise of General Foch for his brilliant strategy, let us not forget that had it not been for Mr. Lloyd George's persistence there would never have been any unity of command in France, and General Foch's supreme talents might have been largely thrown away. Lovat Fraser, whom I have had occasion to quote before on this point, agrees entirely with the view. He is on the spot and should be better informed than I. He says: "I have said some hard things of late concerning the Prime Minister, and unless his policy comes firmer and more stable, especially in regard to the enemy alien question, I shall perhaps have to say a good deal more in the next few weeks. But let us always be just, and the British nation should never forget that the Versailles Council and the subsequent appointment of General Foch were almost exclusively the work of Mr. Lloyd George, who fought a lonely fight against the Army Old Gang. He took a long time to march up to the guns, his hesitation wasted months and cost us dear, and he left the work unfinished owing to influences which may still have to be frankly discussed; but he did much in the end, and in this respect his judgment has been amply vindicated.
"But if there is an Old Gang in the

Services, still more is there an Old Gang in politics. Mr. Lloyd George's choice of Mr. Austen Chamberlain as a member of the War Cabinet is Old Gangism at its worst, and it has been almost universally condemned. Public feeling is outraged for a very simple and all-sufficient reason. Mr. Chamberlain was named by Mesopotamia Commission as partly res ponsible for the advance to Baghdad, which was declared to be 'an offensive movement based upon political and military miscalculations and attempted with tired and insufficient forces and inade-quate preparation.' Thereupon he re-signed, because, as he said on July 12 of last year, 'my conduct has been censured. Nine months afterwards, when the Germans are within forty miles of Calais, Mr. Lloyd George promotes him to be a member of the War Cabinet. "In more than one long analysis of

the Commission's report I expressed the view that Mr. Chamberlain had been excessively blamed, and I ventured to hope he would soon return to public ser-At the India Office he did excellent work on the civil side, and we made a bad exchange when we got Mr. Montagu in

his stead. But both the censure and the responsibility remain, and if there is one place to which he ought not to have been appointed it is to a seat in the War Cabinet. The reasons which should for ever exclude Mr. Asquith from any War Ministry apply with almost equal force to Mr. Chamberlain. Both have been tried in war and been found wanting. Mr. Chamberlain possesses high character but not strong character, and the public feel instinccharacter, and the public feel instinctively that he is not a war-winner. It is good that Lord Milner should be at the War Office, but bad that his capacity for war Ollice, but bad that his capacity is decision should be eliminated from an already weak Cabinet. As for Lord Derby, I should not have said that diplomacy was his long suit."

So far I have dealt only with the particular interests of our own army. Their needs are most pressing. My fight has been primarily on their behalf. Scores of them who lie in foreign lands, suffer agonies in German torture houses, or lie helpless on hospital beds, have served with me. Many of them came to my command as boys.

We are in the grip of the Old Gang just as Russia is in the hands of the Trotzky-Lerineze

But there is the material side. all our sacrifices are we to allow this gang to have any say on the Peace Terms?

Have you noticed how the anti-alien interests have taken heart since the Colonial Ministers have been in London? With Premier Hughes as their spokesman they have put life and energy into the movement. More progress has been made in dealing with aliens in high places in the last two months than in the three and a half years since war began, and the good work goes on. And it has come none too soon. A feeling of unrest has begun to show itself in the army where they are suffering most but saying least A year ago and again in my last article I referred to the rottenness of our foreign office and consular service—the German influence therein. Lord Beresford taking this up the other day showed that before the war 900 of our 1,200 consuls were German and many of them are still German. Hundreds of persons of ememy birth, protected by influential friends are filling public positions in war, navy and foreign offices. Some are confidential secretaries. A censor at the war office a Holstein Dane, pronouncedly pacificist and pro-German. As a result of recent agitation they have decided to

intern all male enemy aliens over 18.

Review all naturalizations since 1914
and before if suspicion is well grounded. Discharge all men and women of enemy origin in Government employment.

Close the German banks at once. This under colonial pressure after our years. Will much be done if that four years. Will much be done if that influence is withdrawn as proposed? Sir Charles Tupper brings back word

that as a result of Premier Hughes' agitation, a sentiment is developing in Eng-land in favor of the retention of the capland in favor of the retention of the captured German Colonies. And he urged that "CANADA ALSO SHOULD MAKE HER VOICE HEARD IN THIS REGARD, AS THE HANDING BACK OF TERRITORY WHICH HAD BEEN GAINED LARGELY THOUGH COLONIAL EFFORT WOULD BE EXTREMELY DISTASTEFUL TO THE MEN OVERSEAS."

And there is a clique of public men and

And there is a clique of public men and newspapers in Canada who want Borden, Mewburn, Ballantyne to come right home and say nothing on this topic.

# What Might Have Been

By W. H. P. Jarvis Author of "Letters of a Remittance Man," "Great Gold Rush," etc. Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

Editor's Note—At the time of the Maurice incident, the possibility of a clash between civil and military authority was widely discussed. People asked: The German army rules Germany; is it possible that before the war is over the British army will dominate affairs in Britain? The following story has arisen out of that exists were the second to the content of the co that conjecture:

HAD been fortunate enough to obtain a place in the Speaker's gallery, after a strenuous struggle in an almost maddened crowd. It had seemed to me, as I buffeted my way along, to be significant that all the rules and regulations governing the admission of the public to Westminster had been suspended. The galleries had been thrown The galleries had been thrown open and the early comers filled them to the point of suffocation. Being an early comer—I had stood in line from the chill of early dawn —and broad of shoulder, I had elbowed my way into one of the front rows. Consequently I had a clear view of what was to prove the most momentous session ever held by the Mother of Parliaments.

As Mr. Asquith rose to the right of Mr. Speaker, a silence held over the benches and the supercrowded galleries. From his lips were due to fall words that marked the decision of himself and his colleagues in this culminating crisis, the lost of a long sequence.

As the eye of the beholder focussed on Mr. Asquith the impression gained—the story told by the drawn and haggard features—was that rumor had not been false. Many

rumor had not been false. Many a one there was in the gallery, and even in the benches for that matter, who had strained every effort to be there, feeling that, if it did come to pass, the occasion would be of such historic interest that, as long as he lived, he might hold the atten-

tion of those he met with a description of the scene.

The ex-premier's features were pale The ex-premier's features were pale and drawn but, as always, he was outwardly calm. When he spoke it was with the utmost simplicity. There was nothing in his speech or manner to indicate that he was the central figure in the gravest political crisis that the Empire had faced since the war began.

"I have to inform the House that I have advised His Majesty that I find it impossible to form a Government and that I have further advised him to dissolve

possible to form a Government and that I have further advised him to dissolve Parliament and ask Sir William Robertson to proclaim Martial Law. I feel—"From a complete silence the House broke into the wildest uproar and, strangely enough, the first cry was one of elation. On the side opposite Mr. Asquith a number of men sprang to their feet and cheered most lustily and their Asquith a number of men sprang to their feet and cheered most lustily and their acclaims were joined in by many to the right of Mr. Speaker. In distinction they sounded from all over the House booings and cat-calls. For some moments Mr. Asquith stood awaiting a cessation of the uproar that he might review the

The speaker was a tall, young officer. "You will get fair play."

sequence of events that had forced him to his act. No attention was vouchsafed him—already Parliament had passed out of existence—who was he? The first of the sequence of crises that

has been referred to, had come when Mr. Lloyd George, beset by the socialist and the disloyal element of the Nationalist Party and the Sinn Feiners, had placed his resignation at the foot of the Throne. And this was the ultimate result! This chamber, wherein had been decided the fate of the world over so many years, wherein the economy of the Fellahin and the measure of the Maori, the rights of man and the virtue of property, had so often come up for discussion, had now lost its potency. This plain and sombre chamber whose only quality was an appearance of business usefulness might for a time at least be given over to the rats and moths.

And quickly the process set in: every-body began to leave.

P and down the Strand the word passed before even the extra of the most enterprising ha'penny journal could

called or blatant sales bills could be held before the smirking visage of the held before the smirking visage of the obsequious news-boy. Into the hotels it went. About the rotunda of the Savoy stood groups of stately officers in fervent, if suppressed, argument. How would it affect the Nation—the individual—the Empire? But it had come. Only the ascendancy of German arms in France and Flanders could furnish a sensation that would surnass this great enochmake. that would surpass this great epoch-making transition. Dreamers had dreamed of it ever since the war began. And now it was with us. "At last, at last," muttered a tall and venerable figure whose bearing spoke of a ruling race and whose sunburned face and general air suggest-ed years of military service in India. And his eyes spoke exultation as he broke away from the group of which he had made one. He broke away but it was only the expression of the fire that was in him for he wandered aimlessly about, at one moment appearing as if he would answer an impulse to join another group, the next moment hanging his head in the depth of thought.

Parliament had fallen!



ernment as there is between a German an' an Englishman?

SAYING this my companion struck a silence he did not break and, his manner displaying an air of resentment, I said no more. Coming to Charing Cross we parted company with civil adieux. Choosing my opportunity I dodged the traffic and made towards the crowd that was gathered about the base of Nelson's Monument. Evidently an orator holding forth from the plinth. Reaching the curb I was confirmed in this sup-position by the sound of the speaker's voice; but before I entered the crowd that grouped beneath him I turned my gaze down White Hall and again viewed the monumental fabric of the Houses of Parliament. There they stood, the up-growth of a thousand ideals and principles: the expression of the Briton's faith in his fellow. All that they had stood for must still reign deep in the heart of every Briton but at least, the heart of every Briton out at least, the machinery they were reared to house had been suspended in the face of a world crisis. My eyes turned towards the War Office—over there was the guiding hand! The answer to the ouestion of how it would affect the nation was identical with the answer to the was identical with the answer to the question of how it would affect me. apprehension that is born of the spirit of self-preservation welled through my being as a cheer went up from the list-eners. I dove into the crowd to listen: "— will get fair play."

This sounded good—the words take up the Anglo-Saxon's creed. words that make up the Anglo-Saxon's creed. I pricked up my ears and gazed upon the speaker, a tall young officer. His bearing was soldierly, all that it should be, and his features handsome. "Surely," though I, "he must be a Mark Anthony if he can draw applause on such a startling theme." But there he was—
"All principles of honor—every in-

stinct of chivalry was born of the Army said he, "and the canker that has brought Parliament to the ground is that it lost all honor. The excuse for the thoroughly inefficient machinery of popular govern-ment has always been that the people would not tolerate injustice. But what did ours descend to? It conciliated every interest but the Army: it pandered to every man but the fighting man: it tore some men from their homes and hurled them into the firing line while others it left to fatten in an unholy prosperity." "Right-o," called a citizen. "What about Ireland?"

"There you have it-Ireland. Parlia-ment came to your home and my home and dragged any it might find into the Army but it let the Irish Sinn Feiner go "There bloomin' well ain't any," called a Cockney at my left.

"The plan of Parliament was to impose

on all who would be imposed on and toady to all it could not impose on and, as I have said, conciliate every faction that became obstreperous; in fact it tried to prove itself all things to all men and like an individual who tries that game, it broke on it."

"That's right, that's right," called

several voices.

"The worm was about to turn when this happy development came peacefully
-how can you expect the soldier in the more than you expect the soldier in the front line to be strong when the government at home is weak?" he cried, raising his voice to the highest pitch.

"What about democracy?" called a

heckler.

"Democracy in war is a poor thing

with a loud voice. In effect it is the ostensible rule of the illiterate masking the hidden hand—the power of money: look what the profiteers-

"The profiteers—let's hear about the profiteers!" called a voice.

"The profiteers! The profiteers!—they're all friends of Parliament—"came from another.

"Lloyd George was their friend—he protected them," called a libelous voice that served to mark the inconstancy of man. "He kept them under his wing and pandered to them," continued the same voice in less frenzied but more convincing tones. And then, as the turmoil subsided a bit, the youthful exponent of the

new order struck a higher key:
"The excuse for Parliament over many has been that Parliament not tolerate injustice to the individual but it has been shown that its measure justice is the limit of its necessity! Parliament found it necessary to conciliate the Sinn Feiners and it conciliated them. By the processes of Parliament the profiteer may stay at home and wote his neighbor into the firing line: he may take your house away from you while he grows rich. This is a very desirable condition from the point of view of the profiteer but happily it no longer obtains. Parliament was a power, not a right. Like every other power Parliament was subservient to necessity and necessity knows no law.

THIS little play at word juggling I seemed to please the crowd. The number of expressions of assent from round about increased. Parliament was dead and none too poor to pay it rever-From Charing Cross to Cockspur street the busses tore as of yore. London was serene, Empress City of the World. "What will autocracy do to us?" called

a voice in a tone of apprehension.
"It will more evenly distribute the burdens of the State and it will take such measures as it may to carry on the

"Will we have the right of free speech?"

"The press will be controlled—"
"Oh, Oh—" called a number of voices in such vehemende that I thought the tide had set into the ebb. But the speaker had the situation in hand. He responded

in derision:

"Free speech is a great thin or: I may stand here and talk to several hundred of you but what can Lord Northcliffe do? To-morrow he will thunder to forty millions of people! Why should I not have a voice as loud as his or why should he be allowed to speak to millions while

"Quite right, quite right!" called he who had before spoken at my right.
"To Downing street! To Downing street!"

This cry was taken up and soon a wild crowd was surging down Whitehall. It turned into the gloomy little street where for centuries have dwelt the Prime Ministers and stopped before number 10.

Only for a moment did the mob show the least semblance of restraint. From somewhere came the word that none of the family was at home. The police were powerless.

"Down with the friends of the profiteer!" went the cry. "Who was the friend of Kaiser Bill?"

derisively shouted someone.

"Wreck it, wreck it," called a voice.

"Crash"—a stone went through a window and then the house was stormed.

What a scene it was! Useless and im-

potent vengeance on household finery.But it was a scene of outstanding human interest-it was again the mob stabbing the inanimate remains of the dead Caesar 'But yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against the world."

If it were possible to define the motive of a mob and such a process brought into these circumstances it would seem that the wrecking of No. 10 Downing street was as a process of burning government in effigy and it had not grown out of personal dislike for the occupant. It was soon over and the mob felt relief and quieted down and I knew that this demonstration was at an end.

WALKED up Whitehall, turned to I the left at Trafalgar Square and, disregarding the minor demonstration be-ing held there, entered the Mall and walk-ed towards Buckingham Palace. My mind was filled with many thoughts that had grown out of the sights I had seen and the new-old gospel that I had heard. Again the thought came to me: like the dead Caesar was the dead Par-liament!" And: "How like the mob of liament!" And: "How like the mob of ancient Rome was the London mob!" Parliament had been the people's idol until it had tried to be the people's master and so it had fallen. Change and decard it is Natural and the lateral of the people's master and so it had fallen. Change and decard it is natural and the lateral of the people's master and so it had fallen. decay!—it is Nature's rule. But in the populace how little care was shown: Not a voice raised in regret; hardly a question asked that did not spring from ap-

prehension of personal welfare! Buckingham Palace I found the focus of every gaze though the light in people's eyes was that of wonder rather than expectancy. People stood in groups and sang the National Anthem. Towards Hyde Park Corner the crowd was more dense. Evidently speechifying was going on there. I gazed up at the residence of the Duke of Wellington and wondered how that warrior would have figured in the present development had he been on earth. I pictured him standing on his balcony, receiving the acclamations of the populace and moralizing in the line of thought that I was at the moment playing with, and pointing to the iron shutters which he had once found necessary to protect his windows.

I then climbed upon a bus, pausing only long enough to buy a late edition of the Globe. And so left the maelstrom at the Park and sought the companionship of my little hotel in South Kensing-The squire was there and actually looked up from his paper as I entered. A hint of a smile crossed his features as our eyes met. I fell into a chair beside him.
"Well?" said he, turning his aquiline and venerable features towards me.
"Parliament is no more," I announced.

"And a jolly good thing: how could we expect self-sacrifice to develop in the field with all this muddle in the home land. It was monstrous to dream of carrying on."

"Yes—yes: what will become of Lloyd George?" I said.

"What matters what becomes of him? Though no doubt some use will be found for him—he is an able man, none abler." "I have always," I ventured, "regarded him as the most remarkable man in England's history."

The squire's eyes flashed.

"So he was in a way: not Wolsey could rank with him—a few years ago his name an anathema to all but the illiterate-later the arms of civilization about his neck.

"Do you think the fall of democracy portends no evil?" "It is a question! Take the processes Continued on page 96



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#### Lloyd George Founds New Secret Service

French Girl Fills Important Position in Secret Diplomatic Service

GRIPPING story of secret service is given by Alfred E. Thorpe in the Ladies Home Journal in which he tells how a French girl, called in the article Marie Barray, although that is not her name, has worked for Lloyd George on several unusual missions. It appears that Lloyd George has instituted an entirely new branch of secret service and that communications between the Allied Governments are sometimes established in extra-Apparently the danger of ordinary ways. sending messages, even in code, is too great in cases of extreme importance.

The article reads in part:

Marie Barray is young, vivacious and constantly giving evidence of an artistic temperament and susceptibility to the finer sentiments. She insists that her life is an open book, that she guards no secrets even from the Kaiser himself. That is why the corps to which she belongs is an entirely new branch of the secret service, probably the most cleverly directed of them all. Of course someone holds the master key unlocking its riddles, and with naive frankness Mademoiselle Barray admits that she knows Mademoiselle Barray admits that she knows the holder. When asked who it is, she laughs and answers: "So far as I am concerned, it is Lloyd George. It is he who says to me 'Go,' and I go.

who says to me 'Go,' and I go.

"There is no reason why I should not tell, nor why I should not tell of all of my experiences," explained Mademoiselle Barray to me the other day. She was leaving Washington for Europe, having completed one of her "missions." "Lloyd George is the link connecting me with the British Government and so with the Allied Governments. What I do is simple. I go where he, and he alone, tells me to go. Arrived at my destination, I do exactly what I am told to do. Then I return to London. I meet plate. On each appeared the British Lion, about the people I met and the things that interested me most. In turn I am told it is all very wonderful. I am never asked any questions. questions.

"Sometimes I tell him what I think should be done. Then he becomes very much interested. I talk on. When I have finished we take a cup of tea. Then I go home to a little home of mine just outside of London. There I work in my garden, or make lace, or put up fruit for the army hospitals, or do anything else I choose to do, until he sends for me again. Then I am off on another interesting trip. I have gone to Japan, to Russia five times, to Italy, Spain and Portugal many times and to Brazil "Sometimes I tell him what I think should

twice for him. I am in Washington in-

cidentally. "The next 'mission' was one mid-summer afternoon when Lloyd George and I sat in the office in which he elects to see me. No, it is not his own. Mr. Lloyd George said to me: 'There is an island of wonders where a wonderful people are awakening from a dream life of ages to a civilization as fascinating to them as is the mysticism of their antiquity to the races they are fast overtaking, and there, Mademoiselle Barray, you will go next."

"To Japan?' I asked.

"'Quite right. It is necessary you start at once. You will have for company three companions. I hope they will cause you no annoyance.'

"He honded me a little weeden hav fitted."

companions. I hope they will cause you no annoyance.'

"He handed me a little wooden box fitted with a sliding lid, and three little turtles were on the table. Now can one conceive of anything more absurd than a turtle appearing in the role of a diplomatic agent? Quite preposterous, I admit. But here were three little turtles bent on such a mission. Not one, but three! Of course, as I learned, two were alternates, the three being sent to insure one's arriving in Japan-alive. To the shell of each was fastened a small metal plate. On each appeared the British lion, rampant. I was assured that the burden in no way inconvenienced the turtles. Should all three survive the journey I was to remove the plates from the backs of two of the turtles and liberate them—unless I wished to bring them back.

turtles and liberate them—unless I wished to bring them back.
"With my three diplomatic associates I crossed to a Russian port, the same that Lord Kitchener never reached. Then I went across Siberia. In time I reached Yokohama. It was the ninth of October. I went to the Grand Hotel.

"Now what was I commissioned to Japan? Something the French children have done thousands of times. I was to place one of the turtles in a small aquarium have done thousands of times. I was to place one of the turtles in a small aquarium in a little tea garden near the royal palace in Tokio. It was a little tea garden frequented by the officers attached to the staff of the Prime Minister of Japan. I arrived in Tokio late that night. At quarter of five o'clock the next morning I entered the little tea garden. I gave an attendant my cloak and, indicating a table where I wished to be served, approached the aquarium as if to examine the goldfish swimming about in its crystal-like water. I carried one of the turtles concealed in my hand. Promptly at five o'clock I slipped him into the aquarium. Shocked, I suppose, by the change from the warmth of my hand to the chilly water, he sank like a stone to the bottom. His sudden appearance startled the goldfish. One of the fish, the largest, followed him cautiously and poised above his little black shell, its fanlike fins spread out, competely shadowing the poor little turtle. If the goldfish expected the turtle to show the slightest concern at his presence he was the most disappointed gold-

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fish in a Japanese aquarium. With a few strokes of his sturdy paddles the turtle came to the surface.

came to the surface.

"By this time others had entered the tea garden. Among them came several Japanese officers. One of them drummed on the glass side with his fingers to attract the fish. Attracted by it my turtle swam diagonally down towards the drumming finger tips. His appearance caused a sudden commotion among the officers. Attendants were instantly.

down towards the drumming finger tips. His appearance caused a sudden commotion among the officers. Attendants were instantly summoned. One was dispatched for a net. During the excitement I slipped quietly out of the garden.

"Singularly enough the appearance of the turtle in the aquarium was published in the Japanese papers and in one paper printed in French. There was no mention made, however, of the little plate with its significant imprint.

"Of course the turtle may have had nothing to do with it, but that day the Japanese navy became suddenly active. Its cruisers were constantly running up close enough to make out our markings as we steamed for a Russian port. At Vladivostok great changes were in progress. Japanese troops, I learned, were expected in unprecedented numbers. Barracks were being prepared to receive them. As I crossed Russia and came in contact with government officials I heard talk of the sudden awakening of Japan. Some predicted a campaign along the shore of the Black Sea, with a Turkish objective. Of course I have always believed that the initial step taken by Japan in preparing for



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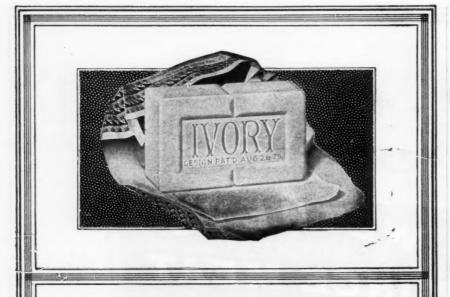
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the campaign in the west is connected with the appearance of the turtle in the aquar-ium in that little tea garden that October But I do not know. morning.

#### Germany's Latest Plan to Enslave the World

U.S. Government Gets Copy of Amazing Plan That Has Been Formulated to Seize the Trade of the World After the War

A BOOK has been published in Germany which discloses the plan that has been formulated in Berlin for the conquest of the trade of the world after the war. A single copy was smuggled out of Germany and reached the United States Government. It will soon be published and distributed that the world may be awakened to the full danger of German design and in the meantime a digest from the pen of Ralph W. Page is appearing in World's Work. The plan is designated as "amazing" and "sinister" by those who have read the details and it clearly shows how impossible it will be to make peace with Germany until her power is broken. Part of the plan is based upon demands which the Germans expect to incorporate in their peace terms and the rest consists of a scheme for secret organization in Germany. The book which gives the plan in full was intended for German consumption only and the means by which the copy was obtained will some day be told and will make a very readable story. The nefarious volume bears the harmless title of "The Future of German Industrial Exports" and is by one S. Herzog, termed by World's Work "The Trade Bernhardi." Follows a brief summary of this astonishing plan:

Admitting blandly that "the par value of Admitting blandly that "the par value of treaties has reached nil and will not immediately recover from its slump" and that "to reckon in future upon the security of treaties, to build upon their loyal observance, would be more than improvident" the report still relies upon them as the foundation of the import trade, stating in characteristic fashion that "the future commercial treaties will be written in blood."

Among other things that these compacts, to be dictated on the battlefield, are to stipulate, with regard to the products of the

stipulate, with regard to the products of the

allied countries are:
"An unlimited opportunity to acquire the sites needed for winning the raw materials in question, and an unlimited right to get them out by German enterprises. It must

preclude any restriction. . . ."

"The Government of the country in question can be permitted to exercise its right of requisitioning them (i.e., its own materials) only with the consent of the proper German officials. To guarantee the fulfillment of these degraphs certain places. ferman officials. To guarantee the ful-filment of these demands certain pledges must be given."

"The amount of raw materials turned

The amount of raw materials turned out can never be permitted to decrease artificially because of a selfish desire to charge a higher price, nor can their quantity be reduced. . . Therefore, it must be made possible for the German Government to interfere without foreign countries protecting that their sovernights is vice. protesting that their sovereignty is vio-lated."

'It will not alone suffice to demand unlimited opportunities to secure raw materials in foreign countries . . . . for their price, by the time they reach Germany may have been raised to inadmissible amounts by export or transit charges,

# How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

#### The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly — Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation

work out?"
The assurance of

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin — compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a maga-

"You can do this just as easily as I do.

Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while row there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

it. But how about me:

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the

other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million-dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the koth Memory Course Is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyel the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure-pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" in my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many

years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot

right there with the answer—like a shot. Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith?" Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Indenpdent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased* power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take narisk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

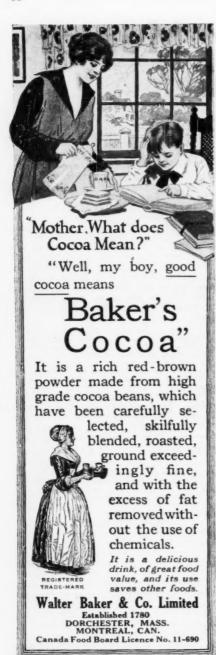
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to you within five days after its receipt or sendyou \$5.

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freight rates, the refusal of export premi-ums which are granted to other foreign business of a similar kind, and by other petty forms of chicanery . . . (for inbusiness of a similar kind, and by other petty forms of chicanery . . . (for instance, a refusal to build connecting railways, or to recognize the expropriation rights of German enterprises, etc.) The commercial treaty must place an absolute bar to such arbitrary advances in the final price of raw materials. . . The retaliatory measures to be applied in case of infringement must be determined upon beforehand with all severity."

"Provision must be made in advance that

forehand with all severity."

"Provision must be made in advance that foreign officials employ all the force at their command against the originators, promoters, and participants in boycotting movements which injure our export trade, and that in such cases the German Government have a right to be consulted, and to where in deciling the measurement forms. share in deciding the measures of oppo-sition."

"That stolen rights of ownership (in German patents) are restored to their former owners unimpaired, that full compensation is made for the financial loss incurred up to the time when the property is restored, and that a priority right in hostile countries is assured to the German patents during the way, but the treats man patents during the war; but the treaty must also make certain that special statu-tory measures make occurrences of this sort impossible again."

Proceeding with the terms of the treat-

ies, which Herr Herzog emphasizes as being "only a selected few from among the points which suggest themselves in this connection, and that they represent the minimum demands," this adviser of the German Government proceeds to lay down that except where they are absolutely indispensable "it must be expected that German technical skill will be expected that German technical skill will be excluded from supplying our present enemies. Such a condition as this would be insufferable. It must be prevented from arising. The commercial treaty must stipulate that German shippers are eligible wherever foreign material and foreign workmanship are patronized at all. It must be absolutely impossible for manufacturers from countries our silied excitator. impossible for manufacturers from countries now allied against Germany to enjoy under any form or pretext whatsoever a preference in competing for state work. But no confidence can be placed upon paper concessions alone. On the basis of statistical data, we must specify the proportion in which German products have to be included in official consignments from foreign countries. . . . . Purchases according to this proportion must be guaranteed but the state which is a party be guaranteed by the state which is a party to the treaty."

"The objection will then be made," plaintively complains this German arbiter of our domestic business, "that such a demand is an attempted intrusion upon the sovereignty of the state." Undoubtedly the United States might raise that objection. Well, he has a familiar answer all ready—the usual German answer to everything. "The pati-German answer to everything. "The pati-ence of Germany before the war was stretch-ed further than was really well, it was exercised only to keep the peace. We have gained nothing by generously yielding a point time after time, instead of insisting upon our after time, instead of insisting upon rights. . . It must be a matter of fig-ures and put down in black and white. The duty of the guarantors will be to see that the pledged security goes unforfeited be-cause the guarantee is fulfilled."

Another item that this Prussian sabre is

Another them that this Frussian sade is to cut out of us is set forth thus:

"As an integral constituent of the commercial treaty, there must be an import guarantee given by the foreign power in figures for each individual kind of German industry (the figure understood as the percentage of German goods to all other imported goods of the same industry).

the same industry).

To conclude, it is laid down that all German governmental or commercial agencies established in any country to oversee and enforce these "minimum demands" remain

enforce these "minimum gentalized unhampered and tax free.

German reports do not make light summer reading. But it seems essential that they should be presented verbatim to the business world, and that they be taken in least of the state of the state

clearer than anything else the present and unrelinquished purpose of the German people not only to take by force and upon their own terms whatever we have which is of use to them, but to compel us to build up their commercial—and incidentally therefore their military paper. thereto their military—power upon orders permanently given in Berlin. It is small wonder that the German chan-

cellors all insist upon revealing their peace terms only in secret. To publish such de-mands as these baldly and plainly, as they have them drawn up, would be to add fury and flame to the already universal deter-mination not to treat with them at all, on

The proposed treaties can be met with the bayonet. They really constitute no menace of commercial slavery, for the reason that they are purely military adjuncts. If the Germans can enforce them, then they can enforce anything, for they will own the earth. But they reveal the ultimate goal of the commercial warfare.

But in this coming commercial warfare the German preparation provides an al-ternative and supplementary plan of opera-tions which leaves no conceivable weapon, trick, or contingency out of its calcula-

This consists in the maintenance of industries whose output is to be absolutely indispensable to foreign customers—the "shock troops" of the commercial invasion, called by Herr Herzog "unsurpassable goods" of "protective industries." The German Government is to keep a monopoly of these by every means, fair or foul, lenient or oppressive, that can be conceived by the mind of man. And with these products as a club, a wide open market for all German exports is to be assured in every corner of the globe—hostile countries in particular. At the outset it is naively admitted in Herr Herzog's illuminating book that "German export trade must enter hatred as a liability" and that it will meet the "passive resistance of her present enemies, of whom there are, to be sure, more than is necessary or profitable."

To meet this German plan of conquest, Herzog declares that German houses are to open their campaign through neutral countries: the German "make-up" is to be discarded for an American or English masquerade in appearance and in inscription—the German looms, presumably will be turning out the "Abraham Lincoln Liberty" This consists in the maintenance of in-

querade in appearance and in inscription—the German looms, presumably will be turning out the "Abraham Lincoln Liberty Petticoat." Great stress is laid upon the necessity for German agents not only speaking and writing English, but in disguising themselves as "natives" down to the last coachtail and haseaball game. cocktail and baseball game.

with this humorous suggestion, and a chapter devoted to entirely praiseworthy emphasis upon the necessity for good workmanship, the best materials, and scrupulous honesty in commercial dealings, the programme turns from legitimate to Teutonic methods of competition.

The foundation of the offensive is to be

The foundation of the offensive is to be a Bureau of Trade Statistics. Every German abroad, whether ambassador, paid spy, drummer, traveler, professor, or workman, is to be enrolled in this service. Reporting upon uniform blanks, the result is to be an accurate and up-to-date return from all fronts, showing exactly what German products are normally, or ought normally, to be taken by every country, and which are "indispensable." The General Staff can then tell every day "whether, and to what degree, the proportional amounts are being altered by the open or concealed attacks of foreign countries" or firms. And it can thereby decide "what German products foreign countries can not do without, and for what ones they substitute (openly or The foundation of the offensive is to be what ones they substitute (openly or secretly) the products of (other) foreign countries."

The very foundation and heart of the whole plan is based upon a military control of all industry and of every German by the Government. Americans cannot too often be warned that every single German is to be under orders from Berlin, and is to act as a spy and Government agent. The success of the whole scheme depends upon

immediate and accurate information from the front. Nor are trade statistics the least of it. Every German inventor or chemist, every laboratory and plant in the empire are to be under the orders of the General Staff—the Commercial Federation—and are to be kept working constantly improvising substitutes for raw material, and improved methods and processes. Every individual connected with any of this work, including all workmen, managers, directors and financiers of the "Indispensable Industries" are to be guarded under military authority, and absolutely prevented from giving or divulging anything whatever outside the empire. On the other hand all members of the "foreign brigade" are to report in minutest detail every discovery, invention, innovation of process or sign of progress in every foreign industry throughout the world. If it be true that the Intelligence Service is the backbone of battle, we are to be checkmated at the outset. They are to have all our plans—we are to have none of theirs.

With this information in hand, the General Staff is to prepare for invasion by mobilizing under five great organizations immediate and accurate information from

eral Staff is to prepare for invasion by mobilizing under five great organizations the entire commercial strength of the coun-try. This is not to be a trust or combina-tion. It is to be an army of manufacturers tion. It is to be an army of manufacturers and miners and bankers, under command of a staff composed of the heads of the trades and the state officials and controlled by the Government. It is to be the business of this "Union" to see to it that the "Indispensable Industries" are made indispensable. And then to conduct the warfare based thorseen

based thereon.

Any one who believes the scheme chimerical will do well to observe the process by which these industries are to be made and maintained "indispensable." Under our system it simply cannot be met by private business.

Every business in the empire will be called upon to contribute to a "guarantee fund." This fund, which will be made as large as is needed, will be used to provide these offensive industries with a corps of technical experts and experimenters free of charge. It will be used to subsidize these industries to whatever limit and in what-ever form is necessary to keep their costs below all possible rivalry. This is worked out to the last comma.

below all possible rivalry. This is worked out to the last comma.

They are to obtain priority supplies of raw materials, on a par with government war orders. The fund is to be used in every case to reduce the price of raw materials where they seem too high, and to lay in huge stocks where there seems any danger of their being curtailed. The workmen in these plants are to enlist for life, as in an army, and "under no circumstances" be allowed to strike or halt the business, even for a day. If need be their pay will be higher than others. If so, the guarantee fund is all ready. Capital in these concerns, limited to German control, is also enlisted at the pleasure of the Government, and may not be transferred. And all the capital necessary is absolutely assured by the blessed guarantee fund. When the "screws are turned on" and an embargo upon some of these necessities is declared to bring us "to our senses" the guarantee fund will serve to keep the enterprises going, accumulating a surplus stock against the time when a hunger.

guarantee fund will serve to keep the enterprises going, accumulating a surplus stock against the time when a hungry world will capitulate and call for them.

This Union will determine the government policy in granting freight rebates and export premiums, and in remitting taxes to any of these businesses that need it in order to "throttle" competition.

It is not expected that any of this guarantee fund will be lost. For by utterly routing all competition in the Indispensable Industries, and thereafter with their invincible help compelling all foreign nations to purchase the output of all German facteries, it is presumed that the ledger will show a handsome profit in the end.

The methods they propose to employ to

The methods they propose to employ to make sure that none of these "weapons of protection" or their secrets are ever transplanted to any other soil are illumin-







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Candidates must be between their fourteenth and sixteenth birthdays on July 1st following the examination.

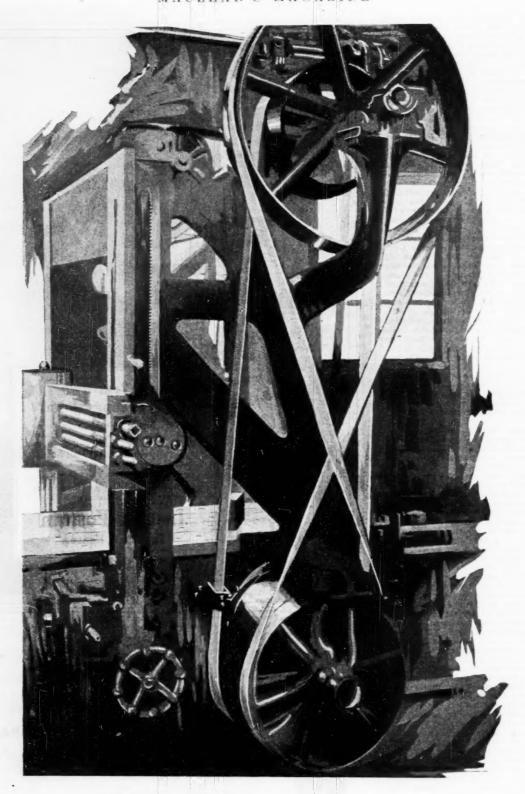
Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS.

G. J. DESBARATS.
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

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Goodyear Extra Power Belts on a steel planer in the Globe Engineering plant

# EXTRA POWER BELTING

Mention MacLean's Magazine-It will identify you.

# Excellent on Shifter Drives

Time and again Goodyear Extra Power Belting has proved itself on the strenuous drives of Canadian plants. In mines, quarries, sawmills, flour mills, shell factories, paper mills—and also on the farm. Hundreds of testimonials and rapidly mounting sales prove this.

But Goodyear Extra Power is better belting for general shop use, too.

Note the two Goodyear Belts pictured here. They are on a steel planer in the plant of the Globe Engineering Company. They answer conclusively the two questions: Will Extra Power work with shifters? Will the plies come apart if the outer fabric is worn through?

These belts were put on two years ago. The straight belt was then 4½ inches wide—now it is

worn to 4 inches. The cross belt has worn on the edges, and where the shifter catches the belt four plies have worn through. Neither belt shows the least sign of ply separation.

The belts shift on an average of seven times a minute—and they work over 150 hours a month—net working time.

Mr. Gough, of the Globe Engineering Company, concludes his letter to us by saying, "We are installing Extra Power on all our new drives and all replacements."

And that is the result of every "show-me" test of Goodyear Extra Power Belting. For greater flexibility on the pulleys, for longer life, for absence of stretching and slipping—ask the nearest Goodyear branch to show you some Extra Power records. Write or telephone to-day.

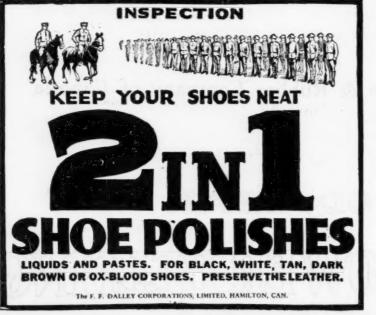
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# EXTRA POWER BELTING





ative of their whole conception of business and conduct of every affair under the sun.

"All persons who are employed in industries of protective value must be entered in special lists by the body controlling manufacturing processes, so as to safeguard these industries. From the general lists a special list is to be drawn up which contains the names of employees in protective industries, who work with manufacuring methods or procedures, over which foreign countries hostile to our exports have no control. . . These persons whether they are directors, operating or scientific officers, or laborers, must be subject to state organization similar to that of the army. Without permission of this organization no emigration of persons in these lists can take place. They are subject to especially strict rules for safeguarding manufacturing secrets and methods. Foreigners can not be permitted to find employment in concerns of this sort. . . . There will always be deserters. They must expect severe punishment meted out according to the amount of responsibility attached to the post which they left."

The same military tribunal is to have final authority over all transfers of ownership or shares in these industries.

"The exclusive maintenance of such industries for the empire demands a further control which extends to change in ownership. . . .

The state control will limit itself to ascertaining whether the future owner exhibits those peculiarities which in a material, technical, and moral connection offer a guarantee that the industry in question will remain at its former height and capacity for development, and banish all possibility of its being transplanted to foreign countries by the new owner. . . The exclusion of foreigners is important in all cases."

Let us suppose a great factory to be established in Germany making its fin-ished products out of raw material also obtainable in Germany, and that it is operated upon some technical secret process making some universally used product. And then let us suppose that all the raw material it can use is supplied to it and at its own price before any one else in Germany obtains any, regardless of the market; that every chemist, mechanic and inventor in the empire is required to report to it every invention and improvement he makes, and that a world-wide corps of expert spies report the same from every country under the sun and that these improvements, patented or not, are at the disposal of this factory for nothing. More than that, that every process or machine it uses is being worked upon for improvement by the best experts in the country, free of charge, and that every new invention is put into operation at once, regardless of the cost of scrapping other new machinery; that this factory has a full complement of skilful labor that never leaves for any other employment, and never under any circumstances strikes; that none of its processes or methods can possibly reach the ears of any competitor; that in case it has the slightest fear of competition every industry in Germany instantly contributes to make good any loss from cutting prices; that it has the right to fix its own freight rates, its own export premium, its own taxes, its own tariff upon any needed supplies it may import; and that in case of need it can instantly call upon the German Ambassador in the United States to threaten any action by the German Government or army that might induce Uncle Sam to remove any impediments to its business developing in America. Imagine such a concern, and voila!—you have precisely one of these industries with which we shall have to compete after the war.

#### Pretorius, Wonderful British Scout

His Exploits in East African Campaign Keeps Natives in Line

THERE have been many strange stories of super-men and super-deeds since the war began. Where they start is never established clearly but they travel with lightning speed and soon establish themselves as truths which nothing, not even time, will ever be able to dislodge. Some of them are true, of course. the Mad Major-first mentioned, by the way, in MACLEAN'S in the course of an article by George Pearson early in 1915whose wonderful exploits with the British artillery are now ended, for the Mad Major is dead. Equally great have been the achievements of one Major Pretorius, a Boer, although his deeds, confined to the Nigerian campaign, are only now coming to light. Pretorius is like the Mad Major in that he is supposed to have certain powers that border on the supernatural. anonymous writer in Blackwoods in dealing with the Nigerian campaign, introduces Pretorius to the world as follows:

Our destinies, however, were watched over by Providence and Major Pretorius of the Intelligence Department. We had heard a good deal of Pretorious and his achievements, but we had taken what we heard with a grain of salt, not crediting the greater part. The announcement that the famous scout would accompany the column left us unmoved, but we lived to owe our survival to the services of this remarkable man, whose prowess and influence in the land were so much recognized by the Germans that they placed a price on his head. By profession he was an elephant-hunter. Amongst the native population of the entire country his personality had won him a position such as can have been attained by few white men. Living alone in the bush with a handful of his own askari, with local natives ever coming and going from his hiding-place, his life seemed to be in the hands of the first man who cared to bid for the price on his head. Occasionally an effort was made to attain the price, but Pretorius always survived, and there was no mercy for his enemy. He recruited his I.D. scouts from the scum of the earth, his perception enabling him to select those with stout hearts. The jails and prison camps were his recruiting area, and to every man that he gave a rifle he gave a chance of winning the price upon his head. But he never came to harm, for the name of Pretorius stood for more than the Germans cared to offer.

cared to offer.

As we marched out from Nahungu Hill we were much amused by the sight of Pretorius and his ragamufin crowd of followers. His loads were the queerest things in that eight-mile long column. Besides the orthodox chop-boxes and uniform-cases there were a great trap for catching leopards, a bulky metal despatch-box, the mask and horns of a bull eland, a great weighing-machine, and a tent which he never used.

Somewhere near the head of the column rode Pretorius himself. There was l'ttle enough in his appearance to indicate the man whose renown amongst the natives and whose exploits in the field were known from

Somewhere near the head of the column rode Pretorius himself. There was l'ttle enough in his appearance to indicate the man whose renown amongst the natives and whose exploits in the field were known from one end of East Africa to another. Less than middle-aged, with a short-clipped moustache, small in statume, and slimly built, and always neatly dressed, he impressed one as a quiet, unassuming little man. He could talk if he liked, and was worth listening to. He had a perfect command of English, but his speech was slightly



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Not only a choice table Syrup---can be used for all Baking.

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Makes dainty Pie Fillings, Blanc Mange, Puddings and Custards, and can be used in Bread making.

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Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

#### "Help Yourself!"-

There are times in the warmer season when you don't feel like drinking cocoa. At such times learn to make the most of your cocoa, bring it down from the shelf and

make it pay for itself by icing your cakes with it.

Perfection Cocoa is the best and most easily adapted to such purposes. These warmer days, try your hand at it.

COWAN'S COCOA
"Perfection Brand"

tainted with the "taal," his native tongue-He certainly hated the Germans with a more whole-hearted hatred than many an Englishman.

Englishman.

Pretorious undertook to watch the country within thirty miles of our line of march, and guaranteed us half a day's notice of any enemy movement within that area. In giving this undertaking he knew he had the natives of the country on his side. They may have hated the Germans, they may have welcomed the British, but they fought for Pretorius. In their country he could send a letter or a sum of money to be handed on from village to village with little fear of its missing its destination. His reputation as an intelligence officer was founded principally on the excellent work done by himself, but the daring and very valuable work performed by his subalterns should not be forgotten.

The first day's march was a pleasantly short stage, with a comfortable camping ground at the end of it. Pretorius brought us a native whom he had arrested as an enemy agent. Two days previously he had conveyed a message to Pretorius through a friendly chief, informing him that there

The first day's march was a pleasantly short stage, with a comfortable camping ground at the end of it. Pretorius brought us a native whom he had arrested as an enemy agent. Two days previously he had conveyed a message to Pretorius through a friendly chief, informing him that there were two white Germans and half a dozen askari hiding in his village, and adding the suggestion that they should be surprised and captured on the following night. Pretorius agreed, and arranged for the man to meet him at a certain point in the bush on the outskirts of the village. Pretorius and his I.D. scouts reached their rendezvous at the hour appointed and waited for their man. They waited all through the night, but he never came. As the hours passed, they grew suspicious. At dawn they reconnotred the village and found it full of Germans waiting to catch Pretorius. The friendly chief was informed of the treachery of the native, and Pretorius gave orders for him to be caught and brought in to our camp. When Pretorius marked a man as wanted he usually got him in the end, nor was he disappointed on this occasion. The president of the court was an old regular officer with a wholesome respect for the Manual of Military Law. It was amusing to watch the little Dutchman grow more and more impatient as the various formalities of a field court-martial were carefully observed. Pretorius only asked the prisoner three questions, but the answers were sufficient to condemn any man. The sentence was soon promulgated, and a few hours later a short sharp volley echoed through the bush to proclaim the end of yet another man who had ventured to bid for the price on the head of Pretorius.

#### Will Labor Dominate Britain ?

Over 100 Candidates Ready for Coming Election—"Take Over" England in Ten Years?

THAT labor will dominate Britain after the war is what Arthur Gleason indicates in the course of an article in the Metropolitan. He claims first that the labor men have made tremendous sacrifices to help win the war, sacrifices much greater than the advantages which have come to the working classes as a result of wider employment and higher wages. He then proceeds to outline what the labor party may do and what will be demanded.

Since 1762 the workers of Britain have been busy in building up a set of protective vices which would give them, not a happy life, not a prosperous life, but a tolerable life, a life of some decency, of reasonable satisfaction. At one stroke they abolished these safeguards, in order to win the war. Nor will these "trade union regulations"

ever be restored. They cannot be, because new standardized machinery has entered industry, and because the ranks of organized labor have been "diluted" by the advent of several million newcomers. Willingly labor signed away its power, in order to win the war. It has allowed its children to be pulled out of school and set to work. When I looked into the figures a year ago, 180,000 children of school age, belonging to the working class, were in industry and agriculture. Labor has suffered its home to be invaded, and the wife and mother to be set to work making guns and shells. Over a million women, wives, sisters, sweethearts and mothers, have come into industry. And all this universal sacrifice labor has gladly made, in order to win the war.

"Big wages, good clothes, a player-piano"

made, in order to win the war.

"Big wages, good clothes, a player-piano in the home," cry the critics.

Nothing seems to touch upper-class critics to anger quite so surely as the fact that, on the whole, there is less poverty, less inequality, in England to-day than there was four years ago. Recause over twenty ner quality, in England to-day than there was four years ago. Because over twenty per cent. of the industrial population have escaped from that sink of misery in which it used to live and breed and pass out of being, these critics of labor allege that labor in the war has made less sacrifice than other sections of the community. One element in its perpetual sacrifice has been alleviated. In spite of rationing it is no longer undernourished to the same extent. In return for a wage that is now a scanty living wage (instead of a wage below a decent minimum, as formerly) labor has given back high speed production through full-time and overtime work. It has volunteered for the front till the Government had to restrain it. It has emptied its home into the factory.

front till the Government had to restrain it. It has emptied its home into the factory.

Labor was grooming a couple of hundred candidates in April, to contest seats in the coming Parliamentary election. It will add still more candidates by the time of the autumn election. Sidney Webb told me that labor expects to win at least one hundred seats. Not one of these two hundred candidates stands for the knockout blow policy. When the war began, British labor was

When the war began, British labor was not yet ready to take over England. If it had developed its leaders, and by leaders I mean not alone outstanding figures at the mean not alone outstanding figures at the top, but "the captains of tens and twenties," British labor would have controlled the State from August, 1914. As it is, it is the one strong compact group in the State, and numerically the largest. But to handle the intricate industrial and political machinery at the levers of management will take British labor ten years yet (as Robert Smillie prophesies) or twenty years (as A. E. Zimmern, of the Workers' Educational Association, believes).

So certain ideas are remaking the labor man. He draws up a comprehensive scheme for common education through his Workers' Educational Association. If seven thousand millions of pounds can be spent on gas, guns

millions of pounds can be spent on gas, guns and shells, he means to spend a few millions of pounds on the education of the children of his nation. He plans to leave the rotten houses of the slums, and build several hundred thousand decent dwellings.

the rotten houses of the slums, and build several hundred thousand decent dwellings. He plans to redeem agriculture from its curse of a servile wage. He means to build light railways out from the overcrowded industrial centres, and plant workers' cottages (13 to the acre, instead of 40) with a bit of a garden.

He wishes the secret treaties publicly officially disavowed. He wishes an end made of secret diplomacy. He wishes an end made of secret diplomacy. He wishes a League of Nations, and an international structure devised which will be war-proof. He desires no war after this war, either military or economic. He desires no scientific management, unless it is accompanied by workers' control of its speeding up devices. He believes in President Wilson's use of the political weapon in warmaking. He desires no conquest of world markets by "State-aided industries," unless he possesses a share in the management of industry. He wishes status rather than welfare work. He is not an anarchist, nor a paper legislator, nor an idealogue. He is patient, and good-humored. He is British.



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#### The German Methods of Attack

A Complete Description of the Von Hutier Offensive

WHEN the Germans launched their first offensive in May of the present year they introduced new tactics. One of the field commanders of the German forces, General Von Hutier, is credited with the introduction of the new system of offensive warfare and that it was successful, in the first attack is a fact that needs no comment. Since the first months of the "Kaiser battle" the Allies have found means of defeating the Von Hutier method. A writer in The Scientific American gives in graphic detail the principles on which Von Hutier worked, stating;

There are two essential factors in the Von Hutier offensive: First, there must be a prepoderance of men, artillery, and other military resources at the scene of battle; secondly, utmost secrecy must be maintained before the offensive opens, so that the enemy will be taken completely by surprise. The first factor was met, of course, by the betrayal of Russia. Well over a million Germans were released from the Eastern front and brought to the Western, while something like seven thousand guns and vast stores of shell and other supplies were left to the advancing Germans in Russia by the demoralized soldiery of that country. Thus the Germans themselves admitted a numerical superiority on the Western front at the beginning of the year, of at least twenty divisions, and subsequent events indicate that the superiority must have been even greater.

The second element of Von Hutier's method, surprise, calls for extreme precautions. What

The second element of Von Hutier's method, surprise, calls for extreme precautions. What with airplanes flying continuously over the battlefront and far into one's territory, it is extremely difficult to hide military activities. Ammunition dumps in the open, new aisdromes, new railroads, new roads, hospital bases, troop gatherings—all these things are immediately noted by enemy observers and proper precautions taken to meet the impending attack. Then there are the reports of spies, the declarations of prisoners, and slips of the press which must be watched and prevented from giving information to the enemy. Finally, there is the artillery which, although required to register on the targets before the attack opens, must not betray the heavy concentration taking place.

To prevent the escape of information the German authorities cancelled all furloughs and all correspondence while the March offensive preparations were taking place. The movements of civilians between Germany and the occupied regions of France and Germany were prohibited. The only troops in the trenches were the regular holding troops, since the present German scheme of things is to have second rate troops in the front line, with picked troops or storm troops in the rear held in readiness for attack or defense. The holding troops were without the slightest clue of just when and where the offensive, if any, was to take place, hence could give no information to the British or French in the event of being made prisoner.

give no information to the British or French in the event of being made prisoner.

The back areas of the German lines were considered sufficiently organized to handle all casualties resulting from the battle, hence no new hospitals were erected to arouse enemy suspicions. The same applied to railways and airdromes and supply bases. Ammunition stores were buried in suitable trenches or in underground dumps at night. Thousands of guns were brought up to the British front for the offensive of March 21st. These pieces were concealed in woods where

Thousands of guns were brought up to the British front for the offensive of March 21st. These pieces were concealed in woods where possible, and when in the open they were heavily camouflaged. The work of placing them was entirely done at night, so as to escape the eagle-eyed British air scouts. The registering of the batteries was only approximated, and in some instances each gun was only allowed three ranging shots, with several days' interval between shots, so as not to arouse the suspicions of British observers.

Lastly, the German armies destined to deliver the big smash were massed some sixty miles back of the front, whence they could be moved with equal facility to any point between Verdun and the sea. The men and officers were not taken into the confidence of the higher officials, hence nothing could escape concerning their destination. A few days before the attack the troops were moved toward the battlefield by forced marches, all movements being made at night. German airmen patrolled the roads over which the German armies marched, in order to detect any suspicious movement or flash of light that could betray the troops. And any units guilty of carelessness were severely dealt with. During the day the troops were quartered in villages or in woods, away from the eyes of chance Allied airmen.

guilty of carelessness were severely dealt with. During the day the troops were quartered in villages or in woods, away from the eyes of chance Allied airmen.

When the intense artillery bombardment opened on the British positions, Von Hutier made extensive use of gas shell, since no great accuracy is necessary with ammunition of that sort. Against the trenches the German artillery fired 60 per cent high explosive shell, 30 per cent sneezing shell, and 10 per cent asphyxiating gas shell. In counterbattery work the Germans fired 70 per cent sneezing, 10 per cent asphyxiating, and 20 per cent high explosive shell. The barrage behind the British trenches, destined to cut off reinforcements, was in the proportions of 60 per cent sneezing gas, 10 per cent asphyxiating gas shell, and 30 per cent high explosive shell. Instead of conducting the bombardment for days, thus giving ample warning of the impending action, the Von Hutier artillery preparation was severe but brief.

The demoralization of British infantry

The demoralization of British infantry brought about by the intense artillery fire was immediately exploited by the German infantry, advancing to the attack in several waves. The usual rolling barrage fire preceded the first infantry wave. This was

less dense than the others, being intended primarily to establish contact with the enemy and then locate the weak spots. The succeeding waves passed through the first wave and through the little groups of British—the so-called "isles of resistance"—still fighting against tremendous odds. Taking advantage of the general chaos caused by the bombardment, the German waves continued to advance as far as possible, through woods, wheat fields, gullies, etc., whenever possible, carrying out that part of the program termed "infiltration." Thus bodies of German troops got behind Allied troops falling back, adding to the confusion of the defenders and seriously interfering with their defense.

Following the infantry waves came support units in column formation with special mobile artillery, particularly minenwerfer or trench mortars. During the Riga attack it is known that the Germans made use of over 570 light, medium and heavy minenwerfer on a front of only three miles; and so successful did this feature prove that the Germans adopted it on a far larger scale in the Somme offensive. The supporting artillery served to wreck any British defenses which held out against the infantry, and also served to discourage counter-attacks. Last of all came the divisional reserves.

As the Germans advanced beyond the reach of their artillery they made use of light and heavy machine guns for supporting the infantry. Machine gunners establish barrage curtains, behind which the infantry advances on to new positions. The bulk of the barrage curtain is generally formed by light machine guns and riflemen, while the flanks are held by heavy machine guns which serve to guard against counter-attacks. Thus by a combination of machine-gun fire and short infantry rushes, the Germans continue to advance, making use of every available bit of natural cover, while there follows behind them the units which are to organize the newly gained ground, bring up the heavy artillery, and established the liaison with the rear in the conventional manner.

#### Will Soon Attack Holland?

Germany Needs Use of the Strategic Dutch Railroads

ARE the Germans preparing to pounce upon Holland? Rumors to this effect have been heard at regular intervals since the war began but it begins to look as though at last the Teutons were prepared to act. There has been a succession of crises between the Dutch and the Germans over points which leave the Dutch puzzled and affronted. Are the Germans deliberately seeking a pretext to strike at Holland? Close observers are sure that such is the case and point as a reason to the Dutch railroads. Some of the roads run between Germany and Belgium over Dutch territory and if these could be used for war purposes it would greatly facilitate the problems of transportation for the Great General Staff. The use of these roads would enable the Germans to really use Antwerp as a "pistol aimed at England." It is accepted as a fact, therefore, that when a favorable moment comes, Germany will strike at Holland and seize her strategic railroads. The situation is summarized by Demetrius C. Boulger in the Nineteenth Century as follows:

When war broke out it was fully expected that the Germans intended to cross through Dutch territory as well as through Belgium. They refrained because, thanks to the new Eifel railways, they believed that they had secured a sufficiently broad front between Vise, the extreme northern Belgian station on the Meuse, and Wasserbillig, the extreme

southern Luxemburg station on the Moselle. Masters for the time being of Belgium and the Grand Duchy, they do not need to widen their front as against France, for it is as wide as it can be made. The old temptation therefore to cross through Holland no longer possesses any force. If Dutch territory is violated, if the Hun hordes break through Limburg, the motive has changed. It is our business to fathom it and to be prepared.

There is no room to doubt that any such move at the present time could only be directed against ourselves, and for this reason the Dutch-German railways may be termed the first parallel in the direction of our shores. The railways that cross the Meuse at Venlo and Roermond are the essential routes that perfect the German hold on Antwerp, and that complete it by securing the routes to Flushing and the Hook. We must remember that the Germans have now held possession of Antwerp for nearly four years, and they have derived no great advantage from this occupation of one of the dominating points in the West of Europe. The command of the Scheldt is essential to the execution of any programme for the invasion of our shores, and to that end the seizure of Flushing is the first step. That is the grand motive that is impelling the German High Command to break faith with Holland, and to undertake one more aggression at the expense of a weak and confiding neighbor. If the offensive on the Western Front results in providing the Germans with any reason to believe that they have hammered us to a standstill and left us with no spring to undertake a counter-offensive, then we should be in no doubt that the signal will be given to overrun Holland with the object of securing at all cost the mouth of the Scheldt. Dutch vigilance and readiness in defence may hinder the working out of the scheme, but it can only be baffled if we are

able and prepared to throw fresh armies into a new field of operations.

Dutch opinion is greatly perturbed at this moment by German threats for which there is no excuse in reason, and no explanation in the relations between the Hague and Berlin as disclosed in official documents. Germany seems bent on forcing a quarrel upon her little neighbor at an early date, and the Dutch are somewhat dazed at the prospect, and staggered by the possibility that the next instance of their neighbor's iniquity may be exhibited at their expense. This is the psychological moment for us to strengthen their resolution, to supplement their weakness and to tion, to supplement their weakness and to lend Holland the helping hand in conjunc-tion with the United States that might well prove the true turning point of the war.

#### Is the Devil at Large?

In England Many People Believe He Is Behind the Germans.

N the course of an article in The Nineteenth Century on "Fighting Against Lying Rumors," Edith Sellers shows how numerous and ridiculous are the stories which circulate in England, particularly among the poorly educated classes. There are continually rumors of great battles, colossal victories, staggering defeats, base treacheries. But the strangest and most persistent is the idea that the devil is at large on earth fighting for the Germans. On this point she writes:

Many who believe in nothing else believe in the Devil, believe devoutly that the Kaiser has sold himself to the Devil, has made a pact with him, by which he has secured the help of all the powers of evil in this war. Again and again I have been in this war. Again and again I have been told, and not by the poor and ignorant alone, that we should have been in Berlin and Vienna long ago, were it not that the Devil himself is directing operations against us! And they who tell me point to our victories in Palestine, and the disasters which, owing solely to the weather, have befallen us elsewhere, as proof of the truth of their contention. In the Holy Land the Devil is powerless, of course, they say: but elsecontention. In the Holy Land the Devil is powerless, of course, they say: but elsewhere he is powerful, all-powerful, indeed, in what concerns the weather. He can and does send sunshine, when for sunshine the Germans wish; and rain, when rain best suite their plans. He can and does help them in other ways too; and that, they argue gravely, is why our soldiers can never quite defeat them, no matter how heroically they fight, never put them completely to rout.

they fight, never put them completely to rout.

This superstition smacks of the Dark Ages of course; and that it should exist in our twentieth century seems incredible, besides being discreditable. None the less exist it does in mean streets, in other streets, too, where they who dwell ought really to know better.

On the notice board outside a chapel in a popular seaside resort, "The Kaiser: the Devil," was posted up, not very long ago, as the subject of the sermon for the following Sunday evening; and in churches and chapels slike, the doctrine is preached that the Devil's reign on earth is on the point of beginning, if not already begun. There is more conning over of the Scripturez wow, more heart-searching as to what they mean, than ever before in the memory of man; and the book most conned over, so far as I can judge, is the Book of Revelation, especially the passages there in which evil is depicted as triumphant, the Devil as loose. Thus, who can wonder that when the Freak gun appeared, and tales of its marvellous prowess were bandied round, the poor and ignorant, nervous and anxious believed them; or that there sprang up



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among them a feeling that the gun was the Evil One's own handiwork; that we were therefore powerless against it: it would inevitably bring destruction on our brave soldiers, who and desolation on us all!

Soldiers, who and desolation on us all!

So far as the Freak gun is concerned, this feeling has passed away, now that it has proved itself a freak; but it will be with us again before long, in what concerns something else. Already, indeed, there are signs of its coming, whispers of aeroplanes that can rain down fire as water in torrents, submarines that can blow up everything. Moreover it is always more or less with us now, latent if not active, thanks to the superstition combined with ignorance on which it is founded, the lying rumors by which it is fed. And it is a feeling that does infinite harm, as it not only spreads depression around, but undermines the strength of those whom it infects, handicaps them in

the struggle, by robbing them of hope, convincing them that sure disaster lies ahead. Thus it works havoc among many to whom our soldiers are near and dear; among others, too; and it might, in certain circumstances, work havoc among our young soldiers. For many a lad who fears neither God nor man has a great fear of the Devil, although he would die rather than confess it. He could face undauntedly hordes of mere Germans; yet, he might possibly shrink back had he the thought in his head that with the Germans, as their leader, was the Devil. It is because of the feeling it engenders, that this superstition is dangerous; it paves the way as it were, among the ignorant, for lying rumors, rumors so extravagant that, were the way not paved for them, even the most ignorant would refuse to believe them. And these rumors in their turn, we must not forget, pave the

way for much that is evil, besides entailing great suffering. This is the purpose, indeed, for which many of them are launched forth. It is a marvel to me that there was no panic, in poor districts, that last week in March. That there was none, is a notable proof of the real grit of our soldiers' women-folk. As it is, there was great suffering, unnecessary suffering, unnecessary because due in a very great measure to lying rumors.

Now, if for nothing but that it renders the spreading of lying rumors easy, quite apart from all the other harm it does, the superstition now rampant ought, of course, to be torn up root and branch. The Devil myth that has sprung up of late should assuredly be slain forthwith, if only it could. But unfortunately it cannot; for superstition has many more lives than any cat.



#### Ludendorff is Now Dictator

A French Estimate of the Power and Ability of the German Commander

FOR the past two years the name of Ludendorff has been creeping more and more into the press. At first he appeared as the shadow of the mighty Hindenburg, the man Friday of the old general. Later it began to get around that he was in reality the brains of the combination and that Hindenburg merely lent the lustre of his name to the plans that the wily Ludendorff devised. Now he is definitely and, it would appear, officially launched as the head of the general staff and even the virtual dictator of the Central Powers. The offensive operations this year have been associated with his name and it is generally recognized that he has directed them.

In view of the unique prominence to which he has attained it is interesting to note how the French regard him. The following estimate is a composite from opinions and information scattered through the influential French press:-

Is he a genius? The question is of critical importance, suggests the "Debats," considering the importance attached to the quality not by Napoleon only but by all who have written on the art of war. Commandant Carre reaches the conclusion that Ludendorff is no better, to say the least, than Foch, and the German has yet to display the artistry of the Frenchman, the art of war being as important as the science. Nevertheless, reckoning with the danger of underestimating the enemy, if plans be taken underestimating the enemy, if plans be taken to take the true measure of Ludendorff, the idea of him is that of a man brilliant as idea of him is that of a man brilliant as regards intelligence, indefatigable by nature, endowed with a most supple mind. He is rich in the expedients devised on the spur of the moment—a quality precious to von Moltke—and he has liveliness of imagination. The brain is, in a word, rich in ideas. Ludendorff is, accordingly, a great soldier because he reveals imagination and ideas. All his qualities are re-enforced, fortified, accontuated by cool energy, a tenacious will accontuated by cool energy, a tenacious will

All his qualities are re-enforced, fortified, accentuated by cool energy, a tenacious will and a strong soul.

Ludendorff is, as German commanders go, young and his career in Berlin passes for rapid and even brilliant. He is not much past fifty, for he was born in Krueszevina, in the province of Posen, April 9, 1865, his rise having been se meteoric that the ordinary reference book even in Germany fails to note the fact. Erich Ludendorff had the good luck to possess a far-seeing and wealthy parent of Prussian stock, who got him, at seventeen, into the Ploen cadet good luck to possess a far-seeing and wealthy parent of Prussian stock, who got him, at seventeen, into the Ploen cadet school, frem which he emerged as a sublieutenant; in an infantry regiment at Wesel The young man turned up as a lieutenant of marines at Kiel and then got into the grenadiers. His ambitions were always military and they took him to the war academy which sent him forth with the rank of captain at thirty. How he got into the great general staff at Berlin, in view of his comparatively mediocre origin, is not clear, but he went out of it and through the grades successfully. He proved himself an officer of the correct general staff type, bred in the true Moltke school and a creditable pupil of General von Schlieffen. Ludendorff was early established as a military scientist with rare gifts for the assimilation of whatever knowledge came his way. When he was forty-seven he took command of the fusiliers at Dusseldorf and not long after he was at Strasbourg as major-general of infantry. This was the force with which he went into the grand mobilization for the war and he replaced, as head of the fourteenth brigade, that General von Vassoff war and he replaced, as head of the four-teenth brigade, that General von Vassoff who was killed at Liege. In the course of the swift operations which reduced that

place, the brilliant behavior of Ludendorff, who led the assault at the head of his bri-gade, earned for him one of the first of the crosses of a knight of the order "pour le merite" of which Emperor William is so sparing.

Now occurred in the career of Ludendorff the "decisive event" of which so much has been written. The general staff had become worried at the advance of the Russian forces into German territory. It was Ludendorff, however, who suggested Hindenburg and not Hindenburg who suggested Ludendorff. The aged man was intimately acquainted with the theater of operations in East Prussia. Ludendorff's reputation for sound judgment was so solid that the all-highest took the risk of heeding his suggestion. Hindenburg was dragged from his retirement at Hanover and naturally he selected Ludendorff as his chief of staff. These are the facts, declares our French authority, in spite of many a tale to the contrary. In no long time the pair won the Tannenberg victory, which brought to one the grade of field-marshal and to the other that of lieutenant-general. At the head of Now occurred in the career of Ludendorff the grade of field-marshal and to the other that of lieutenant-general. At the head of a group of armies they gained the day at the Mazurian lakes, and specializing in the Russian theater of operations, they re-deemed their native land from pressing deemed their native land from pressing perils with the conquest of Poland and Galicia. Just two years ago, in consequence of the Brousiloff offensive, "which caused the German defense to tremble to its foundations," Hindenburg, still "doubled" with Ludendorff, was given command of all the Austro-German forces in the eastern theater. Before many days—replacing von Falkenhayn, who had to take all the blame for the Verdun check—Hindenburg was made chief of the general staff, with Ludendorff at his right hand as general of infantry exercising the functions of a chief general quartermaster. "They ticked like two clocks." two clocks."

The whole German press was jubilant.

The whole German press was jubilant. "An immense delight reigns everywhere in the fatherland. Our new Blucher retains at his side our new Gneisenau. Ludendorff remains with Hindenburg." The Kaiser assented to the eclipse of his own imperial star by the new constellation of the twins Hindenburg-Ludendorff and the field-marshal in turn—free from jealousy or full of gratitude — permitted the personality of his right-hand man to grow more decisive and conspicuous. On the western front, until the beginning of the present offensive the great idea of the two chiefs seems to the French expert we quote to have been the strategical retirement to that well-known Hindenburg line. The operation was the French expert we quote to have been the strategical retirement to that well-known Hindenburg line. The operation was presented at home as "a bit of boldness conceived by the highest genius" and as "a prelude to solutions entirely new and magnificent." In spite of these enthusiasms the great general staff took refuge in a strict defensive for the period of one whole year, during which it sustained the successive checks of Arras, Ypres, Vimy, the Chemin des Dames, Verdun and l'Ailette. Ludendorff concentrated all his faculties upon the collapse of Russia before turning again to the "principal enemy," France, and the most detested of all the foes, England. The collaboration of Hindenburg and Ludendorff has all this time been most intimate. In this association, one acts as the brain and the other as the right hand. One represents the young and active element, the fecund brain with the "ideas," while the other is the mass which brings the weight to bear. The decisions seem to be taken in common, but they are for the most part inspired by Ludendorff. In the enormous machine called "German war."

be taken in common, but they are for the most part inspired by Ludendorff. In the enormous machine called "German war," one is the motor and the other is the power. Ludendorff is the true directing mind. Force is affirmed by our French authority to be eminently the characteristic of the man. One detects the fact in his favorite aphorisms. "As always in war," he observes, "one must now be strong and resolute. Superiority, danger—such things exist only for the feeble." He is fond of



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saying also that the strong man does not talk of danger, but, at most, of the way to avoid it. Again: "He who complains of fatality had better accuse himself. A strong will creates its own destiny." Ludendorff will creates its own destiny." Ludendorff says there is no such thing as fatality, as destiny. There is but the will of the destiny. The strong man.

is procharacter of Ludendorff nounced by the French observer to be "hard, cruel, pitiless," in accordance with the dominant ideal of Prussians in high command. Ludendorff, we are assured, was the most ferocious instigator of continued submarine warfare. He insists upon constant aerial bombardment of open and unfortified aerial bombardment or open and contowns. "By killing the women and contowns. "By killing the women and contowns." he is quoted as saying, "we destroy dren," he is quoted as saying the future that future is the future. women and chil-aying, "we destroy the future mothers and the ultimate de-fenders of their land; that is, the future forces upon which the enemy depends." Ludendorff, moreover, is a hypocrite, a sly and affected being. He is not above telling the newspapers that the lives of German soldiers are more precious than a mere swamp or a blackened ruin the enemy wants to preserve. He is notoriously the most sanguinary feeder of cannon with

"fodder," never hesitating to pile high the plains of the Somme with heaps of German dead. Ludendorff attaches great importance to what he calls "moral," and no press agent had ever more skill. He keeps in touch with the journalists night and day, for it is a mistake to deem him the "simple is a mistake to deem him the "simple soldier" at his ease only in the theater of a war. He holds his regular receptions for the benefit of his friends, the reporters. He inspires a school of military criticism with its experts to prove that Germany is invincible. He is a master of the propaganda that works with fiction. He invented the system of heralding every German offensive far in advance, arguing that the effect far in advance, arguing that the effect upon enemy "moral" is tremendous.

Ludendorff is a commander who seeks Ludendorff is a commander who seeks less a strategical surprise than a tactical one. An organizer of experience and ability, he excels in preparation. His plans are not only large but definite. He concentrates. He affects a complete candor with the enemy, advertising an offensive that remains in detail a secret, announced with menaces and shrouded in devices that be-wilder, distract, terrify the inexperienced.

cause the politics of America, to make potent over the hearts and consciences of the mass of the people, require nothing so much as the human touch and a close practical attention to the needs and longings of the common man.

Tammany at its best is the family idea applied to politics. A night in a Tammany club-house makes you feel that the Tammany leaders and officials are the big brothers of everybody in the neighborhood. The distracteverybody in the neighborhood. The distred mother hurries to this center of hope ed mother hurries to this center of hope and help when her boy is arrested, or even when he stays away from home overnight. It is no unusual sight to see in line at the club-house of an evening women with children in their arms waiting to see the leader. There many a domestic quarrel is straightened out into domestic tranquility. When the doctor tells the mother that the child is developing tuber-where it is quite likely that she will make culosis, it is quite likely that she will make straight for the district club-house, and the leader sees to it that the child is admitted to some institution under the city or the State for the care of this incipient and insidious eig. it

malady.

Perhaps a child is run over by a truck or an automobile, or suffers accident in other form on the narrow tenement street, and is hurried away suddenly to the hospital. Some-body in the group rushes to tell the mother. body in the group rushes to tell the mother. And soon she appears, breathless, at the clubhouse. Her child is at the Harlem Hospital or at the Hudson Street House of Relief, and how shall she get to him and what can she do to help him? The human hand of Tammany reaches out to see that the child is cared for; that the mother is admitted to his presence; that her fears are called. Is it presence; that her fears are calmed. Is it any wonder that Tammany has a grip on the hearts and the votes of the simple, plain the hearts and the votes of the simple, plain people, native and foreign-born, in the crowded tenements of the metropolis? Tammany never allows any old-time well-known resident of the district to be dispossessed for failure to pay the rent. The breadwinner is out of work; the times are hard, or he is ill and loses two or three weeks' pay. The landlord comes around on the first of the month, and there is, perhaps, fifteen or sixteen dollars due. The breadwinner hasn't got it. If he has lived in the district any reasonable length of time, he can go up to the clublength of time, he can go up to the club-house and get the rent, which is paid out of the club funds. When a well-known resident of the district dies, Tammany looks after the funeral expenses if the family lack the money to pay. Every week in the undertaker's shop in the district there is somebody laid out, the surviving family being destitute. Friends help—and Tammany helps.

#### Strike Germany Through the Alps

Italian General Urges a Change in Allied Strategy.

THAT the Allies should strike Germany through the Alps is the contention of Major-General Emilio Guglielmotti, Italian military attache to the United States, writing in the Independent. He argues that there is greater chance of success there than on the Western front, presenting his case as follows:

From an offensive standpoint, it should e considered that the distance between the be considered that the distance between the Western front and Berlin is almost twice as much as the distance between the Italian front and Vienna: that between the Western front and Berlin there are numerous lines of resistance, prepared in years for defence by Germany, and that great rivers, especially the Rhine, obstacles not easily surpassed, run perpendicular to the direction which the Allies should follow: that, if between the Italian front and Vienna there are very strong positions, the Italian Army has shown that such positions are not impregnable; in that such positions are not impregnable; in fact Austria was obliged to ask help and assistance from her most powerful ally, Germany, only because Italy had almost reached the last lines of Austria's defences, and as-

sistance was given by Germany only because she realized the danger from the south: that across the Rhine there is still a homogeneous and compact population, united behind their God, the Kaiser, while on the other hind their God, the Kaiser, while on the other side of the Isonzo there are populations of different nationalities, raging under the Hapsburg yoke, who would cheer the Allies as liberators: that. by beating Austria, we would deprive Germany of her principal accomplice and support, and cut off her direct communications with her minor accomplices, Bulgaria and Turkey, thus enabling us eventually to attack Germany from the south. And it should also be borne in mind that if an energetic and common action of the Allies result in the exclusive control of the Adriatic Sea, the operations of their armies would be greatly eased by the efficient assistance of the Allied navies on the Oriental coasts of that sea which Nature has made and history and justice proclaim to be Italian.

After the dual attempt to break through the common front, by the Germans on the north and by the Austrians on the south, has been definitely checked, the competent authorities must decide whether the powerful and constant counter-blow which will bring victory shall be given rather on the German than on the Austrian front. My purpose is here to affirm not only the great importance of Italy in the common war, but also the great importance of the Italian front as a promise of definite success.

#### The Good in Tammany Hall

Reform Writer Points Out That It is Not All Vicious-Its Strength.

To the outside world it has always seemed inexplicable that a corrupt political organization like Tammany Hall could control as large a city as New York. Up to the last mayoralty election it was assumed that at last the "tiger" had been laid away in his political grave, but the defeat of Mitchell by Hylan has left Tammany in centrol again. There's a reason-one that the reformers have overlooked, a reason that can apply only to an organization as deeply rooted as Tammany. That it is a real reason is evident from the fact that it is given by Frederick M. Davenport in The Outlook. He writes:

Tammany understands the human nature of common men and women and little children

probably as well as any similar organization in the United States. It is true that certain of its leaders have from time to time exploited this knowledge to the selfish benefit of themthis knowledge to the selfish benefit of themselves and their clansmen. Warm shoes against the winter slush and happy picnics for the district are no fit cover for governmental incompetence and political corruption. And no honest Tammany man would contend that they are. But the real human currents in Tammany run deeper and truer than this. And it will be a good thing for even New York City to understand its own Tammany better than it does, because Tammany is likely to have a hand in the government of the municipality of New York for some time. The great shifting masses of the metropolitan population in the long run resome time. The great shifting masses of the metropolitan population in the long run respond more naturally to the humanness of Tammany than to the mechanical short-sightedness and blunderings of reform gov-

And it is worth while for the whole country to understand better the heart of Tammany and the best products of Tammany, be-

#### Dividing Bagdad

The Barbarity of the Germans to Their

A QUESTION that might prove very diffi-cult to answer is: Which is the more dangerous and uncomfortable position to hold, that of enemy or ally of Germany? The Germans treat their allies with such contempt and ruthlessness that it is very questionable if the position of an open enemy is not preferable. Consider, for instance, what they did in Bagdad. Eleanor Franklin Egan, in the course of an article in the Saturday Evening Post, tells of one incident:

The extraordinary street known as New Street and is now Bagdad's principal thoroughfare. It was cut by Khalil Pasha on the advice of the Germans, and it was ruthlessly done. No Turk would Khalil Pasha on the advice of the Germans, and it was ruthlessly done. No Turk would ever think of doing such a thing on his own initiative, the Turks being partial to narrow airless ways and sunless passages. The Germans, however, believe in wide streets and plenty of room; and they are quite right. But to hew a street as with a battleax straight through the heart of such a city as Bagdad required some lack of consists as Bagdad required some lack of consists. city as Bagdad required some lack of consideration for the feelings of the inhabisideration for the feelings of tants and the property owners. There was



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no question of proprietary rights. The street was simply cut through. And some of the property owners were so cast down by it that to this day they have not troubled to remove from the half-sliced-away buildings the evidences of human occupation. They left pictures to dangle forlornly on the walls of rooms, and furniture here and there to become weather-beaten and unsightly. They look horribly exposed and ashamed, these rooms do.

The whole street is lined on either side by jagged wall ends and open caverns, and only here and there does one see any evidence of attempts at reconstruction. Even a mosque which lay in the way of the

dence of attempts at reconstruction. Even a mosque which lay in the way of the straight line marked out for the street had straight line marked out for the street had one corner hacked away, and so to deserate a mosque is in the mind of the orthodox Mussulman an unforgivable offence. No more unpopular thing was ever done in any city, yet on the whole it was a good thing to do and the British have reason to be thankful for it. That they have reason to be thankful that it was done while the Germans were in control goes without saying. The street was needed; it was made on the gentle, generous, German plan; the Germans got all the execration and hatred; then the British came along and are reaping a reward of gratitude and trust by undertaking, to as great an extent as possible, dertaking, to as great an extent as possible, gradually to reimburse the property owners and to assist them in rebuilding and in re-establishing themselves in business. Posre-establishing themselves in business. Possibly it is unjust to damn the Germans for this. They may not have been in the least responsible. But you could not make the Bagdad people believe they were not, because they know the Turk too well to suspect him of intuitive or voluntary progressiveness. In any case, where the mere improvement of conditions is concerned he is not given to acting like a mad bull in a china shop.

china shop.

When the Turks left Bagdad they left everything in such a state of dilapidation that one wonders how they themselves ever managed to get along. Even this new avenue was so cut up with ruts and holes that for automobile transport it was all but impassable, and the first thing the British had to do was to level it up. The British labor corps has worked from the beginning in squads of thousands and is working conin squads of thousands and is working con-stantly now to put and to keep the city in livable condition. But, as I have said, your first guess would be that the Germans had surely been there.

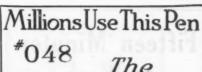
#### The People are for Lloyd George

The Politicians, the "Groups" the Interests Are Against Him

PREMIER Lloyd George occupies a unique position. He is assailed from all quarters and rumors are constantly current of his impending downfall; this or that coalition is always going to unseat him. But he continues to grip firmly the reins of power and to outride every crisis. Perhaps the reason has been found by Sydney Brooks, who writes in The Nineteenth Century as follows:

writes in The Nineteenth Century as follows:

It would not be easy to recall anything in British politics that at all resembles Mr. Lloyd George's position to-day. Its contradictions, its surface weaknesses, its underlying strength are alike unique. He is the working head and the governing inspiration of a Ministry largely composed of men who four years ago were among his bitterest political opponents. He is the Radical Premier of a Government that includes the stiffest sort of Conservatives, the most advanced Labour men, a few moderate Liberals, and an imported group of business men and professors whose political views are an unknown quantity. Many old Liberals, on the





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other hand, once his most devoted followers other hand, once his most devoted followers and associates—they well might be, for the Liberalism of the past fifteen or twenty years owes at least as much to him as to anyone—have never forgiven his rise to the Premiership at Mr. Asquith's expense, have pretty openly deserted him, and may now be said to be arrayed against him. Mr. Lloyd George, again, has no organized Parliamentary following of his own. His adherents are drawn from men of all parties, and there mentary following of his own. His adherents are drawn from men of all parties, and there is among them little or no cohesion. If a general election were to take place to-morrow, the Prime Minister would find himself with nothing in the nature of a political 'machine.' His appeal to the country would have to be based on his achievements and his personality. The Liberal organization is mainly in the The Liberal organization is mainly in the hands of the Asquith wing. The Conservative organization and the Labor organization, the latter in particular, have naturally their own special interests to look after; while the Premier, in many ways more proportion of the premier of powerful than all of them, has no party and

powerful than all of them, has no party and no organization that is distinctively his own. No one is for him—except the people. No one wants him to remain as Prime Minister—except the ninety and nine who are utterly sick of 'politics,' who know a man when they see him, and who are determined that there shall be at the head of affairs one whose whole soul is bent on victory. Almost every faction one can think of is against Mr. Lloyd George—but the common sense and the common sentiment of the nation and of the Em-George—but the common sense and the common sentiment of the nation and of the Empire are for him. The West End and the lobbies of the House, this tea-table and that, a group of fashionables here, a coterie of journalists, Army officers and ousted politicians there, may rail and lament at large. But the country continues to chant its Lloyd Georgic; the Empire does the same; our Allies without exception furnish an applauding chorus. More than any other man among us he typifies the spirit and aims and

stimulates the efforts of the great Crusade. stimulates the efforts of the great Crusade. A nation is more than the sum of its interests and sections. It is bigger and it is better; and Mr. Lloyd George, like Colonel Roosevelt, can ignore the factions and the guerrillas while he holds the hearts of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen and while their hopes and trust are centred in him. He is more newerful without a party while their nopes and trust are centred in him. He is more powerful without a party that is organized to support him than is any other statesman with one. He is more powerful because he has the instinctive confidence of the average man. There are groups dence of the average man. There are groups beyond counting who criticise and grumble, intrigue and obstruct. But the nation, the silent unorganized mass, the plain people on whom party ties sit lightly at any time, and who to-day are utterly unaffected by them, the men and women who merely ask for leadership—these are behind the Prime Minister and will stay behind him to the end. That, indeed is the surroups prograday of his resiand will stay behind him to the end. That, indeed, is the supreme paradox of his position. He commands the whole but not the parts. The sentiment for him among the rank and file of the British people is not one whit more enthusiastic than it is in Canada or America or France. No one, not Chamberlain or Chatham, has ever had the confidence of the Empire as he has. Among our Allies he is accepted as the incarnation of British democracy. His career and his personality have invested him with a representative character abroad such as no other British even approaches. Something radiates sentative character abroad such as no other Briton even approaches. Something radiates from Mr. Lloyd George which is felt as a bond of genuine union throughout the length and breadth of all the nations whom the League of Liberty has joined together. Poll the Empire and all our Allies for the man who, since the beginning of the war, has done most to express and sustain the sentiment and ideals of the anti-German confederacy, and there would be an overwhelming vote for the British Prime Minister.

#### Japan's View of the War

Why Our Eastern Ally Has Not Taken a More Active Part.

THE people of the other allied countries sometimes ask themselves why the Japanese are not taking a more active part in the struggle. Why, with civilization hanging in the balance, do not our Eastern Allies step in and bear a bigger share of the burden? Sensing this question G. Shibata, a Japanese writer, proceeds to explain in the New Republic what his countrymen think and feel with regard to the war. He says in part:

says in part:

It is no easy task, however, to portray the combined opinion of a nation as a whole. The writer will endeavor simply to present the view of the average practical Japanese business man. And the time is fast approaching in Japan when the opinion of the business man will decide to a large extent the working attitude of Japan toward the Western nations.

Naturally the vast majority of the Japanese abhor the ruthless fashion in which Germany carries on the war, and hope for an Allied victory. But we are not yet educated to the idea that the real purpose of the struggle is to decide whether autocracy or democracy is to rule the world. Most of us still interpret the contest as actuated by imperialistic policies. It is rather difficult for Japan to discern virtuous European nations from others, when the test difficult for Japan to discern virtuous European nations from others, when the test applied is their standards in international dealings. A large portion of Asia is ruled and exploited by these powers. Japan, who has been watching their irresistible onward march, entertains deeply-rooted fear and suspicion of Europe. Even the United States, despite her sincere expression of anti-imperialistic feelings, has to us the appearance of encroachment in the Far East. Japanese people do not know the ex-East. Japanese people do not know the explanations which seem so satisfactory to Americans, regarding the occasion of their

Americans, regarding the occasion of their numerous holdings in the Pacific.

We believed at the beginning of the war that it was caused mainly by the imperialistic tendencies of the European nations. Therefore, we failed to entertain any righteous indignation toward either side. We fought Germany for two definite reasons to get rid of the German base of operations in the Far East, and to make good our part of the compact in the Anglo-Japanese alliance. We were not, however, and are not now, interested in such an enterprise as changing the form of the internal government of German of the compact.

changing the form of the internal government of Germany.

The entry of the United States into the war has helped to open our eyes to the deeper issues involved in the struggle. The United States is fighting for great ideals. She has declared through the President of She has declared through the President of the nation that she desires neither territory nor indemnity. Billions of dollars and millions of her best men are offered for the supreme test. True democracy develops a heroism of its own, and many of us who are here appreciate fully what is now taking place in this country.

#### Foch is Satisfied

By way of introduction to an admirable sketch by Marshal Foch, a writer in the Fortnightly tells the following story When General Foch was appointed Chief of the Allied Armies Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have asked him: posing you were playing cards with Ludendorff, which hand would you prefer?" "My own," said General Foch promptly. A little later one of his British friends was going to London. "If you see your Prime Minister," he added by way of postscript "you might tall him. way of postscript, "you might tell him I still prefer my own cards."



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#### Germany Sought Peace in 1915

Direct Overtures Made to U.S. Govern-ment—The Terms Suggested

ONE of the most vital and interesting war stories appearing in any periodical is that of Henry Morgenthau, American Ambassador to Turkey, which is appearing in World's Work. Several quotations have already been made in this department from Mr. Morgenthau's concise narrative. In the last installment perhaps his most interesting contribution is the story of how Germany approached the United States to secure peace in January, 1915. Germany wanted peace very badly then, and Von Wangenheim, the clever and unscrupulous German Ambassador to Turkey, who had been chiefly instrumental in dragging Turkey into the war, approached Mr. Morgenthau.

war, approached Mr. Morgenthau.

Wangenheim now informed me that January, 1915, would make an excellent time to end the war. Italy had not yet entered, though there was every reason to believe that she would do so by spring. Bulgaria and Rumania were still holding aloof, though no one expected that their waiting attitude would last forever. France and England were preparing for the first of the "spring offensives" and the Germans had no assurance that it would not succeed; indeed, they much feared that the German armies would meet disaster. The British and French warships were gathering at the Dardanelles; and the German general staff and practically all military and naval experts in Constantinople believed that the allied fleets could force their way through and capture the city. Most Turks by this time were sick of the war, and Germany lived in constant fear that Turkey would make a separate peace. Afterward I discovered that whenever the military situation looked ominous to Germany, she was always thinking about peace, but that if the situation

improved she would immediately become war-like again; it was a case of sick-devil well-devil. Yet, badly as Wangenheim wanted peace in January, 1915, it was quite appar-ent that he was not thinking of a permanent peace. The greatest obstacle to peace at that time was the fact that Germany showed no time was the fact that Germany showed ho signs that she regretted her crimes, and there was not the slightest evidence of the sack-cloth in Wangenheim's attitude now. Ger-many had made a bad guess, that was all; what Wangenheim and the other Germans saw in the situation was that their stock of wheat, cotton, and copper was incomplete. In my notes of my conversations with Wangenwheat, cotton, and copper was incomplete. In my notes of my conversations with Wangenheim I found him frequently using such phrases as the "next war," "next time," and, in confidently looking forward to another greater world cataclysm than the present, he merely reflected the attitude of the dominant junker-military class. The Germans apparently wanted a reconciliation—a kind of an armistice—that would give their generals and industrial leaders time to prepare for the next conflict. At that time, nearly four years ago, Germany was moving for practically the same kind of peace negotations which she has suggested many times since and is suggesting now; Wangenheim's plan was that representatives of the warring powers should gather around a table and settle things on the principle of "give and take." He said that there was no sense in demanding that each side state its terms in advance.

advance.

"For both sides to state their terms in advance would ruin the whole thing," he said.

"What would we do? Germany, of course, would make claims that the other side would regard as ridiculously extravagant. The Entente would state terms that would put all Germany in a rage. As a result both sides would get so angry that there would be no conference. No—if we really want to end this war, we must have an armistice. Once we stop fighting we shall not go on again. History presents no instance in a great war where an armistice has not regreat war where an armistice has not resulted in a permanent peace. It will be so

Yet, from Wangenheim's conversation I did obtain a slight inkling of Germany's terms. Some arrangement with regard to Egypt and Mesopotamia, was one of them. Wangenheim was quite insistent that Germany must have permanent naval bases in Belgium with which her navy could at all times threaten England with blockade and so make sure "the freedom of the seas." Germany wanted coaling rights everywhere; this demand looks absurd because Germany has always possessed such rights in peace times. She might give France a piece of Lorraine and a part of Belgium—perhaps Brussels—in return for the payment of an indemnity.

and a part of Belgium—perhaps Brussels— in return for the payment of an indemnity. Wangenheim requested that I should place Germany's case before the American Govern-ment. My letter to Washington is dated Jan-uary, 1915. It went fully into the internal situation which then prevailed, and gave the reasons why Germany and Turkey le-sized neace.

the reasons why Germany and Turkey iesired peace. In thus ignoring his ally, the German Ambassador meant no personal disrespect; he was merely treating him precisely as his Foreign Office was treating Vienna—not as an equal, but practically as a retainer. The world is familiar enough with Germany's military and diplomatic absorption of Austria-Hungary. But that Wangenheim should have made so important a move as to attempt peace negotiations and have left it to Pallavicini to learn about it through a third party shows that, as far back as January, 1915, the Austro-Hungarian Empire had ceased to be an independent nation. ceased to be an independent nation.

ceased to be an independent nation.

Nothing came of this proposal, of course. Our Government declined to take action, evidently not regarding the time as opportune. Both Germany and Turkey, as I shall tell, recurred to this subject afterward. This particular negotiation ended in the latter part of March, when Kuhlmann left Constantinople to become Minister at The Hague. He came and paid his farewell call at the American Embassy, as charming, as entertaining, and as debonair as ever. His last words, as he shook my hand and left the building, were—subsequent events have naturally caused me to remember them:

turally caused me to remember them:

"We shall have peace within three
months, Excellency!"

This little scene took place, and this happy
forecast was made in March, 1915!



Plucked!

. If you are a "bbb" you will drop a tear with Spencer over the sad plight of baseball. From the batting field to the battlefield the stars many of them, have gone, among them no less a man than Grover Alexander, who, like his distinguished namesake, is seeking new worlds to conquer. (We forgot to explain that "bbb" does not refer to bird shot, but to backell bur.)



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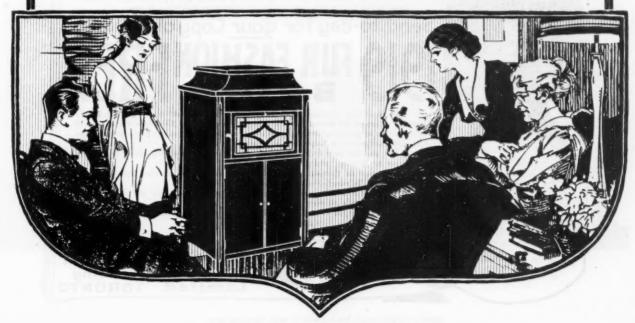
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#### The Birth of a Maritime Power

Continued from page 32

the competition of the low-wage foreign carriers? That question—it seems to me—almost answers itself. Will foreign wages ever go back to the former low levels? Hasn't labor gone ahead "a century in a month" in wages and scale of living and power during the war? Will it ever go back? Not on your life! And if wages keep their present level on ships, won't that attract back to the merchant fleet the flower of adventurous youth, who formerly made the clipper trade the glory of the seas and plowed silver and gold furrows round the world?

the world?

There is another possibility here. When the war is over, Uncle Sam will not need 500,000 men in the Navy. Wages in the merchant marine are to-day higher than in Army or Navy. Won't the status of the

merchant marine unconsciously change? Wouldn't—men are asking—wouldn't it be possible to nationalize the merchant marine as well as own it, by shifting to it officers and men from the Navy? England has had a reverse process. She has had a Navy Reserve in her merchant marine. Will we not have a Marine Reserve in our Navy? Possibilities, all of them; for the war has turned every precedent upside down; and the flower of young manhood is certainly to-day in the Navy as it was once on the clippers. It may again be in the merchant fleet, which would annul our fool navigation laws and union rules.

heet, which would annul our fool navigation laws and union rules.

As to competition with the English merchant marine, that is the figment of a Sinn Fein fancy. You will never lash the United States again into a mood of anti-

England. England's merchant fleet will take years to repair after the war. England will need the United States merchant fleet to supplement her own. The chances are far greater for a tariff league and a merchant fleet league among the Allies against a common enemy than for the old-time pirate competition.

competition.

Meantime, the great epic of a Second Carthage rising from the seas grows. The rivets worked as by one man from Maine to California rip-rap with a ceaseless rhythm that rings round the world—rings the freedom of the seas, the death of the sea monster, the Brotherhood of Labor and that Earth Peace, which prophets called a milennium. Let us thank God we live in an epic age and pray the Lord we may do our part valiantly as the bare armed men driving the rivets that are to nail the Kaiser in his everlasting coffin. And I fancy I hear them drive—drive—drive those rivets to the rhythm of one little five-syllabled word—Lu-si-tan-i-a! Lu-si-tan-i-a!



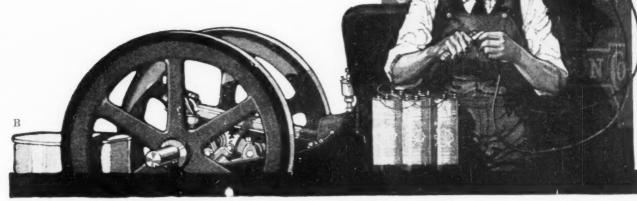
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#### German Staff Live in Filth

What Happened While Von Kluck Was in French Chateau

THE world knows that the Germans behave like little beasts in the parts of belligerent countries that they have occupied, but one must read an article by Baroness Huard in the American Magazine to realize how degraded they actually are. Her chateau, situated about sixty miles from Paris, was occupied by the Germans in their first dash for the French capital and later evacuated. Baroness Huard tells what she found when she returned to her home:

I found out the next day that the general who had occupied the house, for a time at least, was no less a personage than Von Kluck himself. But the "honor" of having had him as a guest was one I would gladly have relinquished when I found my home, after nine days of German occupancy, rendered unfit for decent human beings to live in.

The officers of the German army belong to the nobility of that country. But even if I had not known this fact, the names chalked up on the bedroom doors would have told me who were the men that had been living in those rooms. I doubt if any other animals, no matter of what species, could have equaled these exponents of "Kultur" in the havoc they wrought.

It was not the kind of dirt which might unavoidably be brought into a house thus occupied: the mud from roads and fields—that sort of thing. It wasn't the natural untidiness of improvised offices, or of rooms not cared for by servants. It was rooms not cared for by servants. It was simply disgusting filth and the debris of wanton, malicious destruction.

The house had been systematically looted of everything of value that could be taken away. I was told that for five days huge army carts were drawn up at the door, while were filled with tapestries, pictures, silver, glass, linen, jewelry-everything, in fact, that our "guests" coveted.

Furnishings which could not be removed were deliberately ruined. And this ruin was accomplished by methods so revolting that even a self-respecting savage would have been ashamed of them. Why any kind of men, let alone those of supposed education and breeding, should deliberately have made an Augustystable of a house in have made an Augean stable of a house in which they themselves were living is be-yond the comprehension of an "unkultured" intelligence like mine.

But that is what they did. It was not that they defiled the place as a parting testimonial of their appreciation of its hospitality! It could not have been got into such a state by any hasty effort after they knew that they were going to leave it. They must have lived in the filth they made.

For instance, if they felt called upon not For instance, if they felt called upon not only to disregard but also to destroy my American flag—in spite of the fact that in September, 1914, this country was absolutely neutral—I might not have seen any excuse for it, but I certainly should not have found the act as incredible as what they did do. For when, in cleaning out the pipes of the bathrooms—as had to be done!—we found the flag there, I felt that my home had been occupied, not by the flower home had been occupied, not by the flower of a great nation, but by strange beasts who were utterly beyond my comprehension. And am glad that American men, under that lag, are now fighting the creatures who desecrated it so vilely.

Most of my ducks and small animals had been killed and simply left to lie there and been killed and simply left to he decause, decay. I cannot imagine why. Because, as I have explained, the retreat seems to have begun too suddenly for them to do have begun to destruction. But it is this as a final bit of destruction. But it is just one more of the inconceivable and senseless things that were done.

There was an upright piano in the draw

There was an upright piano in the drawing-room, and one would imagine that these music lovers would have been glad to put it to its proper use. Instead, they had lifted the top and poured into it several hundred pots of jam, throwing in the pots themselves by way of completing the job. Apparently, they did not care for anything sweet, whether it was music or marmalade. Unlike many old continental houses, the chateau was fitted with modern toilet arrangements. But these seemed to appeal to German staff officers only moderately—except, as before explained, as a means of dishonoring the American flag. Instead, the satin hangings, corners of the rooms, the beds, and other equally inappropriate places, were assigned a role which the modern plumbing arrangements made unnecesern plumbing arrangements made unnecessary, to say the least.

### The Three Sapphires

Continued from page 43

of a second his eye had wavered from the gun sight, and the tiger, with a hoarse growl, rose in his catapult charge. Both barrels of Finnerty's rifle blazed as he was swept backward by a push from Moti's trunk, and the tiger landed upon two gleaming ivory swords that, with a twist of the mighty head, threw him twenty feet into the scrub.

With a roar of disgruntled anger, he bounded away toward cover in the cane, pursued by Gilfain, whose mahout had driven the elephant across at the sound of the tiger's charge.

Finnerty, telling the mahout to make Moti kneel, turned to the girl, who sat with a hand clasping an ankle, her face white with pain; and as he lifted her like a child, like a child she whispered with breaking passion: "You, you! God—why should it be you again?" Then Finnerty commanded the mahout to retrieve Herr Boelke from his perch. pick up the prince, who had scuttled off some distance when he fell, and take

When the prince had been lifted to the howdah on a curl of Moti's trunk, he waved his hand to the major, calling: "Devilish plucky, old chap; thanks for the elephant."

The elephant bearing Lord Victor and the captain returned, and the major tossed up a gold cigarette case he had found beside the broken howdah, saying: "You can give that to Prince Ananda; fancy he dropped it."

It looked familiar to Lord Victor. "Yes," he said, "I'm sure it's his. I know I've seen it at Oxford."

PLODDING homeward in the solemn PLODDING homeward in the solemn dejection of an unsuccessful hunt, even the ears of their elephant flapping disconsolately like sails of a windless boat. Finnerty suggested: "If you chaps would like it, we can swing around to your bungalow across the plain."

"Topping!" Lord Victor cried. "I'm so despondent I want a peg.'

At the bungalow Finnerty alighted for a whisky and soda; and Gilfain, after reading a note his servant had handed him. advised:

reading a note his servant had handed him, advised:

"The prince wants me at the palace for dinner, and a confab over old Oxford days; the note came after we had gone to the hunt. Devilish fuzzy order, I call it—what! I can't leave you to dine alone, old boy."

"The captain can come with me—the very thing!" Major Finnerty declared eagerly.

eagerly.

The arrangement suited Swinton perfectly; it would give him an unplanned chance to talk with the major. And Gilfain would, of course, have to honor the prince's invitation.

IT was a somewhat tame dinner for two; I though Ananda plied his lordship with wine of an alluring vintage, for he had a "hare to catch," as the native proverb has it. He was most anxious to discover as much as possible about Captain Swinton's mission. By a curious chance he had learned who Lord Victor's companion was—that he was Captain Herbert, a

was—that he was Captain Herbert, a secret-service man.

But Lord Victor was automatically unresponsive to the several subtle leads of his host, for the simple reason that he didn't even know that Captain Swinton was in reality Captain Herbert; and as to the mission—any mission—why, it was to shoot game, to keep out of England for a season. Prince Ananda was puzzled. Either Lord Victor was cleverer than he had been at Oxford, or he knew absolutely nothing. Indeed, the subject of Captain Swinton bored Gilfain; he saw enough of his companion in the day. He was wishing Ananda would say something about ing Ananda would say something about the mysterious lady.

the mysterious lady.

It was when the cigarettes were brought that he remembered the gold case. Drawing it from his pocket, he said: "Oh, devilish stupid! I forgot—brought your cigarette case."

But Ananda disclaimed the ownership. "That's not mine," he said.

"Rather! Finnerty picked it up at the broken howdah. It's the same one you had at Oxford, I think; I remember seeing it, anyway."

seeing it, anyway."
Prince Ananda took the and examined it thoughtfully; then said: "By Jove! I didn't know I'd lost it; thought it was in my shooting togs. Thanks, old chap."

Of course. as it had been

Of course, as it had been found at the howdah, it must belong to the girl—the Herr Boelke smoked cheroots though the prince did not remember hav-ing seen it with her. But he said nothing as to its true cwnership as he slipped

Lord Victor, somewhat puzzled by Ananda's denial of ownership and then the admittance of it, concluded that the prince was still upset by the cropper he

But all down the hill, on his return, this curious incident kept recurring to him. He wasn't a man to follow problems to a conclusion, however, and it simply hung in his mind as a fogging event. Just as he was falling asleep, wondering why the captain had not re-turned, it suddenly dawned upon him



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with awakening force that perhaps the gold case belonged to the girl. Of course it did, he decided. The prince had treated the case as a stranger; his face had shown that he did not recognize it. And yet Gilfain had seen it in England, as he thought, in the prince's possession. He foll asless upward to the session. He fell asleep, unequal to the task of wallowing through such a morass of mystery.

#### CHAPTER XI.

AFTER Finnerty and Gilfain left Swinton in the evening, the major said: "If you don't mind, we'll stick to this elephant and ride on to the keddahs, where I'll take the bell off Moti; I won't take a chance of having the sapphire stolen by leaving it there all night. am worrying now over letting Prince An-anda have Moti-I forgot all about the stone, really

"Worked beautifully to-day, didn't it?"

"Worked beautifully to-day, didn't it?" Swinton commented.

"Yes. I fancy it saved the girl's life, at least; for if I'd not had Moti I'd have lost out on the mix-up with Stripes. I'll get a metal clapper to-morrow, but I doubt its answering; it will clang, and the sapphire has a clinking note like ice in a glass. And, while an elephant hasn't very good eyesight, he's got an abnormally acute sense of hearing. Moti would twig the slightest variation in the tone of that bell that she's probably worn for a hundred years or more—maybe a thousand, for all I know. There's a belief among the natives that a large elephant has been wandering around northern India for a thousand years; it is called the 'Khaki Hethi-brown elephant." phant has been wandering around north-

Swinton looked curiously at the ma-jor. "Do you believe that?" "Each year in this wonderland I be-

lieve more; that is, I accept more without looking for proofs. It is the easiest way. Yes," he added, in a reflective way, "I'll have trouble with Moti, I'm afraid; elephants are the most suspicious creatures on earth, and she is particularly distrustful."

"Don't bother about the sapphire," Swinton objected.

"Oh, yes, I will. I've got to take off the bell, anyway, to find some substitute. If I don't, somebody'll poison Moti if they can't get the sapphire any other way."

T the keddah the two dismounted and walked over to where Moti was under her tamarind tree. Swinton became aware of the extraordinary affection the big creature had for Finnerty. She fondled his cheek with the fingers of her trunk, and put it over his shoulder, giving utterance to little guttural chuckles of satisfaction, as though she were saying: "We fooled the tiger, didn't we?"

Finnerty called to a native to bring him some ghie cakes—little white cookies of rice flour and honey that had been exoked in holling ghie, butter made from

cooked in boiling ghie, butter made from buffalo's milk—and when they were brought he gave the delighted elephant one. She smacked her lips and winked at Finnerty—at least to Swinton her

at Finnerty—at least to Swinton her actions were thus.

In obedience to the mahout, she knelt down; but as Finnerty unlaced the leather band that held the bell she cocked her ears apprehensively and waved her big head back and forth in nervous rhythm. Patting her forehead, Finnerty gave Moti the bell, and she clanged it in expostulation. Then he took it away, giving her a ghie cake. Several it away, giving her a ghie cake. Severa times he repeated this, retaining the bell

longer each time, and always talking to

her in his soft, rich voice.

Finally, telling the mahout to call him if Moti gave trouble, he said: "We can walk to the bungalow from here; it isn't far, captain."

far, captain."

After dinner, as they sat on the veranda, Finnerty's bearer appeared, and, prefaced by a prayerful salaam, said:

"Huzoor, my mother is sick, and your slave asks that he may stay with her to-night. The sahib's bed is all prepared, and in the morning I will bring the tea and toast."

"All right," the major said laconically; and as the bearer went on his mission of mercy he added: "Glad he's cone. I've a queer feeling of distrust of

mission of mercy he added: "Glad he's gone. I've a queer feeling of distrust of that chap, though he's a good boy. He never took his eye off that bell till it was locked up in my box. The mahout told me at the keddah that Rajah Ananda was particularly pleased with Moti; had a look at the bell and petted her when they got to the palace." Finnerty laughed, but Swinton cursed softly.

"That means," he said, "that we've got to look out."

"Yes; can't use the sapphire on Motiagain."

Finnerty rose, stretched his bulk.

Finnerty rose, stretched his bulk, traveled to both ends of the veranda, and looked about.

Swinton was struck by the extraordinary quiet of the big man's movements. He walked on the balls of his feet—the athlete's tread — with the graceful strength of a tiger. Coming back, he turned with catlike quickness and slipped into the bungalow, returning presently, drawing his chair close to Swinton as he

sat down.
"You remember my tussle with the
Punjabi wrestler?"
"Rother!"

Punjabi wrestler?"

Swinton laughed. "Rather!"

"It wasn't a Punjabi—a European."

The captain gasped his astonishment.
"One of Boelke's imported Prussians."
Finnerty gave a dry chuckle. "Ananda isn't the only man that can get information. I knew there was a Prussian wrestler here, and that he was keeping fit for a bout with somebody: I had a fit for a bout with somebody; I had a suspicion that somebody was myself. You see"—and the major crossed his long legs—"in spite of all our talk about moral force in governing, physical su-periority is what always appeals to the governed—Ananda knows that deuced Now, hereabouts I have quite an influence over the natives because while I give them a little more than justice in any dispute, I can put their best man on his best.

his back."
"And Ananda, not being able to have you removed, wanted to shatter your

prestige."
"He thought that if I were humiliated

in being beaten by a supposed native I'd ask to be transferred."

"Then it was all a plot, the other bout furnishing Boelke a chance to taunt

"Yes, and clever. That final scene in the 'love song' doesn't belong there at all—I mean where the lover is resusci-tated to challenge the gods to combat; that emanated in Ananda's brain; and when I saw the second wrestler come out painted black to represent Bhairava, I was convinced there was deviltry afloat

and that it was the German."
Swinton laughed. "He got a surprise, Swinton laughed. "He got a surprise, major, though he was a dirty fighter. I saw the toe hold, but didn't see what happened to him."

"I gave him a paralyzing something I had learned from a Jap in Calcutta. If you stand up, I'll show you."



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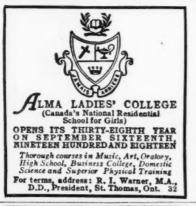
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The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd. 143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. Finnerty clutched the captain's hip, and, with the tip of a finger, gave a quick pressure on a nerve in the "crest of the ilium" bone. The effect was extraordinary; a dulling numbness shot with galvanic force to the base of Swin-ton's skull — needles penetrated his stomach.

"Marvellous!" the captain gasped, as he almost collapsed back into his chair. The major smiled. "That was a new The major smiled. one on my German friend, for I cracked him there with the knuckles—almost brought the bone away."

"How many Germans has Boelke got?"

Swinton asked.

"I don't know—three or four, and they're all service men; one can tell the walk of a Prussian, soldier or officer. Nominally, they are archaeological men. Our paternal government actually sup-plied the prince with Doctor Boelke, for he was in government service in Presidency, exploring Madras

"The prince is subtle."

"He is. All this temple row is his. This Dharama who wants to put the brass Buddha in is really a half-castea tool of the prince's. Ananda's plan is so full of mystery, neither I nor any one else can get head or tail of it. He doesn't appear in these rows, therefore the Buddhists think he is not a bigoted Hindu. So do the Mussulmans; and no doubt he will tell these two sects that I, as the British raj representative, fought against them. I think he's trying to get these two fighting peoples, the Mussulmans and the Nepalese, with him against the British if he comes out as a liberator. He's planning a propaganda so big that will bury their differ these three sects ences under a leader who does not stand for Brahmanism alone. I believe he's almost insane on this idea that he unite the natives, Mussulmans, Hindus, and Buddhists, against the British raj. He bids for the Mussulman support by removing himself from that nest of Brahmanism, the maharajah's palace in the old fort, and secretly letting it be understood the Brahmans' sway, with their tithe of a sixth of Darpore revenue, will cease when he sits on the guddi. There is an Asoka pillar in the Place of Roses that doesn't belong there; he stole it from a temple, I fancy. On its polished sides is a line of weathering showing that it was buried deeper than it is now for centuries. He put it there to show the Buddhists that his palace is in a sacred place—the true spot where Buddha received knowledge. He knows that his own people will stick to his rule —they can't do anything else—and he hopes to win the Buddhists by a crazy pose that he is the new Buddha—a war Buddha, ordained to the task of giving them liberty.'

"With German help?"

"Yes, if the rumors of war between Germany and Britain come true and all Europe flames into a blaze, you'll see Ananda strike."

"Gad! If we could only nip him—find him with the guns!"

"That's what he's afraid of: that's

why he wants to get rid of me."
"I have a feeling that he wishes I had not come," Swinton said. "I fancy he suspects me. It's all mystery and suspicion. He'll hear about the Bud-dhists' veneration for Burra Moti and you'll have her stolen next.'

"Not without the sapphire in the bell-I won't put it in again. And I warn you, captain, that you'll stand a good chance

of getting a Thug's towel about your neck, for they'll know you have one of sapphires.

"Yes; the servants have it on their tongues now-they've been spying on us,

I know

"That reminds me!" Finnerty rose, went to his room, opened his steel box, turned up the low-burning lamp, and unlaced the sapphire from the bell. Raising his head, he caught a glint of a shadowy something on the window; it was a shift of light, as though a face

had been suddenly withdrawn.
"Damn it!" the major growled, locking the box. "Either somebody is peering over my shoulder all the time or this mystery is getting on to my nerve.

HE went along to the veranda, and, putting the sapphire into Swinton's palm, hiding its transference with his own hand, said: "Slip that quietly into your pocket, and when you get home hide

"I don't value it much," Swinton answered

With an uncertain laugh, Finnerty declared: "I'd throw it in the sea. Like the baboo, I think it's an evil god. I mean it will be if Ananda gets the three sapphires together; he'll play up their miracle power; they'll be worth fifty thousand sepoys to him." They smoked in silence till Swinton

"I found a little notebook the murderer of Perreira dropped that evidently belonged to a British officer, though leaves had been torn out here and there for the purpose of destroying his identity. The man himself didn't do this, for there were entries in a different hand at the pages these leaves had been torn from-sort of memos, bearing on the destroyed matter."

"If the identity were destroyed, captain, how do you know an officer owned

"For one thing, he had used an army code, though changed so that I could only make out bits of it; and in two or three places the other has written the word captain. One entry in code that I've partly worked out is significant: "Darpore, March." And that entry, I gather from other words surrounding it, was written in England. The second hand-writing wasn't Perreira's; I have his on that envelope he addressed to me. The latter entries are in a woman's hand." Strangely there was no comment from

He had pulled the cheroot box toward him and was lighting a fresh

"What do you really know about the Boelke girl, major?" the captain asked pointedly, his blue-colored wax disks of eyes fixed in their placid, opaque way on Finnerty, who, throwing away the match he had held interminably to his cheroot,

turned to answer

"She popped into Darpore one day, and I don't think even Doctor Boelke, who is supposed to be her uncle, expected her. You know India, captain—nothing that pertains to the sahibs can be kept quiet and I hadn't heard a word of her coming. Boelke gave out that she had been living in Calcutta while he was up here, but I don't believe that; I think she came straight from Europe. I probably would not have met the girl—Marie is her name but for an accident. Up on an elephant path that leads to an elephant highway, a great, broad trail, we have elephant traps—pits ten feet deep, covered over with bamboos, leaves, and earth that completely hides their presence. One day I was riding along this trail, inspecting,

when I heard, just beyond a sharp turn in the path, a devil of a row, and, driving my mount forward, was just in time to throw myself off, grab that gray stallion by the nostrils, and choke him to a stand-still. He had put a hoof through a pit covering and gone to his knees, the sudden lurch throwing the girl over his head; and there she was, her foot caught in a stirrup, being dragged in a circle by the crazed beast, for she was gamely hang-ing or to the rein."

"She'd have been trampled to death only for you. And to-day you saved her life again."

The major gave a dry laugh. "I think she was in a temper over it, too." "What's this station gossip about An-

anda's intentions?"

"The girl doesn't seem like that; to me she's the greatest mystery in all this

me she's the greatest mystery in all this fogged thing. She speaks just like an English girl."
"Perhaps she's one of Ananda's London flames, and the relationship with Boelke is only claimed in a chaperoning sense. He couldn't marry her, having a princess now."
"Rajahs arrange their domestic matters to suit themselves. Much can be done with a pinch of datura, or a little cobra venom collected in a piece of raw

cobra venom collected in a piece of raw meat that has been put with a cobra in a pot that sits over a slow fire. But if Ananda tries that game—You saw Anada tries that game saw his brother-in-law, Darna Singh?" Swinton nodded. "A Rajput!" "Yes. Well, Darna Singh would stick

a knife in the prince, knowing that he would become regent till Ananda's little son came of age; that is, of course, after the maharajah had been settled, for in spite of all his magnificent appearance he's just a shell—the usual thing, brandy in champagne and all the rest of it.

THE trembling whistle of a small owl coming from behind the bungalow caused Finnerty to turn his head and listen intently. He rose and slipped along the wall to the end rail, where he stood silently for two minutes. Then he dropped over the rail and came back to Switzen from the other and having a silently for the other and having a silently from the other and having a silently si Swinton from the other end, having cir-

cled the bungalow.

"An owl, wasn't it?" the captain asked.

"No; it was the call of an owl badly done by a native. There's some game on."

on. As he ceased speaking, there came floating up the road from a mango thicket the dreary, monotonous "tonk, tonk, tonk, tonk!" of the little, green-coated coppersmith bird. It sounded as if some one tapped on a hollow pipe.
"What about that? Is that a bird?"

"What about that? Is that a bird?"
Swinton whispered.

"A two-legged bird." They both laughed softly. "I mean a native. If it had been a coppersmith bird, he wouldn't have stopped at four notes; he'd have kept it up. That fellow is tapping off on a piece of metal an answer to the owl."

"Here comes my towntom." Swinton

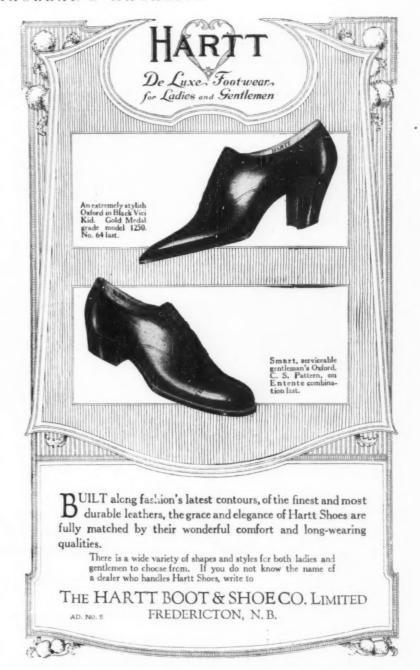
swer to the owl."

"Here comes my tom-tom," Swinton said, as a groom, leading a horse in the shafts of a dogcart, appeared, coming up the road. Rising, he touched Finnerty on the arm and went into the bungalow, where, taking the sapphire from his pocket, he said: "I wish you'd put this in your box for to-night; I've got a curious, flabby streak of depression—as if I'd lose the thing."

"Have a peg—there's the Scotch on the table—while I put it away," and the major darted into his room.

"That's not my horse; I've been driv-

"That's not my horse; I've been driv-ing a chestnut," Swinton exclaimed, when



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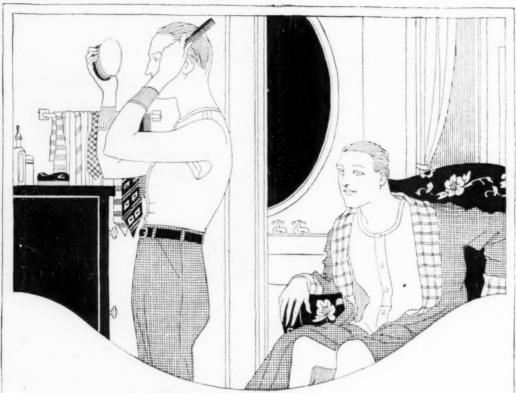
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they stood beside a cow-hocked, hogmaned bay whose eyes showed an evil spread of white.

"Yes, sahib; other pony going lame,"

the groom explained.
"One of those devilish, fiddle-headed Cabul ponies—less brains than a coolie," Finnerty growled. "You'll have to watch him going downhill, or he'll put you over the wall; I never saw one yet that wouldn't shy at a shadow." He stood watching the scuttling first rush of the horse, the groom madly scrambling to the back seat, till they had vanished around a corner.

THE watchman, having heard his master's guest depart, now came from the servants' quarters to place his charpoy beside the door for his nightly sleep. Throwing away his cheroot and taking a loaded malacca cane from a rack, Finnerty said: "Gutra, there are rogues about; sit you in my room while I make a search."

Reaching the mango thicket, he stood behind a tree from where his eye could command the moonlighted compound that surrounded the bungalow. At that in-stant from down the road floated up the call of a voice; there was a crash, and the high-pitched scream of a horse in terror. Finnerty was off; rounding a turn, he came head on into a fleeing groom, who was knocked flat, to lie there crying: "Oh, my lord, the sahib is eaten by a tiger!"

To be continued.

#### The Strange Adventure of the Irreproachable Butler

Continued from page 36.

"Well, what is it?"

"A worthy by the name of Turk Mc-Meekin.

Van Tuyl sat up with a heavy purpose on his honest and unimaginative face.

"We've had a nice lot of this mystery, Parley, but we've got to get to the end of it. Tell me what you know, everyof it. Tell me what you know, everything, and I'll have him in here and face him with it. Now, what is there beside the Turk McMeekin item?"

"Not yet," murmured Beatrice Van Tuyl warningly, as Wilkins and his masklike face advanced into the room.

HAD the feeling, as he served us with one of those delectable ices which make even the epicureanism of the Cyrenaics tame in retrospect, that we were deliberately conspiring against our own well-being, that we were dethroning our own peace of mind. We were sitting there scheming to undo the agency whose sole function was to minister to our delights. And I could not help wondering why, if the man was indeed what I suspected, he chose to follow the most precarious and the most ill-paid of all professions. I found it hard to persuade myself that behind that stolid blue-white mask of a face could flicker any wayward spirit of adventure-and yet without that spirit my whole case was a card house of absurdities.

I noticed that for the first time Beatrice Van Tuyl's own eyes dwelt with a quick and searching look on her servant's immobile face. Then I felt her equally searching gaze directed at me. I knew searching gaze directed at me. I knew that my failure to make good would meet with scant forgiveness. She would de-

that my failure to make good would meet with scant forgiveness. She would demand knowledge, even though it led to the discovery of the volcano's imminence. And after so much smoke it was plainly my duty to show where the fire lay.

I seized the conversation by the tail, as it were, and dragged it back into the avenues of inconsequentiality. We sat there, the three of us, actually making talk for the sake of a putty-faced servant. I noticed, though, that as he rounded I noticed, though, that as he rounded the table he repeatedly fell under the quickly questioning gaze of both his master and mistress. I began to feel like an Iago, who had willfully polluted a dovecote of hitherto unshaken trust. It became harder and harder to keep up my pretence of artless good humor. Time was flying, and nothing had as yet been

"Now," demanded Van Tuyl, when the

room was once more empty, "what are you sure of?"
"I'm sure of nothing," I had to con-

"Then what do you propose doing?" was the somewhat Arctic inquiry. I glanced up at the wall where Ezekiah

Van Tuyl, the worthy founder of the American branch of the family, frowned reprovingly down at me over his swath-

ing black stock.
"I propose," was my answer, "having your great grandfather up there let us know whether I am right or whether I am wrong.'

A ND as Wilkins stepped into the room I rose from the table, walked over to the heavy-framed portrait, and lifted it from its hook. I held it there, with a pretence of studying the face for a moment or two. Then I placed my table napkin on a chair, mounted it, and made an unsuccessful effort to rehang the

"If you please, Wilkins," I said, still holding the picture flat against the wall. "A little higher," I told him, as I strained to loop the cord back over its hook. I was not especially successful at this, because at the time my eyes were directed toward the hands of the man holding up the picture.

His position was such that the sleeves of his black service coat were drawn away from the white and heavy-boned wrists. And there, before my eyes, across the flexor cords of the right wrist was a wide and ragged scar at least three inches in length.

I returned to my place at the dinner table. Van Tuyl, by this time, was gaz-ing at me with both resentment and

wonder.

"Shall we have coffee upstairs?" his wife asked with unruffled composure. I could see her eye meet her husband's.

"Here, please," I interpolated.

"We'll have coffee served here," Bea-

trice Van Tuyl said to her butler.
"Very good, madam," he answered.

I WONDERED, as I watched him cross the room, if he suspected anything. I also wondered how harebrained the man and woman seated at the table

thought me.
"Listen," I said, the moment we were alone; "have you a servant here you can trust, one you can trust implicitly?"
"Of course," answered my hostess.





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"Who is it?"

"Wilkins," was the answer.
"Not counting Wilkins?"

"Well, I think I can also trust my maid Felice—unless you know her better than I do."

I could afford to ignore the thrust. "Then I'd advise you to send her up to

look over your things at once."
"Why do you say that?"
"Because now I know this man Wilkins is a criminal of the worst type! "You know it?"

"Yes, I know it as well as I know I'm sitting at this table. And I can prove

"How?" demanded Van Tuyl.

"I'll show you how in a very few moments. And, on second thoughts, I'd have that maid Felice bring what you regard as valuable right to this dining-room—I mean your jewels and things." "But this sounds so silly," demurred

my still reluctant hostess.
"It won't sound half so silly as a Tiffany advertisement of a reward and no questions asked."

Beatrice Van Tuyl intercepted a foot-man and sent him off for the maid Felice. A moment later Wilkins was at our side quietly serving the cafe noir in tiny goldlined cups.

"This method of mine for identifying "This method of mine for identifying the real pearl, as you will see," I blandly went on, "is a very simple one. You merely take a match end and dip it in clear water. Then you let a drop of the water fall on the pearl. If the stone is an imitation one the water-drop will spread and lie close to the surface. If the stone is genuine the drop will stand high and rounded, like a globe of quickhigh and rounded, like a globe of quick-silver, and will shake with the minute vibrations which pass through any body not in perfect equilibrium.'

BEFORE I had completed that speech D the maid Felice had stepped into the room. She was a woman of about thirty, white-skinned, slender of figure, and decidedly foreign-looking. Her face was a clever one, though I promptly disliked an affectation of languor with which she strove to hide a spirit which was only too plainly alert.

"I want you to fetch my jewel case from the boudoir safe," her mistress told her. "Bring everything in the box."

I could not see the maid's face, for at that moment I was busy watching Wilkins. From that worthy, however, came no slightest sign of disturbance or won-

der.
"Here, madam?" the maid was asking. "Here, madam? the maid was asking.
"Yes, here and at once, please," answered Beatrice Van Tuyl. Then she
turned to me. "And since you're such a
jewel expert you'll be able to tell me
what's darkening those turquoises of
mine."

I dropped a lump of sugar into my cof-fee and sipped it. Wilkins opened a darkwooded buffet humidor before me, and I picked out a slender-waisted Havana corseted in a band of gold. I suddenly looked up at the man as he stood at my side holding the blue-flamed little alcohol lamp for the contact of my waiting cigar

"Wilkins, how did you get that scar?" I asked him, out of a clear sky. The wrist was covered by its cuff and sleeve end, but under them, I knew was the telltale mark.

"What scar, sir?" he asked, his politeness touched with an indulgent patience which seemed to imply that he was not altogether unused to facing gentlemen in unaccountably high spirits.

"This one," I said, catching his hand in mine and running the cuff back along the white forearm. Not one trace of either alarm or resentment could I see on that indecipherable countenance. almost began to admire the man. his way he was superb.

"Oh, that, sir!" he exclaimed, with an almost offensively condoning glance at the Van Tuyls, as though inquiring whether or not he should reply to a question so personal and at the same time

so out of place.

"Tell him where you got it, Wilkins," said Beatrice Van Tuyl, so sharply that it amounted to a command.

"I got it stopping Lord Entristle's brougham, madam, in London, seven years ago," was the quiet and unhesitating answer.

"How?" sharply asked the woman.

"I was footman for his lordship then, madam," went on the quiet and patient-noted voice. "I had just taken cards in when the horses were frightened by a tandem bicycle. They threw Siddons, the coachman, off the box as they jumped, and overturned the vehicle. His lordship was inside. I got the reins as one of the horses went down. But he kicked me against the broken glass and I threw out one hand, I fancy, to save myself.

"And the coach glass cut your wrist?" asked Van Tuyl.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, moving with methodic slowness on his way about the table. His figure, in its somber badge of livery, seemed almost a pathetic one. There was no anxiety on his face, no shadow of fear about the mild and unparticipating eyes. I was suddenly conscious of my unjust superiority over him-a superiority of station, of birth, of momentary knowledge.

'HE silence that ensued was not a pleasant one. I felt almost grateful for the timely entrance of the maid Felice. In her hands she carried a japanned tin box, about the size of a theatrical makeup box. This she placed on the table beside her mistress.

"Is there anything else, madam?" she

"That is all," answered Beatrice Van Tuyl as she threw back the lid of the japanned box. I noticed that although the key stood in it, it was unlocked. Then my hostess looked up at the waiting but-ler. "And, Wilkins, you can leave the cigars and liqueur on the table. I'll ring if I want anything.

The carefully coiffured blond head was stepped out of the room. The delicate fingers probed through the array of leather-covered cases. I could see by her face, even before she spoke, that the boy's contents were intert

box's contents were intact.
"You see," she said, ladling handful
after handful of glittering jewelry out on the white tablecloth between her cof-fee-cup and mine, "everything is here. Those are my rings. There's the dog collar. There's angel Jim's sunburst. And here's the ordinary family junk." I sat for a moment studying that Or-iental array of forminia advances.

iental array of feminine adornment. t was plainly an array of evidence to dis-countenance me. I felt a distinct sense of relief when the woman in blue suddenly dropped her eyes from my face to her jewel box again. It was Van Tuyl's persistent stare that roweled me into

final activity.
"Then so far, we're in luck! And as from now on I want to be responsible for what happens," I said, as I reached over

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and gathered the glittering mass up in a table napkin, "I think it will simplify things if you, Van Tuyl, take possession of these." of these.

tied the napkin securely together and handed it to my wondering host. Then I dropped a silver bonbon dish and a bunch of hothouse grapes into the emptied box, locking it and handing the key back to Beatrice Van Tuyl.

That lady looked neither at me nor at

the key. Instead, she sat staring meditatively into space, apparently weighing some question in which the rest of that company could claim no interest. It was only after her husband had spoken her name sharply that she came back to her immediate surroundings.

immediate surroundings.

"And now, what must I do?" she asked, with a new note of seriousness.

"Have the maid take the box back to where it came from," I told her.

"But be so good as to retain the key."

"And then what?" mocked Van Tuyl.

"Then," cut in his wife, with a sudden note of antagonism which I could not account for, "the sooner we send for the police the better."

An answering note of antagonism

An answering note of antagonism showed on Van Tuyl's face.

"I tell you, Kempton, I can't do it,"

he objected, even as his wife rang the bell. "You've got to show me!"

"Please be still, Jim," she said, as Wilkins stepped into the room. She turned an impassive face to the waiting servant. "Will you ask Felice to come here"

NONE of us spoke until Felice entered the room. Wilkins, I noticed, followed her in, but passed across the room's full length and went out by the door in

the rear.

"Felice," said the woman beside me, very calmly and coolly, "I want you to take this box back to the safe."

"Yes, madam."

"Then go to the telephone in the study and ring up headquarters. Tell them

and ring up headquarters. Tell them who you are. Then explain that I want them to send an officer here, at once."
"Yes, madam," answered the attentive-

faced maid.

"Felice, you had better ask them to send two men, two—" "Two plainclothes men," I prompted.

"Yes, two plainclothes men. And explain to them that they are to arrest the man-servant who opens the door for them—at once, and without any fuss. Is that quite clear?"

"Yes, madam, quite clear," answered the maid.

"Then please hurry."
"Yes, madam."

I looked up at Van Tuyl's audible splut-

ter of indignation.
"Excuse me," he cried, "but isn't all this getting just a little high-handed? Aren't we making things into a nice mess for ourselves? Aren't we moving mess for ourselves? Aren't we moving just a little too fast in this game, calling out the reserves because you happen to spot a scar on my butler's wrist?"

"I tell you, Jim," I cried, with all the earnestness at my command, "the man's a thief, a criminal with a criminal's record!"

"Then prove it!" demanded Jim.
"Call him in and I will."

Van Tuyl made a motion for his wife to touch the bell.

Her slippered toe was still on the rugcovered button when Wilkins entered, the same austere and self-assured figure. "Wilkins," said Van Tuyl, and there

was an outspoken and deliberate savagery in his voice even as his wife motioned to



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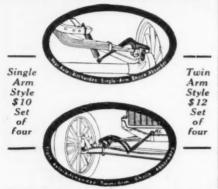
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him in what seemed a signal for modera-tion. "Wilkins, I regard you as an ex-ceptionally good servant. Mr. Kempton, on the other hand, says he knows you and says you are not."
"Yes, sir," said Wilkins with his totempole abstraction.

There was something especially maddening in that sustained calmness of his. "And what's more," I suddenly cried, exasperated by that play-acting role and rising and confronting him as he stood there, "your name's not Wilkins, and you

never got that wrist scar from a coach door."
"Why not, sir?" he gently and respect-

fully inquired.
"Because," I cried, stepping still near-er and watching the immobile blue-white "in the gang you work with you known as Sir Henry, and you got that cut on the wrist from a wedge when you tried to blow open a safe door, and the letters of introduction which you brought to the Whippeny Club were forged by an expert named Turk McMeekin; and I know what brought you into this house and what your plans for robbing it are.

THERE was not one move of his body as he stood there. There was not one twitch of the mask-like face. But out on that face, point by point, came a slow suffusion of something akin to expression. It was not fear. To call it fear would be doing the man an injustice. It began with the eyes, and spread from feature to feature, very much, I imagine, as sentient life must have spread across the countenance of Pygmalion's slowly awakening marble.

For one fraction of a moment the almost pitiful eyes looked at me with a quick and imploring glance. Then the mask once more descended over them. He was himself again. And I felt almost sure that in the mellowed light about us the other two figures at the table had

not seen that face as I did.

There was, in fact, something almost like the same on Van Tuyl's heavy face as the calm-voiced servant, utterly ignoring me and my words, turned to him and asked if he should remove the things.

"You haven't answered the gentleman," said Beatrice Van Tuyl, in a voice a little shrill with excitement.

"What is there to answer, madam?" he mildly asked. "It's all the young gentleman's foolishness, some foolishness which I can't understand."

"But the thing can't stand like this," protested the ponderous Van Tuyl.

THERE must have been something reassuring to them both in the methodic calmness with which this calumniated factor in their domestic Eden moved about once more performing his petty domestic duties.

"Then you deny everything he says?" insisted the woman.

The servant stopped and looked up in

mild reproof.

"Of course, madam," he replied, as he slowly removed the liqueur glasses. I saw my hostess look after him with one of her long and abstracted glances. She was still peering into his face as he stepped back to the table. She was, indeed, gazing at him when the muffled shrill of the electric bell announced there was a caller at the street door.
"Wilkins," she said, almost ruminative-

ly, "I want you to answer the door-the street door."

"Yes, madam," he answered, without hesitation.

The three of us sat in silence, as the

crossed the slow and methodic steps room, stepped out into the hall, and advanced to what at least one of us knew to be his doom. It was Van Tuyl himself who spoke up out of the silence.
"What's up?" he asked. "What's he gone for?"

"The police are there," answered his "Good God!" exclaimed the astounded husband now on his feet. "You don't mean

you've sprung that trap on the poor devil? You-" "Sit down, Jim," broke in his wife with enforced calmness. "Sit down

and wait. But I won't be made a fool of!" "You're not being made a fool of!"
"But who's arresting this man? Who's got the evidence to justify what's being done here?"
"I have," was the woman's answer.
"What do you need?"

"I have," was the woman's answer.
"What do you mean?"
She was very calm about it.
"I mean that Parley was right. My
Baroda pearls and the emerald pendant
were not in the safe. They're gone."
"They're gone?" echoed the incredul-

ous husband.
"Listen!" I suddenly cried, as Van "Listen!" I suddenly cried, as Van Tuyl sat digesting his discovery. We heard the sound of steps, the slam of a door, and the departing hum of a motor car. Before I realized what she was doing Beatrice Van Tuyl's foot was once more on the call bell. A footman answered the supports swered the summons.

"Go to the street door," she commanded, "and see who's there."

WE waited, listening. The silence WE waited, listening. The silence lengthened. Something about that silence impressed me as ominous. We were still intently listening as the footman stepped back into the room.

"It's the chauffeur, sir," he explained.

"And what does he want?"

"He said Felice telephoned for the car a quarter of an hour ago."

"Send Felice to me," commanded my hostess.

"I don't think I can, ma'am. She's gone in the car with Wilkins. "With Wilkins?"

"Yes, ma'am. Markson says he can't make it out, ma'am, Wilkins driving off that way without so much as a by-your-leave, ma'am."

The three of us rose as one from the table. For a second or two we stood staring at each other.

Then Van Tuyl suddenly dived for the stairs, with the napkin full of jewelry in his hand. I, in turn, dived for the street But before I opened it I knew it door.

was too late."

I suddenly stepped back into the hall-way, to confront Beatrice Van Tuyl.

"How long have you had Felice?" I

asked, groping impotently about the hall closet for my hat and coat.

"She came two weeks before Wilkins,"

was the answer.

"Then you see what this means?" I asked, still groping about for my overcoat.
"What can it mean?"

"They were working together—they were confederates."

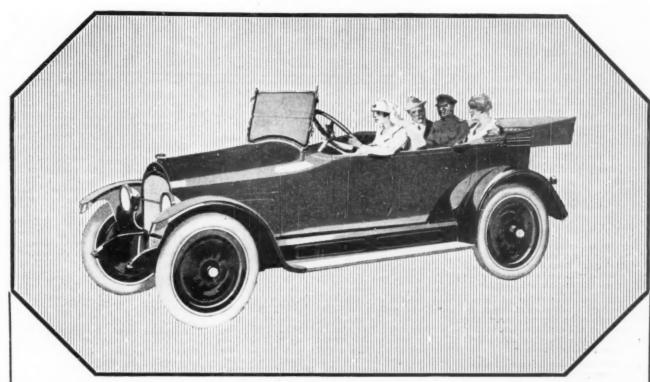
Van Tuyl descended the stairs still carrying the table napkin full of jewelry. His eyes were wide with indignant won-

der.
"It's gone!" he gasped. "He's taken your box!"

I emerged from the hall closet both a little startled and a little humiliated.

"Yes, and he's taken my hat and coat," I sadly confessed.

Mention MacLean's Magazine-It will identify you.





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# THE-BEST-BOOKS

The Best Selling Book

"Winged Warfare." (McClelland, Goodchhild and Stewart,) which is at present attracting the largest book sales in Canada, is Major Bishop's own account of the forty-seven victories which won him the M.C., D.S.O., and V.C.

In the graphic account of his exciting experiences, told entirely without vain glory, there is a certain quality of exhilaration usually lacking in war books. The brutality of the trenches with their evil sights and smells is missing. In fact it was the very desire to get above the rain and mud into the sunshine which impelled the author, who crossed to England with a Canadian cavalry regiment, to join the air service. As he himself puts it: "In the air one did not altogether feel the human side of it—it was not like killing a man so much as just bringing down a bird in sport." In short it is a modestly-told story of a winged warrior's aerial combats and his thrilling escapes.

## Record of New Books

His Second Wife. Ernest Poole, (Macmillans, Toronto, \$1.50). In this new book the author of "The Harbor" has written another story of American life.

Barbara Picks a Husband. Herman Hagedorn, (Macmillans, Toronto, \$1.50). This is described as "A Comedy in Narration," and tells of Barbara Collingwood and her difficulties in choosing a husband from among three eligible young men.

Greatheart. Ethel M. Dell. (William Briggs, Toronto, \$1.35). Tells how Dinah refuses the rich and arrogant Sir Eustace Studley, preferring Stumpy, his poor but noble brother, who is the Greatheart of the story.

Nocturne. Frank Swinnerton, with an introduction by H. G. Wells, (Mc-Clelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, \$1.40). There are but half a dozen characters to this story and the events described occur in the space of a single night.

The Disloyal Adventures of Miles Mc-Conaughy. Arthur Howden Smith, (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, \$1.35). A tale of the merchant seamen, telling of one, Miles McConaughy, who went out and captured submarines with his bare hands.

The Flying Poilu. Marcel Nadaud, Translated by Frances Wilson Huard. (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.35). A romance of the French aviation service, describing the adventures of Chignole, a street urchin of Paris. Each chapter is a short story or sketch, the whole forming a collection of vignettes of the war on the French front.

The Wasp. Theodore G. Roberts, (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.25).

This story combines piracy with a good romance.

Islands of Adventure. Theodore G. Roberts (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.25). A tale of hidden treasure, linking up the old days of piracy with the bustling modern world.

The Silver Lining. Harold Brighouse (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.25). Showing that there is a silver lining even to the cloud of war.

Three of Hearts. Berta Ruck, (Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., Toronto, \$1.35). A story of the spring time of love and youth.

The Silent Legion. J. E. Buckrose, (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.35). A story of to-day, spoken of in "The British Weekly" as "The" Novel of the War.

The Case of Richard Eden. Mark Allerton, (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.25). A story of a rising young lawyer and Parliamentary candidate engaged to the daughter of a Cabinet Minister and their adventures through the divorce case of a friend wherein he is called upon as "The Man in the Case," although wholly innocent.

The Rough Road, W. J. Locke, (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50). In this account of Marmaduke Trevor's journey over the "Rough Road" we read the story of the average Briton who roused himself to answer the call.

Canadian Wonder Tales. Cyrus Macmillan, (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, \$3.50).

A selection of the fascinating traditions and tales of our rapidly disappearing past.

The Argus Pheasant. John Chas. Beecham, (Geo. J. McLeod, Ltd., Toronto, \$1.35). This story, the scene of which is laid in Borneo, is woven around the characters of Peter Gross, an American mate of a trading vessel, and Koyala, a half-breed girl, and tells of a fight against fearful odds.

The Fifth Acc. Douglas Grant, (Geo. J. McLeod, Toronto, \$1.35). The heroine, Billy, who has been reared in a gambling house, suddenly finds herself transplanted into the midst of the smartest society of New York. The story deals with her adventures there and their exciting sequel.

#### War Books

Out to Win. Coningsby Dawson, (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, \$1.25). Lieut. Dawson was appointed by the British Government to visit the American Army in France, and in this book he gives an account of his visit. He tells what America has done and is doing, and on the strength of her splendid and accomplished deeds he

makes an eloquent plea for a closer friendship between the two countries-Britain and America.

Aircraft in the War-And After. W. H. Berry, (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.50). This book takes up the history of flying, and tells how Germany got the better of the world. How France, England and Italy have caught up with her, and how America is now in the way of becoming the great flying nation of the world.

Lost Fruits of Waterloo. John Spencer Bassett, (Macmillans, To-ronto, \$1.50). Briefly sketches the history and result of the Napoleonic wars, and points out that the nations engaged made no attempt to prevent the growth of a future conqueror.

A Traveller in War-Time. Churchill, (Macmillans, Toronto, S1.25). This is the narrative of Sa. S1.25). This is the narrative of Churchill's experiences in France and England during the latter half of 1917. He writes of famous bat-tlefields which he visited, of distinguished people with whom he conversed and of the spirit and temper of the times.

Attack. An infantry subaltern's impression of July 1, 1916, Edward Liveing, (Macmillians, Toronto, 75c.). Described by John Masefield as "A simple and most vivid account of a modern battle."

The Good Soldier. Edited by N. P. Daw-son, (Macmillans, Toronto, \$1.25). An interesting collection of letters written by American, English written by American, English French and Italian soldiers to their friends at home.

In the Fourth Year. H. G. Wells, (Macmillans, Toronto, \$1.25). Here Mr. Wells discusses the policy necessary to the establishment of a league of nations, and shows us the real problems of democracy after the war.

A War Nurse's Diary. Anonymous (Macmillans, Toronto, \$1.25). Telling of the author's work as a war nurse, facing bombardments and aerial raids beside her charges.

Reclaiming the Maimed. Major R. Tait Maximing the Maimed. Major R. Tait McKenzie, (Macmillans, Toronto, \$2.00). A description of the work accomplished by Major McKenzie and associates in rehabilitating thousands of men who were previously considered permanently disabled. straight as ramrods. His Imperial Highness

was pleased.

The truth about the matter is that the The truth about the matter is that the Crown Prince is a genius for playing the mob. He doesn't care any more for the mob than does the Kaiser. The mob causes his royal blood to revolt. The Kaiser tries to play the mob, but it is exquisite torture for him to pretend he has deep interest in people who are quite ignorant and unnoble. After acting his part the Kaiser evasperated with who are quite ignorant and unnoble. After acting his part, the Kaiser, exasperated with himself, will turn around to a royal aide and let go an oath. Not the Crown Prince. He never shows his hand. Every time he can he makes the mob believe that they are the best little people in the world. What a stage director!

At Christmas a year ago he sent broadcast a public telegram that made the nation sit up and gasp and then applaud. The telegram was from his Field Headquarters. It said: "For Christmas presents send my soldiers rum. They need it more than Christmas trinkets." This, of course, was true. On cold, damp nights in the trenches a nip of rum warming the body is about the most desirable thing on earth. Of course, one familiar with the nights in the trenches a nip of rum warming the body is about the most desirable thing on earth. Of course, one familiar with the German organization knew the Crown Prince had but to requisition rum of the supply department and it would come to him through the regular channels. Instead of that, he sent these "human" telegrams broadcast. Copies of them were reprinted on blaring posters and hung in shop windows. In that way the Crown Prince got more publicity as a regular human being with the welfare of the soldiers at heart.

of the soldiers at heart. From the way the Crown Prince has played From the way the Crown Prince has played his cards up to date, it would seem that he has rare foresight. Certainly, his every move has been to placate instead of antagonizing the mass of the German people. His every act of recent years has been toward making the people feel that he is a true Democrat. What a clever camouflage—to again fool the people. Consider the unostentatious family automobile in which he runs up and down the Linden. His trick of knowing personally his soldiers in the army—hls newspaper interviews, that always make him out to weep over the suffering the war is causing his people. His trick of dining with shoemakers on their golden wedding days, of picking up peasants on the road and giving them a lift in the royal car. Compared to him are the American politicians, who love ing them a lift in the royal car. Compared to him are the American politicians, who love to catch up babies and kiss them in the presence of large crowds. His memory at remembering the name of a man who means absolutely nothing to him is equalled only by Theodore Roosevelt. Reducing it down to American political slang, the Crown Prince is a "hand shaker." But what a clever one! He is so infernally clever in playing to the German people—in bending them to his wishes, that he will be a more dangerous man on the throne of Germany than his father ever could be. ever could be.

#### The Most Dangerous Man in Europe

Is the German Crown Prince Playing a Deep Game?

WRITING in The Forum Captain Edward Lyell Fox terms the German Crown Prince the "most dangerous man in Europe." His estimate is quite the reverse of that so often advanced, and by well-informed writers, which depicts the heir to the Hohenzollern fortunes as a vacuous, weak sensualist. However, here is what Captain Fox

In Berlin before the war they called him "Unbescriebenes Blatt" — the "unwritten page." The Berliners no longer call him that. They feel now that they know his worth. They do not. Friedrich Wilhelm is popular, tremendously so. He is the idol of the German army. The mass of the German people have come to love him—if they but knew him! There is no more anxiety felt about his coming to the throne: the war has about his coming to the throne; the war has done it. For the Crown Prince is clever, amazingly so. His face does not show it. He has been caricatured to represent a rabbit. There is no denying that his features look weak. He has often been photographed grinning in a silly way; but the grin can be sinister, too. For Friedrich Wilhelm is one of the most dangerous and sinister men in the world.

America the Sunday editions have re-In America the Sunday editions have regaled us with the stories of his exploits—"affairs," supper parties, rash automobile driving and steeplechasing. We all know by now how he led his favorite regiment of Hussars on horseback up the terraces of the old castle of Sans Souci and then held gay doings with them there. We know how his apparent thoughtlessness has brought down severe criticism from the Imperial parent. We have heard all manner of stories involv-

We have heard all manner of stories involving him with light young ladies.

What we have not heard is that the man himself is a contradiction to all his harumscarum actions of the past. That the emptiness of his face is a mask that nature has given him apparently to conceal the shrewd, calculating brain behind. He looks a bit like a spoiled scion of a wealthy family—a German edition of Harry Thaw. Instead, he is a deep, relentless thinker, somewhat cruel, and a past master at playing the mob. For example:

When the Kaiser's limousine rolls down the

Linden it is preceded and flanked by uniformed guards; fanfares are blown from a him. All the pomp of an Emperor is there. During the war the Crown Prince has also had occasion to motor down the Linden. But buring the war the Crown Prince has also had occasion to motor down the Linden. But what a difference! He drives in an open runabout. His wife sits beside him—the Crown Princess Cecelie. His good-looking youngsters, four in number, are piled on the floor of the car, their little legs dangling over the running board. There is no sign of an escort. The little runabout gives the impression of a simple family out for an outing. The Crown Prince is at the wheel grinning. The crowds rush to the curb, delighted at this display of democracy in their future ruler, and shout: "Hoch!" Keeping one hand on the wheel, the Crown Prince gaily waves back. "Donnerwetter! A fine gemutlich man," the crowd says.

But because his mind is such, the Crown Prince is saying to himself, "Well, my good people, I put it over on you again that time. You think I love you—fools!"

You think I love you—fools!"

The soldiers in his army love Friedrich Wilhelm. He has made it his business to meet as many of them as possible. He has an uncanny memory for retaining the names of certain privates. He uses this gift. He will visit the men in their quarters and chat with them. They love him. That is good for the morale. It is easier for men to die in battle when they believe their commander has the personal welfare of each of them written on his heart. The soldiers of the Crown Prince's his heart. The soldiers of the Crown Prince' army have caused his careful treatment o army have caused his careful treatment of them to be spread broadcast. The entire fighting male population of Germany to-day—except some Socialists—believe that the Crown Prince suffers mental agony every time he reads a new list of Germans killed or wounded. Did he not say so in an interview which he gave to an American correspondent? pondent?

Keeping that in mind, go back into the rown Prince's boyhood. He had two pet Crown dogs. He wanted these dogs to sit on their haunches and hold their forelegs out straight. haunches and hold their foreiegs out straight.
It would be a pretty sight when he took his
dogs out riding in a little basket cart. He
couldn't train one of the dogs to stick out
his forelegs like ramrods. So, becoming
greatly exasperated, Friedrich Wilhelm
snatched the little animal by the scruff of
the neck and buried its nose in the dirt. It
choked to death. To make sure that the other choked to death. To make sure that the other dog would hold out its legs properly, Friedrich Wilhelm broke both of them. It could never bend them. They were indeed as

#### How the Guns are Placed

A Description of the Artillery Behind

IN telling "The Story of the Big Guns" in the Metropolitan Magazine, Burton J. Hendrick describes concisely and clearly the artillery formation behind the lines. average mind pictures a serried parking of death-spitting monsters without any very clearly defined order or arrangement. Mr. Hendrick explains how the guns are placed as follows:

The war has developed an artillery system and technique all its own. What might be called the first line of artillery is an entirely new weapen known as a trench mortar. This is a somewhat crude mechanism, resembling in shape a gas pipe, three or four feet long, with a calibre of perhaps three inches. It has no elaborate breech, and no delicately ad-

The man who serves it drops bottom, where it comes into contact with an ordinary cartridge, which explodes the charge ordinary cartridge, which explodes the charge and starts the high explosive on its journey. Such a shell travels for only a few hundred feet—just about far enough to reach the enemy's trenches; elementary as the mechan-ism is it does excellent execution. About fifteen hundred yards back of the trenches are placed the lightest field pieces—the French seventy-fives and the English 3.3— runs that interchangeably five shrannel and guns that interchangeably fire shrapnel and high explosives; and the 4.5 howitzers, which fire high explosives only. Back still further, two or three miles from the trenches, are the larger pieces—five and six inch guns, six inch howitzers and 8 to 9.2 howitzers. These three lines constitute artillery warfare as it is known to-day. All armies, indeed, have constructed many heavier pieces. The French and English and the Germans have built hundreds of guns with a calibre of from twelve nundreds of gurs with a campre of from twelve to fifteen inches, almost as powerful as the mighty Skodas that demolished the forts of Liege. But they have not been found particularly useful. It is the old question of mobility once more. It is an extremely difficult operation to move about a gun with a larger calibre than nine inches. Such a gun has to be carried around in three pieces. Two has to be carried around in three pieces. Two or three teams of horses drag the platform, or three teams of horses drag the platform, the structure upon which the whole thing rests; several horses drag the carriage and another small menagerie struggles along with the gun itself. Recently tractors have been introduced which can drag all three parts, strung together like a freight train,—but even then the operation is not a simple or a comfortable one.

#### Buried Alive

Continued from page 39

bags to compress the material. They started work again.
"Put all lights out," I whispered.

THE Boche was within two feet of us. Only a thin wall of sand separated us and this might be broken at any moment. We had the advantage if there was going to be a scrap in that we were expecting him and he was in blissful ignorance of our immediate presence.

Captain Barker and myself were lying with our faces towards the bore hole. He whispered back to the men: "Get back to the steps till you are signalled—three then one of you crawl quietly up.

With the slight noise of their clothing brushing against the timbers they left us. The noise of the enemy's workers grew much louder. Suddenly there was a splat-ter and a scrunching, then a rush of cold

-he had broken through into our bore hole!

We heard his exclamation of surprise, and then silence for possibly half a minute, but it seemed ages before there was another movement. It came at last. A light flickered. He had got an electric

torch at work.

Our bore hole was only eight inches in diameter, not big enough for him to investigate our gallery thoroughly. The torch came through the bore hole. dared not move, I looked over at Barker, and he grinned. I put my hand down gently to draw my revolver, but when he frowned, I kept still. The light was withdrawn. There was silence again. Then something started to move and by the slight light filtering through the bore hole I saw a hand, a forearm. I watched it with fascination. It was grimy with dirt. It wandered around, clawing at the empty air, then it moved towards Barker, stopand came back towards me, closer and closer. I flattened down still more— it passed over my face but did not touch me, but it came so close that I could feel its warmth. I made up my mind that if the hand did touch me, the owner would rue it, for I would lay hold with my teeth. I bared them ready for it. Then there was a sudden disturbance in the enemy's gallery, a voice commanding, and the hand was withdrawn. More guttural talking. I heard plainly: "Ya, Herr Leutnant Hartzenberg.

Then I got a glimpse of a face. It was that of a typical "squarehead," fair and pale, but the one thing I noticed particularly in that brief glance was the animal-like eyes, cruel, cunning and close together. don't know if either of us made any move-ment or not, but the next instant there was a flash and report. Herr Leutnant had fired his Luger pistol through the bore hole. My ears sang and my eyes refused to see anything but a dull green mist. Barker caught hold of my hand and squeezed it and I returned his pressure, indicating that each was all right

The enemy started to move away up his gallery, presumably to hold a confab. Barker whispered: "Come on, Tilly, now's our chance" "Come on, Tilly,

now's our chance.

We crawled down the gallery, and Barker flashed his lamp three times. had given the signal, we were going to

THE chances now were equal. I saw A Sergeant Evans starting to come.
"Bring all your men," Barker ordered.
He came on followed by Angus, Smith and
"Ringy" Bingy.

I took hold of a torpedo and rammed it home into the bore hole. which had reached to nine inches in depth before it was broken by the enemy's work. Barker broken by the enemy's work. Barker came with two fifty pounds cans of ammonal, and placed this alongside the bore hole, then two more on top of them-the first part was done.

Crouching we started to pile the sandbags. s. Two rows had been placed when heard the enemy party returning. There was a clanking of metal—cans of westphalite! He was going to blow too. It was to be a case of Canadians and ammonal against Huns and westphalite.

We threw discretion to the winds as far as being silent was concerned, and started to heave in bags as they had never been heaved before. I looked at my watch and timed the work. In seven minutes we had feet tamped; a hundred and eight sand-bags in place—approximately five thousand, five hundred pounds.

The enemy was working with great vigor. We could hear directions being shouted and the bump bump of his bags being driven home. Angus was beside me and said with a grin, "Heinie'll lose his rum ration if he's not careful, sir."

I told him to shut up and get back ten Here we started tamping again. This air chamber between was to act as a pneumatic cushion, for the charge was fairly big, and there would be a considerable backfire. As the enemy was tamping as well, it was going to be necessary for us to have the line of greatest resistance in our gallery.

N we worked, sand-bag after sand-bag. Our arms ached, the sweat pouring down our faces, necks and bodies; sand and grime settled on us and formed a raste.

It got into our eyes, into our months. Tasting salt, our mouths became dry but still we didn't have time to remedy it. I saw that the fuse leads were not displaced. Barker from time to time tested them and found that the circuits were intact. If they were destroyed we had still one more chance-that was the time fuse from the torpedo, a little white cord about one quarter of an inch in diameter. I watched that as a mother does her sick child. Another six feet was completed but we kept on. Every sandbag meant another degree of safety.

Smith growled out, "What a job at a

dollar ten a day!'

Angus smiled sweetly and murmured through his parched lips, "But think of the rum.

Neither of them said any more. "Bingy" panted out a few lines of a popular mining song-

I asked him how much he paid:

He said a dollar a ton:

I said to hell with the man who works, I'd rather be a bum.

And then he grinned his awful grin. It irritated me; would the job never cease Then we all seemed to get our second wind. We redoubled our efforts and at last we Another ten feet had been were finished. tamped; Barker tested the leads again. They were all right.

"Clear out all now."

Nobody seemed to want to go, but they turned and walked towards the steps, their breath coming in pants and sobs. At the foot of the steps, Angus turned and said: "When do we get our rum, sir?"

"After we've blown. Now get on out." I believe on Judgment Day he will ask for an issue of the above-mentioned fluid before he answers for his sins, and I'm certain that after the interrogation is over he'll ask for another.

Bingy inquired if there was anything

for him to do.

"Yes. Go up to the front line and see if it craters.

The reason for this was that by this means we would be able to see if the nemy got the full charge in his gallery If there was any waste it would blow out of the ground and it would be classified as a mine, if not it would be a camouflet.

"All right, Old Top."

Captain Barker and myself were left alone. I put on the G phone for a minute, and I could distinctly hear the thud of the enemy still tamping. We had won!

All that remained was to connect up and

explode.

TOLD Barker what I heard and he said: "We'll give them the time fuse.

That'll take thirty seconds."

I put the fuse slantways so as to get a good surface and thereby give it a good Then I applied the match and the fuse began to hiss.

We ran along the gallery and up the steps. Just as we got up to the trench there was a rumble and shaking. The earth seemed to go up and down like an angry sea, then quivered, and came to

We waited for an instant. Then Bingy we waited for an instant. Then bingy shouted out: "Not a spoonful, old dear. We got him cold. By the way, here's a runner asking for you. He says his message is important."

Barker turned to me and smiled. He started to whistle, "Now the day is over." Then he said, "I think we broke an army record. How long, Tilly?

"Twenty-seven minutes."
We had placed approximately three

# MICHELIN Tire Tests No. 5

## **Cross-Sections**

This illustration demonstrates the importance of comparing the cross-sections of the casings you are considering.

It is an enlarged view made from actual cross-sections of two 34 x 4 tires—one a Michelin Universal, the other a tire of another standard make.

At a glance you will notice the superior sturdiness of the Michelin—shown on the right. But notice also these additional differences:

Ist: The sidewall of the tire on the left (which is a standard make typical of many tires other than Michelins) is of practically equal thickness throughout. The Michelin on the other hand, is progressively tapered from the tread downward, so that its sidewall is thick where sturdiness is most essential, yet particularly flexible where resiliency is the prime requisite. This construction gives Michelin Tires superior durability combined with remarkable easy-riding qualities

and: In the Michelin cross-section the layers of fabric are imbedded in a liberal cushion of rubber which binds the layers of fabric into a single strain-resisting though flexible mass. Notice also that the layers of fabric in the Michelin are firmly anchored in the beads of tabric in the Michelin are firmly anchored in the beads of the casing around which they run without a break. This double safeguar makes it impossible for the layers of the case of the layers of

This series of tire tests is designed to help motorists determine beforehand what service to expect from the tires they are considering. The next advertisement will appear in next month's issue o''MacLean's Magazine".



Michelin Section on right—

Other Section on Left-

The world-wide reputation of the house of Michelin—the oldest, most experienced of all tire makers—is your assurance that only the best of materials are used in Michelins.

That a greater quantity of these superior materials is used in Michelin Tires is proved by their extra

weight and remarkable thickness which mean greater durability. And the superiority of Michelin design is shown by the above illustration.

Better materials, more materials and superior construction—these account for the supreme durability of Michelin Tires.

#### MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

782 St. Catherine Street, West, Montreal, Canada



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You probably look on your filing system as a place where so many letters and papers are stored.

But your filing clerk? She isn't fortunate enough to be able to look at it in such an easy, buoyant manner. With her it's a serious part of routine.

She knows that when you ask for a certain paper you want it quickly, without any waste of time.

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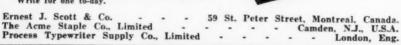
Filing Equipment Stores at: Montreal Ottawa Halifax

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The "Midget" is one of the "Acme Line" Stapling Machines, is strong and durable—a real worker. Just what you need for all kinds of stapling and binding of legal decuments, policy vouchers, plans, folders, etc. Used to advantage by manufacturers and importers for price ticketing, samples, etc. This machine will effect a substantial saving in any modern office.

Descriptive Catalogue "A" shows the "Midget" and other Acme Stapling Machines. You may find here just what you have been looking for. Write for one to-day.





hundred sand-bags, or ten thousand pounds in twenty-seven minutes—six men for five tons. We did not have to fill for five tons. We did not have to fill these sand-bags, for that was already done. We always had one side of the gallery lined with filled bags so as to save

I suddenly remembered the important message and turning round my eyes fell on the runner. He looked very much done up and evidently fagged. He had been pretty near "it" as a sear across his right cheek denoted. The blood had coagulated and dried on the wound except at one corner from which a thin red stream trickled down his face. As he handed me an envelope I remembered. "You are wounded."

"Only slightly, sir. An M. G. bullet."

"Pretty close. I opened the envelope fully expecting to find the O.C.'s sanction for our blow, which Bingy had previously wired for. leaned against the parapet and read the following amazing message:-

"From G. H. Q.
"To O. C. Blighty.
"You have been referring to the enemy

in your report as the Hun.
"This must cease. In future refer to him as the enemy. "C. R. E."

Speechless, I handed the message to Barker, who in turn gasped and handed it is Bingy. He broke the silence with:
"Heavens!!! The things that matter!"

#### A "Close Up" of Union Government

Continued from page 17.

Robert Rogers. In fact, each respected the other with exceeding great respect. But does the recent history of Hon. Robert justify his reputation? Does it not rather suggest that a man may be boss of an election gang in Manitoba and yet never fire the political heather at Ottawa? The records show that Hon. Robert made an honest minister of Public Works made an honest minister of Public Works and that he had the courage so many politicians lack. But that's all. His last claim to political astuteness vanished when he first had himself whitewashed by a commission and then played into his enemies' hands by resigning. Either of these mistakes was enough to kill him. Hon. James Calder may be profiting by his old rival's mistakes. And then again he may not. He hides his mouth behind a drooping moustache and his thoughts behind half-closed eyes. When he halved up the apples under the Interior Departup the apples under the Interior Department tree with Hon. Arthur Meighen, he took the fruit and left. Hon. Arthur the sticks and stones. It has been prophesied of him that, when the Union Government goes on the rocks and breaks up, he will be found on the largest and best provisioned life raft. And perhaps it is better to let it go at that.

HEN, last of the four, look carefully at Hon. Arthur Sifton. He is small and bald and has eyes that sometimes make you shiver. Even when he laughs at a joke, and he does laugh at all the visible ones and some that are not visible as well, you somehow feel that the sunshine in his face does not come from a warm heart. It is this iciness that makes people describe him as having a "poker face" when really he has nothing of the kind. He just can't help laughing at the troubles of other. The night Hon. Chas. Murphy said so many things about Hon. N. W. Rowell he really tried hard to conceal his merriment. But he couldn't. His smiled widened into a grin. Then he swept the press gallery with a half wink and proceeded to enjoy himself in quiet laughter. But everybody admits his ability while the rumor to the effect that he is lazy lacks confirmation. When he was Acting Minister of Justice during Hon. C. J. Doherty's absence last winter he cleared up all the accumulated business on the genial old Irishman's desk the first morning and was sitting calmly smoking one of his long black cigars when the press boys called on him at noon. But it is his remarkable ability to make up his mind that gives him time to consume so many cigars. When he was on the bench in Alberta he is said to have never left his seat without delivering judgment. Moreover, it was the kind of judgment that higher courts did not alter. Nor did he lack courage. One section of his province had been troubled with horse thieves for years. They were classy thieves too, belonging to the best families and carrying a fine line of political pull. When one of them was caught it could be arranged to have judgment reserved till the political pull could get in its work. Then along came Mr. Justice Sifton. When the evidence was all in he did not hesitate. He simply said: "Seven years." And the man was in the pen before he recovered from his astonishment. It is hardly necessary to add that horse stealing was one of the fashionable fads that rapidly disappeared from that neighborhood. When those families got a chance later they voted against Arthur Sifton. But not so hard nor so often as the rest of the community did for him. He has never been a popular premier of Alberta, but the Westerners admired his courage and ability. As I said before, keep an eye on him.

As if to prove the theory that Cabinet Ministers are accidents the man who grew on the House most during the session was the greatest accident of them all—Hon. A. K. Maclean. He wasn't meant to be in the Union Government at all. Premier Murray was the Liberal selected from Sir Robert Borden's native province. But, when Mr. Murray got back home after the formalities had been completed, he found the old party spirit too strong. To put it baldly, he backed up and Hon. A. K. Maclean stepped into the vacancy and proceeded to work his way to respect and popularity. Everybody likes "A. K." even if he did criticise budgets in a rather weepy voice when he was financial critic of the Opposition. But they didn't expect very much of him. Consequently when he came through with the best budget speech heard in years and explained Hon. J. D. Reid's railway muddles so that at times they were almost intelligible the Unionists, or some of them anyway, were pleased as well as surprised.

Hon. C. J. Doherty, around whose devoted head the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals in the metals and the storms of the session beyeld beauteals an

Hon. C. J. Doherty, around whose devoted head the storms of the session howled harmlessly, is the most lovable old gentleman in the lot. He may be, and probably is, totally unfitted to enforce a Military Service Act but he can explain a knotty point in any bill so that even the lawyers are mystified. What more could you ask of a Minister of Justice? And he can close his argument with a smile that carries sunshine even to the hearts of the Opposition.

Sir Thomas White, who was absent

Sir Thomas White, who was absent during the entire session through alleged



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illness, should fit securely into any Un. illness, should fit securely into any Union scheme because, though nominally a Conservative, he was so recently a Liberal that he can hardly have forgotten all the teachings of his earlier life. He was once fancied for Premier but lacks personal magnetism. It begins to look as if it would take a man with a personal following to got very form in the sonal following to get very far in the near future and Sir Thomas' personal following is rather a negligible quantity.

AS for the others they're more numerous than notable. Hon. J. D. Reid is the chore boy. In those ten distracting days when Sir Robert Borden was choosing his first Cabinet the rush of great men to the Borden residence was appalling. Hon. Dr. Reid is said to have come early and waited patiently. have come early and waited patiently. In fact, it is said he took a chair in the Borden kitchen and sat down. Men came and went in a steady stream but, every time Sir Robert sought refuge in the kitchen, there was the Doctor waiting for him, prepared to comfort him and do him good. Such patience and constancy had to be rewarded. It was. And Hon. J. D. Reid has been waiting on his Premier ever since with splendid results from a

personal standpoint.

Hon. C. C. Ballantyne is probably a good business man. But when did business find a place in politics? He may

learn the game if he lasts long enough but the chances are against his lasting. He looked stronger early in the session than he does now.

General Mewburn is a soldier rather than a politician. All of his earlier speeches proved that. Moreover, his colleagues look on him as a temporary convenience and are giving him the kind of work that does not tend to increase his popularity. He may last the war his popularity.

Hon. Thos. Crothers headed all the lists of those who were to be retired before Union Government was born or thought of. The activity of W. F. O'Connor in regard to bacon and one or two other foods prolonged his official life.

Now O'Connor is gone.

Hon. Martin Burrill too will soon be back in his Okanagan peach grove while Hon. Frank Cochrane sits silently won-dering whether Sir William Mackenzie has enough influence to keep him from becoming head of the Government railway system. As for Hon. Hugh Guthrie he never fully arrived; and the House is tiring of Sir George Foster's oratory.

There you have the Union Government. You'll probably admit that it is rather a motley gathering. What is going to become of it, and when? Well, that is another - or rather two other

#### The Portals of Hostibilla

Continued from page 29.

back to de light and de noise. I'se plum

back to de light and de noise. I'se plum crazed up wif dem secret goin's on—"

Homer presented a pitiable, grovelling sight. He sank on his knees and his arms twined about Len's legs.

"Homer, yo' all gotter have courage."

Len, bent and lifted the shaking form.

"I'se had my fill, I tells yo'. I'se froo wif secret societies. All I wanter do is get right away from what yo' been a sayin'. It'll ring in my ears and hant

sayin'. It'll ring in my ears and hant "Homer, I reckon yo' could neber stan' de full 'nitiation if yo's scared ob what

little I tell yo'."

"Lor, don' I know it? I jest couldn'!" "Well, here yore two dollars back."

Len slowly drew the bill from his pocket and tendered it to the quaking Homer. "Yo' bes' burn it when yo' get home, Homer," he advised. "No good a harbor-

a hant ter set on—"
But Homer with a wild yell, had dashed away, and was running towards the blinking city lights as though the very fiends were pursuing him.

Lenix watched him top the hill, and twist about the corner of the main thoroughfare. Then he gently put the two

oughfare. Then he gently put the two
dollars back in his pocket.

"Well, say," he soliloquized, "dat
Homer is de nervousest nigger I ebber
seen. No wonder Jedge McDool soak seen.

#### The Army Rules

Continued from page 32. SAT up with a start. It had all been

of the politician: he has two or three or four policies which he advances in dif-ferent districts: say Home Rule in Ire-land: the robbery of the Church in Wales and Free Trade in the north. Now the Irish Nationalist would see the disintegration of the whole of the British Em pire if he might get what he fancies is his rights while the ardent Free Trader would allow Ireland Home Rule if by so doing he could see the maintenance of what he believes to be a pillar in British which Mr. But if the several questions for which Mr. Asquith claimed support in the last election—it seems an age ago—had been subjected to a referendum, not one of them would have passed. How then could Parliament claim to be the voice of the people?"

This was perhaps too much for my bewildered mind to follow. I heard the voice of my old friend rumbling on, waxing at intervals into high emphasis and again dying down untila dream. I had gone to sleep with a copy of Hansard in my hand from which I had been reading some of the ciscussions in the Canadian Commons, the endless controversies that had so often tended to drive thinking men to cespair. I remembered that my ponder-ing of the futility of so much that our own Canadian legislators did had turned my thoughts to the spectacle presented at Westminster. I apparently had fallen off to sleep with my mind full of the squabbling over trifles that filled so much of the time of the House of Com-mons and even at times drowned out the sound of the guns of Armageddon.

And as I rubbed my eyes and pulled my wits together, I found myself re-constructing that vivid dream. It had been but a graphic vision but—if civilian government continues to fail in its paramount duty of supporting the armies in the field—who knows what the future may hold?

#### Canada Has Exceeded Objective

Continued from page 44.

one day several weeks later a stranger walked into the office of Mr. Tod, Mr. Hanna's Chief of Staff, and preempted a chair. He was big enough to measure six foot four in his stocking feet, and had a voice that had been trained in the coastwise trade. "I'm Thomson of B.C." he announced. "You wrote me. What did you want?" "Your services," replied Tod. "We want you to take a desk down here and help us."

help us."

"A desk's the last thing in the world that I want," replied Thomson. But he took it. They sent him down to Washington first to look into a new and anxious development in regard to the sugar supply for Canada. He two-fisted his way through the muddle and brought back a satisfactory settlement in no time. What's more, he left them in Washington just as satisfied. Thomson's diplomacy was of the let's-get-down-to-facts variety, which Uncle Sam understands. stands.

Thomson was just one of the staff at Thomson was just one of the staff at first but he made himself so felt that, when Mr. Hanna stepped out and the Canada Food Board was formed, he was made chairman. Since that time very considerable things have been done. The licensing system has been inaugurated, hotels and restaurants have been rigidly regulated, and a form of moral conscription has been introduced to enforce conservation of food in the home. The policy servation of food in the home. The policy of the board has been an admirable mixture of compulsion and education.

The board has been an admirable mixture of compulsion and education.

Thomson's directness of method has been a distinct factor in getting the food situation in hand. An incident that occurred some months ago illustrates this. A deputation had come to Ottawa from the Maritime Provinces to discuss the possibility of a new service for carrying fish on the Intercolonial. The fishing interests, the railroad interests, the distributing interests, all manner of interests were represented. It followed that the discussion, when they all got into the Controller's office, was both lengthy and involved. Tonnage, schedules, packing, and rates were discussed for good two hours and the air was blue with figures. Finally, Mr. Thomson brought his huge fist down on his desk with a thump that compelled attention, and asked:

compelled attention, and asked:
"Gentlemen, just what is it that you

One of the deputation managed a succinct statement of the service that was desired.

The chairman turned to the railroad

"Can you give this?"

There was a moment's hesitation and then the railroad man replied, "Yes, we can give it."

"Then the whole matter's settled," said Thomson, with another thump of his fist. "Go home, gentlemen. It will be attended to."

And it was

And it was.

THE offices of the Food Board are located in an old hotel building on Rideau street. It is a rather ramlocated in an old hotel building on Rideau street. It is a rather ramshackle place but the best kind of use has been made of the space and it has become a veritable hive of industry. Room after room is crammed full of busy stenographers and the rattle of the keys pursues you everywhere. In little keys pursues you everywhere. In little



#### Equals 89 Eggs Or 7 Pounds of Round Steak Yet Costs Only 35 Cents

The large package of Quaker Oats yields 6221 calories in units

Official figures give eggs 70 calories each, and round steak 890

calories per pound

That package of Quaker Oats-costing 35 cents-compares in food units as follows:

It Equals 89 Eggs Or 7 lbs. Round Steak Or 7 lbs. Leg of Lamb

Or 9 lbs. Veal Cutlets Or 11 lbs. Fresh Halibut Or 12 lbs. Broiled Chicken

These indispensable foods, for the same nutrition, cost from 7 to 10 times as much as Quaker Oats, according to prices at the present writing. That is why food authorities urge the wider use of oats. Not merely for breakfast, but in bread and muffins, in cookies, in soups.

The oat stands supreme among grain foods—as energy food and as food for growth. It is the richest of all grains in iron.

Yet Quaker Oats—the finest grade—supplies nutrition at 5 cents per 1000 calcairs.

1000 calories it cost \$2 per package it would still be cheaper than the average meat food.

#### Just the Richest Flakes

Quaker Oats is a superior grade, flaked from queen oats only. None but the richest, plumpest oats are used in its production. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is exquisite flavor, which has made Quaker Oats the leading oat food of the world. Yet it costs you no extra price.

#### 35c and 15c Per Package Except in Far West

#### Quaker Oats Bread

½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
teasponis salt
i cake yeast
cup sugar
½ cup lukewarm water
cups bolling water
i ¼ cup lukewarm water
cups bolling water
i ¼ cup lukewarm water
lukewarm. Theu add yeas which has
sen dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then
ld 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour. This recipe makes two loaves.

#### The Quaker Oats Ompany

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

(1985)



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cubbyholes of offices down twisting corridors earnest officials are busily at work behind huge stacks of documents.

A casual visitor might say to himself:
"What's all the fuss about? What
are they all so busy over anyway? Surely it doesn't take so much fuss and feathers to decide that us common people can't have more than one slice of bread for lunch and that vermicelli soup nutritious.

As a matter of fact, that department is seriously overworked. Down in Washington Hoover's department is just about as big as the whole of the Governis just about as big as the whole of the Government machinery at Ottawa. Each decision arrived at means a great amount of investigation before and a whole world of detailed arrangement later. There are provincial committees and local committees by the hundred to be consulted and kept in teach with. There consulted and kept in touch with. There are legal points to be untangled, multi-tudinous detail in connection with the granting of licenses, prosecutions to be followed up and watched, deputations to be received, mail to be read by the sackful and answered by the thousands.

UST consider this matter of mail alone. Writing to the Food Controller has become a national pastime. He is the confidant of the housewife in Vancouver and the recipient of the abuse of the irate fish-and-chip restaurateur of Halifax. A day's mail registers the whole gamut of human emotions. Here are some samples from one batch that has just been dumped in by the mail

"My neighbors tell me that you have ordered all hawgs to be slaughtered by Aug. 1. I have two young hawgs. To slaughter now will rob the Allies of at least one hundred pounds of meat. Please advise.

"Is it true that no marriages are to be allowed after this year because bachelors will have to keep on eating in boarding houses and restaurants where there are

food rules and thus eat less?" Dear Mr. Food Controller. Have you looked into the matter of whale meat? The whale is wholesome and fattening. I figure one adult whale would feed a regiment in France for 231/2 days and the fat could be saved for oil.

"When are you going to stop the eating of olives? Our boys at the front "When are you going to stop the eating of olives? Our boys at the front have to subsist on bully beef, and it's a shame that we at home, etc.—"

"I have a new kind of substitute for wheat that will save the Allies from starvation. It is made mostly from sawdurt and is your nativities."

dust and is very nutritious. . . ."

One day of it and the average business man would reach his hat off the peg and make hasty tracks to the boiler factory or the counting office! These Food make hasty tracks to the boiler factory or the counting office! These Food Board officials have to draw upon deep reservoirs of tact and patience; and the amount of detail that passes through their hands is astonishing.

To review what the Food Board has

accomplished during its half year or so of service is unnecessary because every step has been undertaken in the full white light of publicity and the whole programme is well known to the public who live up to it—or rather, down to it. It is sufficient to say that a system of restraints, some iron-bound and legal, others merely suggestive, have been others merely suggestive, have been erected around the production and sale of food on the one hand and the eating of food on the other. The farmer still runs his farm as he jolly well pleases and raises such crops as he sees fit, but the manufacturer of food has to operate under a ligence. If the Food Board sow fit der a license. If the Food Board saw fit it could probably close up many factories now running, and dispose of the raw material thus saved in any way it saw fit. The baker and merchant are also licensed and any infringement of the regulations would cost them their licenses promptly and inexorably. There are real restrictions also on the consumer. Meals in hotels and restaurants are subject to restrictions and rules, picnics may not be held in the old way, supplies of such essentials as sugar and flour may be purchased in restricted quantities only. The pressure laid on the con-sumer has been for the most part, however, of an educative nature.

The burden that has been imposed upon us has not been unbearable, in fact not even heavy. Nevertheless it has been effective and to-day it is a new feather in Canada's cap that we have exceeded

our objective.

AS for the future, it may be that the Food Board will find it necessary to come down on us a little harder. One thing is certain, however. The officials know the situation fully and have a thorough appreciation of the fact that drastic

measures that might upset existing conditions. Nothing rash will be done.

It is very doubtful if Canada will ever reach the stage where compulsory rationreach the sage where the control ing is either practicable or necessary. Canada is too big. Imagine issuing bread tickets to the people of a country over 4,000 miles from coast to coast! What system could be devised to keep tab on the larders and the dinner tables and the lunch pails of eight million people thinly distributed over a continent? The Food Board considered this problem on a business basis and found that the cost of operating such a system would be eight million dollars a year and that a whole army of officers would be needed to keep it running.

It is certain, however, that a greater strain will have to be placed upon us if the needs of our allies, growing more exacting all the time, are to be met. adians must be prepared to take up another notch or two in the belt.

Now that the public has gained the right angle on the food control problem it is not likely that there will be any difficulty in exceeding any new food objectives that may be set.

#### Our Mary

Continued from page 25

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF Every Deaf Person Knows That

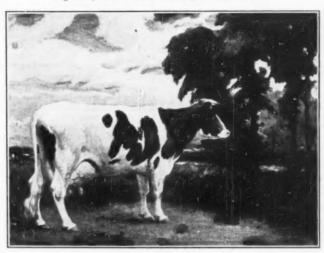
the little star in answer to my question. "Pure white doesn't take so well." And that casual little question and answer sent me off into a trance and prompted me to sit back and study the girl who had grown into a woman since I had last seen her, to study her as impersonally and as impertinently as a visitor to the *Louvre* pores over that slab of wood which

Leonardo converted into the Mona Lisa. I remembered, as I looked with a coerced detachment of mind at that over-familiar detachment of mind at that over-familiar figure, an order which I had seen pasted up in a far-distant studio, commanding the extra people to wear nothing but blonde wigs, for the simple reason that blonde hair, like pink-tinted drapery, proves more satisfactory to the photographer. And that reminded me of the different ways in which Mary Pickford, with her pictorial asset of auburn curls, was fitted for "camera work." She was small; and a large woman can never be a screen heroine. She was still young. And she was the possessor of a face, quite outside its expressiveness, which was not too padded to smother character and not too bony to neutralize loveliness, that loveliness which we all seem to ask for in picture and story. Of her genius as an actress, too long denied her public and too long suppressed even in herself, I must speak in another place.

In Mary Pickford, as I have already said, I beheld a girl who was small and slender, slender almost to the verge of fragility, a wisp of a girl, as the Irish would say, scarcely five feet in height and a hundred pounds in weight. I saw the familiar enough Botticelli face crowned with its trivially important curls of Roman gold—and for the sake of those atavistic ladies who insist on such things I will state here and now that Mary's curls are not only golden, but are real and all her own, for I have seen her "do" them before going forth to face the camera, and I know.

 $B^{\mathrm{UT}}$ , candidly, I was not so much interester in the curls as I was in the brains behind them. I was more concerned as to the broad high brow which the coiled locks of the ingenué could not quite suclocks of the ingenue could not quite succeed in camouflaging, in the prominent and minutely bulbous frontal bone which betokened the fit chapel for the full congregation of ideas which it housed. Equally significant were the eyes, the eyes of lake blue, as blue as one of Urban's back-drops, with their level and lucid outlook on the world, with their cool light which so often took on a hint of hazel, oddly accentuating their meditative depths. They are wistful eyes, with a touch of melancholy to them even in their moments of laughter. That same air of wistfulness broods over the entire face, in fact, for with all its youth, life has written cryptic records there, written them much cryptic records there, written them much deeper than the mere observer of its professional and enforced facetiousness might imagine. It is a melancholy that is not easy to analyze. It is not the weariness of mere ennui and exhaustion, nor is it the autumnal weariness of hopes be-trayed and faiths demolished. Miss Pickford is much too young to carry that iron crown of sorrow. But life, it must be remembered, began early with this small body and this over-active brain. It makes one feel that with all that has been ac-complished, with all that has been ac-quired, something equally desired has been missed. For there is hunger in that still youthful face, an unarticulated protest against an indeterminate injustice, an ache for something unachieved. There is, ache for something unachieved. There is, too, a touch of almost rebel wilfulness, a smouldering threat of revolt, which is left more marked by the bee-stung upper lip with its habitual line of poutiness when in repose. But about that face, with its triangulated jaw, its shadowed cheekbone, its vague suggestion of Indian ancestry, is that persistent overtone of sadness which prompts one to feel that here. ness which prompts one to feel that here is a woman, still young, who has already reached the knowledge that human powers are finite, that fame at its best is brief. It's the penalty of that ever-active criticial faculty which eternally demands advance, growth, progress, the toll which intellect pays to emotion, the war-tax which the too lucid outlook on life wrings from our happiness.

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IV

YET it must not be deduced from all this that Mary Pickford is in any way lachrymose. There is too much buoyancy, too much quickness of vision, too much bird-like alertness, to permit of any such impression. Just as there is an enduring sense of light about the compact head, due both to its aureole of fair hair and to the milky whiteness of the brow, so about this remarkable woman's personality there is a corresponding and alleviating sense of humor, a sense of humor which comes like mounted and galloping reserves when the front lines of endurance are pressed too hard.

That they are pressed hard, at times, is no secret between Mary Pickford and the world. It is another of life's little ironies that the creation of earth's amusement involves the sternest of human struggles. Why it should be, it is not here my task to explain. But I have seen enough of life on the stage and in the studio to realize

that earth's traffickers in emotion, its creative artists, are involved in something as stern as warfare and as exacting as surgery. One cannot, accordingly, become the best-known screen-star in the world without having ample reasons for achieving, and what is more important, retaining that position. The monetary test is, of course, never the final test, but I couldn't help remembering that this slender-bodied girl through her own activities earned in one week what the Premier of my Dominions earned in fifty-two weeks, was paid in a single fortnight what the President of the United States receives for guiding the ship of state for one whole year. That at least, in our age of dollars and day-books and efficiency-experts, implies power of some kind or another. And the power is there or the reward would never have been reaped. It is there, to protect a long and intricate frontier of interests, for nothing is so transient as a screen success and nothing more vulnerable than a motion-picture

actress's popularity. The real test, as Miss Pickford herself explains in her second talk with me, is in keeping up one's batting average, in allowing no relapses, in retaining the position once won-in other words, in being governed always by those grim wardens known as Growth, Advance, Progress. For if this seemingly guileless girl with the much-copied curls had been born in the days of the Medicis, I venture to assert, she would have been, not a sigh-provoker and a laugh-maker, but a map-changer and a throne-shaker. Into whatever field it might be projected (and mark this well, insipid village beauties who dream of soaring lazily into fame on the wings of the silver-sheet!) that mysterious and inalienable charm, com-bined with that essentially Pickfordian judicial clearheadedness and combative yet thought-controlled energy, would have first made itself felt and then made itself victorious. For Mary Pickford was born to rule. That imperial instinct cannot



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be smothered beneath Little Lord Fauntleroy masquerades and tomboy antics and Brete Harte comedies. Her success has not been an accident. It has been a campaign, and a conquest. The chariot that has carried her to her triumph has been the motion-picture, not so much that the motion-picture suited her as that she suited the motion-picture. But it was a chariot, remember, clattering, resplendent, spectacular, involving none of the undulations of the cantilever-spring.

HAVE called Mary Pickford the best-I known woman in the world, and with equal truth I think I can call her the best loved. Those significant phrases, those affectionately appropriating epithets, "Our Mary" and "Little Mary," have not clung to her without reason. My further analysis and explanation of this unprecedented subjugation must come in another and later article. I can here merely point out that from one end of this globe of ours to the other Mary Pickford is known. And associated with her name is that emotional affiliation which at first sight appears almost fanatic. It is the unquestioning adoration which in times more legendary was bestowed upon saints and in days more barbaric was lavished upon conquerors. Through this new in-strument of emotional refreshment which has been made from the throwing of shadows across a cotton sheet, through this new-fangled combination of sunlight and shutters and nitrate of silver, the per-Pickford has crept about this earth of ours, so that to-day she is known to the coolie-workers of Kimberley as well as to the flat-dwellers of Harlem, to the peons of Mexico and the pearl-fishers of Samba-Her face, plastered on the hoardings of Madras, is not unknown to the Parsee of Gujarat; it is recognized by the Basuti Kaffir and the sampan-paddler of Hong-Kong and the miners of Alaska and the fellaheen who still plow the plains of Sharon with the same crude share that Elisha once used—and in case this last sounds like mere tall talk let it be remembered that a motion-picture exchange has flourished for some time in the Egyptian city of Alexandria. Wherever pictures have penetrated, and in their short life they have travelled wide and far, Mary Pickford, for reasons which I shall not now enumerate, has unquestionably, has invariably, established her premiership. She has made herself the uncrowned queen of the world. And queens, even when they are self-made, are not unworthy of

AND that brings us back to our queen face plainly implied she was awaiting and fortifying herself against the customary fusilade of questions. But it was twenty long years since I had first been sent to interview stars, since I had faced the old parade of temperamental idiosyncracies and petty vanities, since I had beheld those familiar old ponies sired of the Conventional Idea trotted out for inspection. And this, I knew, was going to be something altogether different.

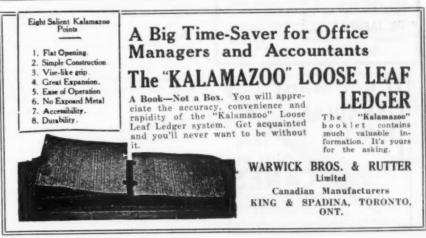
altogether different.

"I'm not going to ask you, Miss Pickford, what your hobbies are, or why you went into the pictures, or whether you like them or not, or any of those familiar old questions."

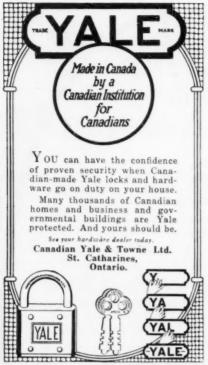
"Then this isn't to be an interview, after all?" inquired Little Mary, with a doubtful look grouping an inter that land

doubtful look creeping up into that lucid blue eye of hers. For a moment, I imagine, she strongly suspected I had come





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to tell her how I wanted above all things to be an actor, a great actor. They do that with stars like Mary; they do it by the hundreds. This is why the guardian forces have to build a high board fence about these same stars and make them so dishearteningly hard to find. It's to keep

the "nuts" away.
"I'd like to make it another sort of interview," I protested, for as I've said before, I wasn't so interested in the Pick-fordian method of hairdressing as I was in the cerebrum behind the coiffure. wasn't so much impressed by the fact that the girl beside me was wearing a brand new coat of Hudson seal as I was the fact that she turned it up at the tail when she sat down on the bungalow steps. That last was a glimpse of the fugitive personality which statelier stars seem to prefer to keep shuttered from the casual eye.

"But you'll have to ask me those questions, after all, for we've got to get started, as our old friend Frank Tinney used to say," my hostess explained to me. used to say," my hostess explained to me. She was talking, not in those studied bronchial tones of the regulation stagestar, with the trilled "r's" and the broadened "a's" and the hot-potato enunciation which so divorces the stage-voice from ordinary human speech, but in clear, crisp head-tones, the voice of any cultivated American girl west of Worcester and north of the Mason and Dixon line. There north of the Mason and Dixon line. was no trace of affectation about that speech, no up-staginess, as the mummers phrase it. But in it, as in all her actions, I found directness, honesty, absence of vanity. And absence of mere personal vanity, I am persuaded, is Mary Pickford's big point. Even on the screen, you may remember, she does not hesitate to uglify herself if by so doing she can help out a picture effect-and to make Little Mary ugly, one of her best directors once told me, was "a blamed sight harder work than trying to make most stars attractive." And this, while I think of it, reminds me that before my last interview with Miss Pickford I asked the three persons most closely in touch with her what they regarded as her most conspicuous trait. Her director said, without hesita-tion: "Her memory." Her manager, in equal promptitude averred: "Her sense of equal promptitude averred: Her sense of humor." And Miss Pickford's own mother with quick conviction replied: "Her sin-cerity." So I leave it at that: you can pay your money and take your choice.

"Those things you mention seem bro-midic, of course," Miss Pickford was ex-plaining to me, "but they are realities, plaining to me, "but they are realities, and if these are to be real interviews between us, you'll have to begin with realities. I prefer them. They're the foundation stones of—of careers such as mine, and if you're going to build I'm afraid you'll have to begin building from them. It's care and it's more afformation. them. It's easier, and it's more comfortable."

"All right," I said, a little humbled. "Let's begin that way. Let's get it over with, and off the slate. What, Miss Pick-

"My work," was that young lady's prompt reply.

"This isn't customary," I reproved. And

Little Mary laughed.
"I know it isn't, but it's the truth. It's all I have a chance for, all I have energy for, except from what I can crowd in for my Red Cross work. People, I know, should have a hobby. But I don't seem to have the time to do what other people

do."
"Then pictures are hard work?" I

"My pictures are," acknowledged the star on the doorstep.
"Wh."?"

Why? "I'll explain that later on," announced Miss Pickford. "What was the next question?

"I suppose, since we've go to go back to the bromides, it ought to be who you are, and when and where you were born, and what started things along the way they went," I suggested, still wondering what went," I suggested, still wondering what good a million and a quarter dollars a year could be when you didn't have time for golf, or going fishing, or sitting in the sun like George Moore and meditating what a grand old muddle life was, any-

"Well, I was born on the eighth of Well, I was born on the eighth of April, in the year of our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Four, and as my father's name was John Smith, I was christened Gladys Mary Smith. It was later in life I took the name of Pickford, which was a family name. I was"—

"I think I ought to write that down, to keep it as authentic as possible," I sug-gested to the daughter of John Smith as she slipped into the little Madame Butterfly dressing-room to answer a telephone

call.

"Yes, let's get it right for once," suggested Little Mary, and during the next few minutes I was busy covering the backs of all my envelopes and even ran over on the blank spaces of a perfectly good motor road map. "I'd especially like good motor road map. "I'd especially like to have it put right, because I have been so often interviewed by people who never even saw me. They weren't even good mind-readers. I've been made responsible, in fact, for an amazing number of state-They weren't even good ments that were never really mine. But to get back to the realities: I was born in Canada, as you know, in the City of Tor-

"Yes," I amended as I looked for a new envelope-back, "I had the house proudly pointed out to me last summer, a little rough-cast cottage with a frame front, standing on a side-street very close to University Avenue and facing the rear of the new Toronto General Hospital. And the quarter thus honored, Miss Pickford, ignominious as it is to acknowledge, has since then sadly degenerated into what might be called a Ghetto."

"So I've been told," acknowledged Mary, with her quick and companionable

smile. "And I've a grandmother still living in Toronto, and she's over eighty-seven years old."

"May her granddaughter live as long," I ventured as I paused in my scribbling to remember the lordly home, hidden away in its lordlier acres of palm and orange trees, which I had passed that afternoon north-west of where Western Avenue crosses Sunset Boulevard. These was, after all, romance in the contrast between that manorial city estate and the little rough-cast cottage on the side-street. It had all been brought about by the capitalcharm and brains of one small girland that girl, remarkably dissimilar to her smaller sister-stars, was still honest and simple and direct enough to abjure the fabrication of those pedigreed ancestors so dear to the heart of the garden variety of actresses. "But will you please teli me of actresses. "But will you please tell me the rest," I continued, coming back to earth.

"My father died in February, 1898, before I was quite four years old. He died leaving my mother with three children, myself and my younger sister Lottie, and Jack, the baby, who is just twenty-one years old now. He didn't leave much else, I'm afraid, besides us three children. Mother-and always, you must remember,

mother has been and still is my world!mother has been and still is my world:—
found it pretty hard to keep that little
home intact. My childhood memory of
Toronto is of a very strict city, for my
father when he was alive wouldn't even
let me ride a bicycle, and when I later
went back to Toronto with Robert Hilliard in 'The Littlest Girl,' the city went back to Toronto with Robert Hilliard in 'The Littlest Girl,' the city authorities contended that I was too young for the stage and tried to stop me from playing. But at the age of three I'd taken part in a cake-walk. I wore a gorgeous costume, and it was up on a big platform somewhere, I can't remember where. All I know is that it was an amateur performance and that it was my first appearance in public. I made people laugh, and I loved it. So in less than a year I became the bread-winner of our family by learning to play the part of 'Little Eva' in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and actually doing it on the professional stage. That was with the Valentine Stock Company."

"In New York?"

"No, in Toronto. It was, of course, my have been altogether a failure, for I was next given the part of 'Ned' in that old repertoire-company favorite, 'The Silver King.' We played in the Princess Theatre, the old Princess Theatre. A little later I was taken in as a member of the Cummings Stock Company, then playing Cummings Stock Company, then playing in Toronto, and was promoted to the part of 'Cissie Denver' in the same 'Silver King.' I also played in 'East Lynne,' and in 'Bootle's Baby.' Then I went into vaudeville with Robert Hilliard in that one-act piece that was made from Richard Harding Davis's wonderful story of 'The Littlest Girl.' Then Chauncey Olcott took me into his company and I played with that well-known star for several seasons. From Mr. Olcott's company I went into another playing that once popular melodrama, 'The Fatal Wedding.'"

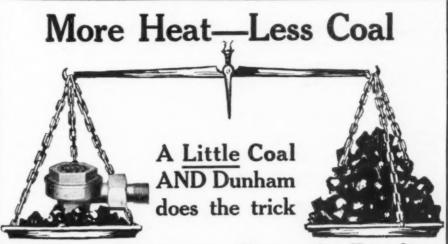
HAD a distinct memory of that Littlest Girl who supported Hilliard, and the loveliest of littlest girls she had seemed to me; but Chauncey Olcott and "The Fatal Wedding" had come and gone beyond my ken.

"These, of course, were all what the profession called 'kid parts,'" continued Miss Pickford. "And I kept on at that sort of part for eight years. They were busy years. But they didn't altogether cheat me out of my childhood, for I always had the most worderful of methers there had the most wonderful of mothers there to take the bigger responsibilities on her own shoulders and to slip a hand between me and the rough edges of the world. And me and the rough edges of the world. And of course I had my playthings and my pets, as other girls do. But the life I led was very far from the normal girl's life. I can't say I either liked or disliked the parts I was playing. I'd been immersed in that work so early in life, you see, that such a thing as self-criticism was above and beyond me. I just went on, without caring much what came next, without conscious ambition or real interest in what I was appointed to do. And I can see," went on Mary Pickford with half-closed eyes, "how easily I might have kept on at that familiar old work in those familiar old parts."

"Most of them do," I commented.

"Most of them do," I commented.

"I suppose so. But when I was almost thirteen years old something happened. It was something which marked the Great Divide in the whole continent of my girl-hood. It was a small thing, as so many of life's vital things seem at the time, but it swept the bandage of contentment from my eyes. It brought about what I've



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often been prompted to call a second birth. I'm not saying the forces weren't there, like a loaded gun-cartridge, waiting to explode. But nothing had happened to fire them, until that day in San Francisco. where I happened to be playing in one of Hal Reed's melodramas, the one called 'For a Human Life.'"

"And what was this thing which hap-pened on that particular day?" I asked as Miss Pickford rose to her feet. I asked

"I'll tell you that when I come back," explained the diminutive star of the by no means diminutive Lasky Corporation, "for that's Mr. Nieland saying the set is ready, and I make it a point never to keep people waiting!"

"How about me?" I somewhat indignantly demanded. But Little Mary was

(To be continued)

(Arthur Stringer's next article in this series of intimate studies of the world's greatest screen star will bear the title of "The Power of Mary Pickford," and will appear in the October Number.

#### Beluchistan League

Continued from page 21.

Bengal, who is as carrion, and have slain him, for he runs but slowly, and has great fear in his heart. But is not Carsgreat fear in his heart. But is not Carswell Sahib our Lord, whom to disobey is a great evil? And hath not Carswell Sahib delivered me, Shere Din, from death, when the coal fell upon me in the pit? And the Sahib was merciful, and bade me spare the man. 'For, lo!' saith the Sahib. 'Even he, the fat man from Bengal, is as God hath made him.' Which is true and pious, though the Sahib is but an Infidel."

But the growing mystery was when

But the crowning mystery was when Winstanley put on mask and pad, to assume the duties of catcher.

"Behold!" said Shere Din, explaining his thought of the matter. "Carswell Sahib placed the head of Winstanley Sahib in a cage of iron, and arrayed him in a strange coat, and put on his hand a mighty glove, like the gloves the Sahibs use when they battle like young bucks in the Springtime, smiting each other on the head and body very swiftly and fiercely,

only this glove was far more great and terrible. We thought that Winstanley Sahib had done some evil, or that Carswell Sahib hath made war to take away from Winstanley Sahib the over-lordship of the Mines. But this is not so. The cage

the Mines. But this is not so. The cage for the head, and the coat for the belly are to protect the body of the Sahib from being smitten by the magic ball.

"And sometimes the ball is smitten, and the player doth run, and there are other strange cries, as spoken by the Sahibs. Sli—ide! You damn bone-edd. sli—ide! and also Oh misbegotten one! Wherefore didst thou not touch the little bag? and O, thou whelp of the devil, wherefore hast thou the fingers that are of butter when the weather is hot?

"But they ever return to the misdeeds of the fat man from Bengal, cursing him greatly for his rottenness, and the fat man brings forth the book tremblingly, showing it to the Sahibs, who are compassionate, for who may know the purpose of Allah in the things he hath made?

of Allah in the things he hath made? There is the wolf and tiger and snake, and also the fat man from Bengal."
"It's just like the Polo Grounds, when



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the Giants and Cubs are scrapping it out, with Byron and John McGraw in form," said Bill, when he had rescued the Bengal unfortunate for the tenth time, magnani-mously ordering that no violence be done to him, despite his iniquities

THEN things were in good working W order, and the streets were unsafe owing to sunburnt Walter Johnsons prac-tising their fast ones, and lacking control, Bill decided on a Town League. There were too many players for one or two teams, and all had to be put to work, so a League it had to be. He called a great Palaver, and made a mighty address, Shere Din and Jim doing the translating.

great honor had come to the town it had been put on the baseball map. No other town in India had a League, explained Bill. Baseball was the sport of the great of the earth. The Emperor of India went to see the game when he got the chance. The chief of the American land sorrowed heavily when affairs of State prevented him from sitting on the bleachprevented him from sitting on the bleachers and rebuking severely the rottenness of the cadi, and crying Oh Punk! The great players who excelled in skill received large sums of money, the people bowed down before them, garlands of flowers were placed about their necks, precious stones, shining like suns, were given them to wear on their chests, and carriages that ran without horses were bestowed upon them bestowed upon them.

So here in the Beluchistan League there would be great honors bestowed on those who excelled. The team that won would receive a flag of great magnificence. The players who belonged to it would have a gold medal to be hung about the neck. But greatest of all, two titles of honor would be given to the players who attain-ed supremest skill. He who smote with the stick most successfully, would receive

the title, Ti-Kob!

And he who propelled the ball best would have given him the dignity of Mat-ti.

And so with a great clatter of tongues

the new league was organized.
"The Mullah's name's Mud," announced
Bill, when he got home from the meeting. "There isn't a town in the States as ratty on baseball as this rock dump in Central

DINNER was over. The two Sahibs

DINNER was over. The two Sahibs left the lighted dining-room and sought a pleasantly dark corner of the veranda for cigars. Bill was still greatly worked up over the success of his scheme. "Don't you be too sure about the Mullah," said Jim. "He won't take it lying down. There's grit enough in the old buck to make a pair of grindstones."
"He's licked so had he won't noke his

"He's licked so bad he won't poke his whiskers over the line till the Millenium comes," declared Bill.

There was a singing whine, something like a bee's flitting hum, and a bullet whacked the light framework of the dining-room window, and plunked into the woodwork of the further wall. Both men sat up startled. Then Jim laughed.

"There's the old chap's indignant retort.
The Mullah's back on the job again," he said. "Rather neat visiting card, eh? The bullet means that, speaking as man to man, the old chap's feelings are hurt by your new-fangled weapons. Not much good hunting the blighter's nest out this time of night. I've tumbled over enough rocks, stretching out base hits on that Mount Everest diamond of yours, to last

"Guess I did speak too soon," grinned



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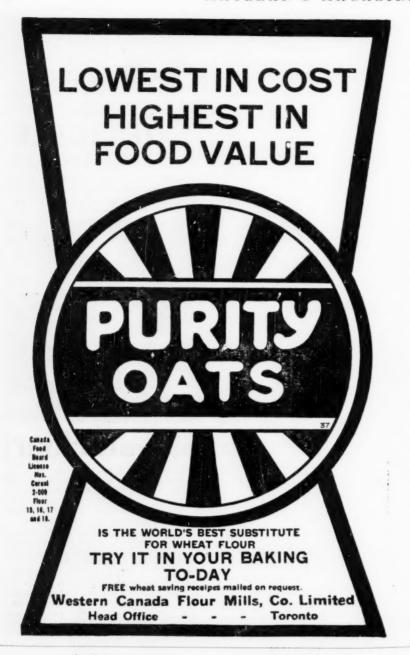
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Bill. "Wonder if he means to keep on being snappy like that? For I want to

go to bed."
"Not he," replied Jim. "It's a dignified hint that he's got a kick left in him still."

There was no more shooting, and the men went to bed. The sound of the shot was reported to them next morning by the mine watchmen, but neither made any fuss about it.

ATE in the afternoon, Bosanquet rode

L ATE in the afternoon, Bosanquet rode up to pay a call, and spent the night. "How's the rounders tournament progressing, Bill?" he enquired affably over a peg of something refreshing.
"Rounders, you slanderous ingrate!" exclaimed that worthy. "Baseball has done and is doing more for this strip of the border, than all the polo and cricket-playing political officers in the departplaying political officers in the depart-

ment."

"Shouldn't be surprised," conceded Bosanquet. "A man never knows what crazy notion catches on with the Pathan mind. But, old dear, just wait till the Mullah comes along. The old chap's some pitcher when he gets his arm in working order."

pitcher when he gets his arm in working order."

"We had a message from him last night, wireless special," said Jim. "Come and have a look at his card."

"Which means, being interpreted, that he accepts the challenge, and, if intentions go any way, he'll break up your game so that you won't be able to find the pieces." And Bosanquet examined the Jezail slug with interest. "I heard he was heading this way on one of his episcopal visitations. He'll hold back a day or two, after handing his card in, just to make the formal alibi good, and give you time for reflection. I am told there is another chap patrolling the beat with him, fellow all the way from Arabia and the grand pilgrimage, with all the latest tips on Jehads, and much palaver about the great Caliph in Berlin, who has abjured the Christian faith, and is yearnthe great Caliph in Berlin, who has abjured the Christian faith, and is yearning for the release of his brethren from British oppression. From what I've heard, I believe he's got his knife into your baseball stunt, Bill, and means to puncture it beyond repair. Joking apart, how's the pulse of the town?"

"Pulse normal. Patient taking his food regularly," replied Bill.

"Well, I think it's real business this time," said Bosanquet. "We have had lots of alarms, and fizzy little wars, but we are going to be put through the big

we are going to be put through the big test, biggest since the Mutiny. The Ameer of Afghanistan has been tried Ameer of Afgnanistan has been tried high, tempted with all manner of bribes, cash, territory and glory, but he stands fast, and will stand, I believe. The native princes are staunch to the last man. They have pretty near broken the Kaiser's heart, after all the windy paper Kaiser's heart, after all the windy paper talk about India seething with sedition. The native soldiery is what we know it to be, first-grade, not only in ability but loyalty. There will be Border trouble, though, on a big scale, and we shall not be over well equipped to meet it. If war breaks out in Europe, as seems certain, the old army men will be withdrawn, and we'll have to depend on territorials, who are game enough but don't know the rules are game enough but don't know the rules of border fighting. How about you boys here? Can you hold your crowd? They will be tried high. That's what the Mullah and his curate are after and, if they can do mischief with the mines, we'll

"I think we can hold our own," said Winstanley thoughtfully. "If you sent soldiers they might help repel an outside attack, but they would be useless and

worse than useless unless we closed down the mines, for any damage that would be done by inside agents."

"And you can't close them down," answered Bosanquet. "We'll want every pound of stuff you can get out."

"The men are all right," interposed Bill. "There's Shere Din. He's the king pin, and for us from the word go. The young men are staunch, and they'll pull the rest of the crowd. We're ready for a show down any time."

"The Mullah says this new enert is an

"The Mullah says this new sport is an evil invention, a damnable soul-destroying invention of the devil, concocted in his laboratory in the bottomless pit," grinned

Bosanquet.
"He does, does he?" snorted Bill violent-

"That's only part." And Bosanquet helped himself again to the stuff in the tantalus. "He says the prophet who is tantalus. "He says the prophet who is with him has visited America, and has seen the infernal influence of baseball on popular morals, which are quite deplorable. Better keep your eye peeled, old

top."
"I'll fix his clock for him," threatened Bill. "Been in the States, has he? Well, he can try to bust up the British Empire if he wants, but if he comes this way, knocking baseball, he'll get into trouble."

SURE enough the Mullah came to town, with his assistant, and got down to work without any preliminary warming up. They kept out of the white men's sight. Shere Din reported to Bill that the stranger was getting up a big head of steam by meditation and prayer. He came out only in the evenings when the Sahibs had gone to their quarters for the night, leaving the native world to its own

"I'm going down to see what goes on," said Bill to Bosanquet and Jim one evening after dinner. "That's about the only chance we'll get of seeing the pair at work."

The two went with him without much persuasion. Turning a corner of one of the streets, they ran into the holy men, a knot of people round them, all jabbering like niggers at a rooster fight. The Mullah suddenly looked up, saw the white men, and assumed his customary scowl of recognition. Then he plucked the sleeve of his companion, who shut off as if the tap had been suddenly turned. The new-comer was a tallish man, his bearded face burnt black-brown by eastern suns and the hot desert dusts. Bill assumed his most cordial smile and greeted the

most cordial smile and stranger.

"Why, hello there, Heinie! How's the boy? A couple of hot dogs and a drop of musty wouldn't go half bad to-night. But who'd have thought of picking you up here? What's your line, petticoat peddling?" And he touched the man's robe. "Good notion, too, for really some of the girls in this town—well, I am not what they call a Puritan, but if they were seen in Stogumber, the W. C. T. U. would have a word to say."

seen in Stogumber, the W. C. T. U. would have a word to say."

The holy man's face grew reddish under the tan, and he shook his head.

"Yes, by gosh, no wonder you blush. I used to, till I got hardened," added Bill.

The fakir jabbered very violently in Pushto.

Pushto.
"The holy man says he cannot understand what the Sahib tells him," explaintator.

"The holy man's a mind. If he's stuck up since he hit the trail, I'm proud too. It's nothing to be ashamed of if he was bar-tending in the If he's stuck up since he hit the 'm proud too. It's nothing to be



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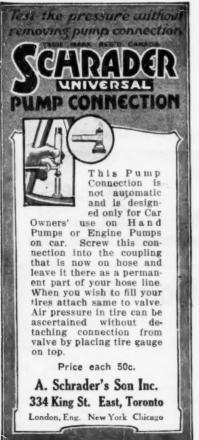
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States. Some of our most distinguished men have done a spell at it. It was darned good musty too, and there were no better hot dogs in the East."

The Mullah and his friend padded away swiftly. Bosanquet and Jim walked on a bit to hide their grins. Bill was glumly solemn, Shere Din very curious. "Bluffs he don't know me!" exclaim

exclaimed Bill. "What do you know about that, Shere Din? "But hot dogs, Sahib?" enquired by

"But hot dogs, Sahib?" enquired by Pathan soothingly, but in vast perplexity. "Hot dogs! You don't know what hot dogs are?" said Bill. "They are sausages. Little bags of meat, pork—pig meat, and cow meat, and the Lord knows what else in the way of meat. You eat them. Well, may be you wouldn't but I did, and they were darn good."

"Pig meat!" said Shere Din, greatly disgusted. "And, Musty, Sahib?" enquiring for further enlightenment.

ing for further enlightenment.

Musty! Oh, ale—beer—booze—what the devil's the name? oh, yes! Bhang. Pig meat and Bhang," explained Carswell Sahib. "If he isn't the man who peddled Sahib. "If he isn't the man who peddled out the pig meat and Bhang in Tom Sheridan's Bhang emporium in New York city, I'll eat my hat. He said he had been in the land of America, and the evil city of the infidel, New York, didn't he?"

"He said so in my own ears," answered

Shere Din solemnly.
"Well, there you are." And Bill shook his head sadly, and went up the hill with his friends.

THE Mullah and his friend did not abandon their crusade, despite the encounter with Carswell Sahib, but they kept out of sight in the day-time. When they had worked up to the grand climax, they gathered the people together one night, and had a great meeting. The Mullah pulled out all his stops, and told of the call that was shortly coming to the faithful to rise, fling off the yoke of the foreigner, and take possession of the rich lands to the south, with all their wondrous booty.

A great deliverer had been raised up one of the true faith, a leader of great mightiness. Then he took a whack at the infidel Carswell Sahib, and his devil game of the magic ball and stick, wherewith he was alienating the faithful from true religion. But altogether, the Mullah had what is known to orators, who rely much on emotion, as a hard time. people seemed to have lost ginger, snap, pep, fire, steam. Sentiments that formerly had gone off like flaring rockets, were the dampest of squibs, not a sputter even in them. Then the Mullah got angry, tore at his garments and beard, foamed at the mouth, and threw fits of religious fervor. But the audience was like a theatre mob on Hook night, more

critical than sympathetic.

Then the holy stranger got going. He spoke the language of the people with accuracy. He had come from far lands, and had seen wonderful sights. Allah had given him a message of cheer to deliver to them.

The night was vanishing, the dawn at the night was vanishing, the dawn at hand. There had indeed been given to them a mighty deliverer, a true follower of Mahomet, who once had been an unbeliever, but had been brought by Allah the Compassionate, the Ever-Merciful, to see the error of his ways, and the light at the same time. He was the mightiest the same time. He was the nightiest Caliph was world had ever known, with countless armies, the greatest war ships, and riches that could not be counted. His heart had been moved by the sorrows of his brethren. His mighty hand had wrought great wonders for the people of their faith in Turkey. He would drive the English out of Egypt and India, and confine them to their own little island in the midst of the seas. Those of the Border folk who rose against the English would receive great rewards from the English would receive great rewards from the mighty Caliph. Those who wrought destruction upon the possessions of the Government would be richly paid.

THERE was a deep silence when he had finished, then the crowd began to stir uneasily. The fakir resumed, with impassioned appeals to them to bring forward the devil implements wherewith Carswell Sahib had seduced them from the faith, and solemnly burn them, in token of their turning from backsliding ways. Again there was a silence, broken at last by a faint chuckle at the back of the room, and a shrill voice sounded.

"Oh, Punk!" was all it said.

"Rot—ten! Oh, Rotten!" wailed another

The orator infuriated, burst into English, and showed the possibilities of that language for vituperative purposes. Whereupon Shere Din arose, mighty in

frame, dignified in bearing.
"Wherefore, O holy man, didst thou lie to me, when thou saidst thou didst not understand the tongue of Carswell Sahib?" he demanded. "Aie! Truly a most holy man art thou! Wast thou not, in the land called Mer-Can, a seller of the on the land called Mer-Can, a seller of the dogs that are cooked, little bags of meat, pig meat, and cow meat, and Allah knows what other kinds of meats, which are called dogs that are hot by the Mer-Can people? And wast thou not also a seller of Bhang, that is called Musty in the country of Carswell Sahib, over the black waters?

The baseball magic is a true magic. The Englishman, who is our chief lord, the Mer-Can man who is also our lord, and Mer-Can man who is also our lord, and to whom my life belongeth, the Beluchi, the Pathan from the hills, all play the magic game together as brothers, and strive for the honor of the flag of great magnificence, the medals made of gold, and the great honor of the Ti-Kob and the Mat—ti. It is good, and defileth no man's faith. Aie! No true son of the Faith art thou, O seller of dogs that are hot and Bhang, that is called Musty.

Again there fell a deep silence on the throng. Once more there came a voice, wailing aspiration with heart-touching in-

"Oh, for a Pop Bot—tle!"

The fakir rose and strove to stem the tide of jeers and laughter. He shouted out denials and denunciations of the infamous Sahib, but his hour had gone. vast, roaring confusion broke up the meeting, and the Mullah of Heshwar and the Fakir vanished into the night, and were seen no more in that vicinity.

"A ND was he a bar-tender, Bill?" asked Bosanquet.
"Lord knows! Like enough," replied Carswell Sahib. "You don't think all diplomats are in the political service, do you? Bill Bryan wasn't the last man to stampede a mob with a speech. And take my word for it, no man can come here and slur the Beluchistan Baseball League and get away with it."

So, while other parts of the Border were raiding and rioting and raising Cain generally in 1914 and the next year, the bailiwick of Jim Winstanley and Bill Carswell was peaceful as Stogumber, Mass., on a wet Sunday afternoon, except at such wet Sunday afternoon, except at such times as the fat man from Bengal went wrong on balls and strikes.

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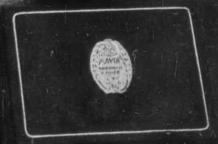
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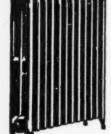
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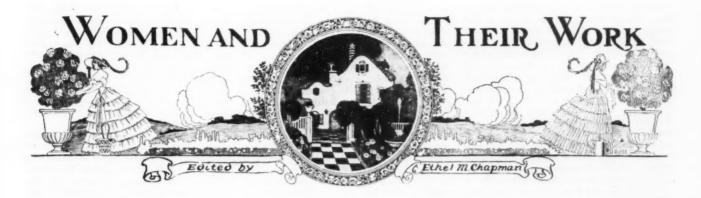
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## Your Girl at College and After

By Ethel M. Chapman

BEND in an unknown road is always alluring, but only at one other time in a girl's life does it open up such A possibilities as when she goes to the school that is to link up her girlhood with real living. No wonder it's an experience full of thrills from the earliest anticipation. The planning of the new clothes, the first glimpse of the Alma Mater set far back on the campus between avenues of flaming maples. the buzzing crowds of new people, the contact with whose lives is going to make her own so much richer, the promise of tramps on frosty, moonlight nights and corn-roasts and concerts and parties and the glorified vision of all that the college years may make of her-all these go to warm the heart of the girl rather than the real purpose of her coming to college, however seriously she may have taken that in the beginning. After all, she's partly right; we must admit that college is not so much a place where things are studied or learned as it is a place where things happen, a place where a girl first finds herself.

This is where the old-fashioned "finishing school" failed; it did not teach a girl to express herself. It rather stifled all that was original in her and tried to conform her to the standard mold of what the school considered ladylike—to walk with her chin and shoulders at certain angles, to talk with a certain modulation, to say certain things on certain occasions. We cannot belittle a cultural education; the world needs culture of the finest kind now more than it ever did, but cultural training goes deeper than imitation. And the "finishing school" failed because it fitted a girl only for the drawing-room; it did nothing to train her for living, and if the fabric of our national life is to be patched up and made stronger and finer than ever the girls of the next few years are going to have to meet life in

earnest. The men who did the hard, interesting things have gone into the army; a lot of the work they would have done must be carried on by women, and this requires training. In the second place, the cost of living for the next several years is going to make it important, and in many cases imperative, that a girl be able to earn money for herself. she to be equipped for some skilled work with a fair salary, or will she be left to take her chance at some makeshift job, the remuneration from which will never make it possible for her to provide, if necessary, against a possible time when she cannot work, and which will always be more or less drudgery, something which she would never have chosen for herself? Wise parents have come to allow their boys considerable freedom in choosing their careers, because they have found that parentally-ordained careers are usu-A girl should failures.

be just as free as her brother in choosing her career. We can do no less than give her an opportunity to determine for herself how best to make the most of her life. If she does not know what she wants to do—and most girls don't—a college training will lay the broad foundation which is invaluable in any business or profession.

There is nothing to triumph over in the fact that women are going to do a lot of the things that men have done heretofore. And the doing of these things will mean little to either the woman or the world so long as she goes into the work with the spirit of competition or personal ambition. Neither will the thinking woman try to imitate a man's way of doing a thing; she will realize that there are differences, that the laws of human nature are eternal, and whether she is a trained nurse or an electrical engineer, she will express herself through her work. With this viewpoint she can safely lay her plans for whatever life-work she chooses, provided she realizes that a career, like matrimony, "ought to be entered into reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God"—and I say this with reverence.

There are women at the top of almost every ladder, but the lower rungs of some are so overcrowded that a good many aspirants are likely to be pushed off in the jam. On others it has been hard to get a footing at all because of the "Keep Off" signs posted by prejudice. Law, for instance, has been sometimes considered a doubtful profession for a woman on account of the publicity with which she would have to face problems of all sorts of crime and general sordidness. To-day, however, when every woman is accepting her relation to life as social and civic as well as domestic, and when women are taking a

hand in the solution of every question of disease and crime and disaster that can affect the world, there is no reason for any woman being frightened at the publicity of fighting these evils through the courts. In fact some of the reforms that Canadian women are struggling for in our own social laws might be brought about more quickly if we had more women in the profession. There is an opening here for the most brilliant girls with quick, logical minds to do some most valuable social service work.

In the same way, the profession of medicine offers unlimited scope for the right type of girl. The war has proved that even in a branch requiring such skill and "nerve" as surgery, women can perform a high quality of work. It is, perhaps, the exceptional woman who would take up this line, but it seems logical that a woman could excell in certain specialties like children's troubles for example. Further, the successful consulting phys-



ician deals with the psychological almost as much as the physiological; he probes deep into causes which to the layman seem to have no connection with the specific trouble. Isn't it more natural for women to confide in a woman? And however strongly some people declare their lack of confidence in "women doctors," the fact remains that of all hospitals, the women's hospitals run entirely by women for women have the longest waiting list-which is the supreme test of any hospital. And again, the girl who wants to be a doctor might be reminded that it is both unnecessary and one of the greatest mistakes she could make to try to do things as men have always done them. This is a profession where personality counts supremely; if she tries to be anything but her natural self she is going to lose something. I have a picture in mind of a girl doctor only twenty-four years old, but notably skilful in maternity cases, making a new baby comfortable for his first sleep, her white gown and pink cheeks and burnished red hair under the electric light making a bright presence in the room, and the mother's praises of her work always ended with "and she's so lovely and restful to have around!" Perhaps this was in no small measure the secret of her success.

The professions of law and medicine, however, will attract only a small percentage of the girls going to college this year. The majority who enter the university do so with the idea of eventually drifting into teaching, a private secretaryship, social service work, journalism

or some one of the other numberless fields calling for women. It is doubtful whether any other line offers possibilities of such far-reaching results as teaching. and there is always the option of specializing later in art, music, physical culture, household science, or in the higher branches of English, classics, or what-ever appeals to the individual. Social service work affords endless opportunities for self-development and self-expression as well as for the "uplift work" which appeals so strongly to the girl with ideals. It has a special call for the girl with business sense, personal charm, deep religious instincts and some technical training, who has the executive to inspire others to service and who doesn't mind having quite a lot to do alone. Newspaper work is steadily growing in its demand for women and it covers such a multitude of departments as to take in some scores of classes of writers. The journalism, which is the ultimate ambition of most newspaper women, usually begins with reporting. Reporting is hard work but full of valuable experience, and the prejudice against a woman "going into all sorts of places" as a reporter must is fast dying out, because people are beginning to see that this protective attitude is, after all, not the kindest thing. A proprietor of one newspaper used to object to having a woman reporter on his staff because "she would have to go out in the rain!" I knew an old laundress once who couldn't get work because the people to whom she applied couldn't bear to see her bending over the

tubs—she looked so little and frail. She nearly starved to death on the commiseration of the kind-hearted. But while the girl journalist of to-day has a comparatively easy field to break into and while newspaper experience gives a splendid foundation for the creative writing of magazines and books, she will be seriously handicapped if she has not a broad, general school education. A university course is invaluable.

Then, of course, there is the question of training for the profession of homemaking. Most people agree now that any training which fits a woman for better living should make her a better wife and mother, but it must be admitted that actual training for home-making is the most neglected part of our girls' education, especially since the necessity of so many girls earning their own living leaves them little time for learning even the practical things of housekeeping in their own homes. The night classes in our technical schools help out considerably, but the girl is fortunate who can have both practical and professional training in what is most likely to be her permanent "life work." At the same time, for the university girl who takes her degree in Household Science or the dietician housekeeper who graduates at the end of a two-year course, there will, for some years to come, be no dearth of positions with good salaries, either teaching this interesting subject to other girls, or performing the miracle of putting an atmosphere of home into an institution. The increasing number of military hos-



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pitals and convalescent homes as well as the residence colleges, schools and hospitals needing trained women should induce more girls to take up this work.

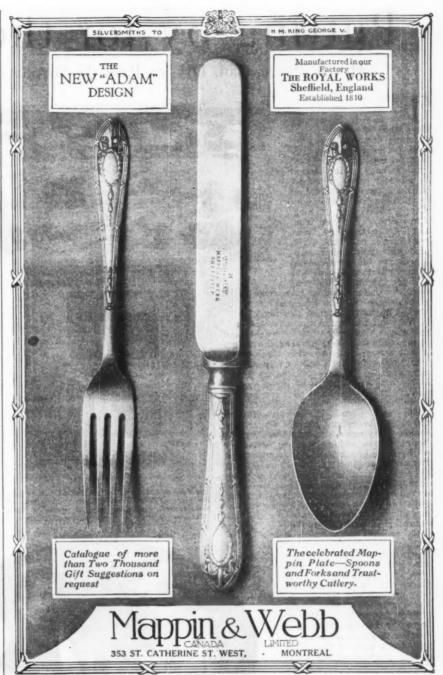
Another girl who will this fall be entering a university of a different kind, whose training will also help her in her home or wherever she may be for the rest of her life, is the "student nurse." It is doubtful if this is not the biggest professional opportunity open to the right kind of girl to-day. A few years ago being a nurse may have meant little more to us than wearing a fetching cap and carrying trays of broth and lemon jelly. Now we are having our eyes opened to a new vision; the work of the nurse to-day is fighting the greatest battle of the times -the conservation of human life. may be swathed to the eyes in her sterilized uniform in the operating room, every muscle taut, sharing the swift work in which every move may count for life or death, or she may be meeting the emergencies and relieving the agonies in a Red Cross hospital back of the firing line in France, or in the public health service, flying here and there to the homes of some Canadian city or prairie district, meeting the stork at his every arrival and saving two lives over and over where one or both would probably have been lost without her, or she may (we hope before long) be teaching hygiene to the school children in the rural districts. The work of the nurse, the real one, is bound to be hard wherever she is, but if she is a girl who is born and then made for her work it will return her all that she puts into it. If she has the right kind of temperament and character to begin with, she will come through so strengthened, so mellowed by sympathy, so steadied by the leanings of others that it is no wonder a man is frequently heard to say, "What on earth is there about a nurse that makes a man want to marry her every time?"

And while the "finishing school" may be superficial, there is nothing superficial or unnecessary about the cultural subjects in the girl's education. Music and art, especially music, is most important, not only for what she can do with it but for what it will do for her in giving her a finer appreciation of the best things in life, and making it possible for her to pass the influence on. This, too, is where the college life should help her. Contact with girls of all kinds and temperaments is going to make her more generous, broader, less self-centred, kindlier in her judgments of people, ready to face things honestly, to take responsibility, to come nearer to the ideal of Tennyson's Edith, "She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man." These are some of the things college should do for her, and it isn't too much. The problems of the next several years are going to call for a womanhood of capability and culture and character raised to the nth

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## Putting by for the Winter

How to Store, Can, Dry, or Pack the Surplus of the Season's Crop

HIS is the house-keeper's conservation year. It is an old story that the pressure of patriotic demands and high food prices combined urge that not a pound of the perishable foods of the season be allowed to go to waste. Besides, food preservation has become exceedingly popular; households, which, a few years ago, lived from hand to mouth the year round, are now taking a pride in their cellar cupboards full of home-canned things. But conditions are

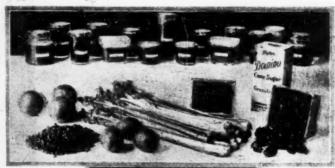
than ever before, and we have come to the place where our enthusiasm must be backed up by the utmost practicability.

We want to save in the most economical way. Containers are scarce, and sugar, though we are assured that there will be enough to go around. The woman who thinks farthest will not spend her time and use her jars in canning things like onions and turnips or large quantities of carrots and beets that can be just as well stored in sand in the cellar, though it does seem permissible to can a few of the young beets and carrots for winter salads. Drying is an economical way of saving fruits and vegetables, especially as the dried products do not require to be put away, in glass jars; and while it is undeniable that the flavor and appearance of most things are not as well preserved by drving as by canning, corn and peas, two of the most troublesome vegetables to can, can be dried to retain all their natural color and sweetness.

So we come to the question of just what should be stored or canned, or dried, or otherwise put away for the winter. This depends, in the first place, on the provision we have in our homes for storing. The apartment dweller has a problem entirely different from the family living in a house with ample cellar-room, provided a part of the cellar can be partitioned off from the furnace room to make a cool place for the vegetables. A partition of rough boards will do, and the room should have a window which can be left open usually until well on

in December, and opened occasionally on sunny days during the winter to keep the room aired.

In the city home there is no better wav of storing potatoes than in bins or boxes which hold two or three bushels, and covering with pieces of canvas or carpet





The Food Board urges the making of jam to take the place of butter next winter. A supply of home-canned vegetables will be worth a little fortune to fill the needs of meatless days.

to keep out the light. By the middle of winter they should be sorted to cull out any that may have commenced to decay, and again in March they should be gone over and the sprouts removed. Onions must be thoroughly dry and well cured before being taken into the cellar in the fall; dampness in onions especially causes decay. They should be placed in slat boxes, which allow a free circulation of air. Beets, carrots, parsnips, salsify and turnips may be put

and turnips may be put away in packing boxes with an inch of moist sand in the bottom of the box, then a layer of vegetables, more sand and so on until the box is filled. Or the roots may be simply piled on the floor and covered with earth. Celery is also kept by packing tightly in a box with the roots buried in moist sand. It should, if possible, be kept in a dark but airy place. Cabbages are left outside until the permanent freezing up. Then some of the outside leaves may be removed and the cabbages piled on shelves so that the air can circulate freely around them, or they may be tied in bunches and suscended from the ceiling. Where a gardener has a lot of cabbages and little cellar room a pit may be made in the dryest part of the garden and the cabbages piled, heads down, in the form of a pyramid. Earth should be thrown over them as the season advances, and unless the pit is very small an air vent should be left at the top. This may be a

at the top. This may be a stone pipe or piece of tile set in the peak of the pit. In severe weather it should be filled with straw.

To can or dry vegetables which can be stored as easily as these is a waste of time and fuel and containers, and the quality of the canned or dried product, except, as mentioned before in the case of young beets and carrots, is not, to say the most, better than when the vegetables are stored in the simpler way. Fruits and vegetables which cannot be stored, however, should

not be stored.
however, should
be canned or
dried to the last
pint. Our native
fruits cannot be
exported, and
while sugar
must be used
with care there
will be enough
of it to preserve
the entire surplus of our
home - grown
fruits — not
the rich, syrupy
preserves of our





The housekeeper who packs her own eggs will not have to take a chance on the quality and prices of the cold storage product. Below: A comparison of fresh and dried vegetables.

grandmothers, of course, which would "keep without sealing," but a far more delicate product in which the natural shape and color and flavor of the fruit is retained. Syrups for different fruits and berries are of different density, or require different proportions of sugar. A good standard rule is to allow two cups of sugar to one cup of water for strawberries and cherries; two cups of sugar to one and a half cups of water for peaches and plums; and two cups of sugar to four cups of water for pears, sweet plums, sweet cherries, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries. In each case boil the sweet cherries, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries. In each case boil the syrup for one minute before pouring over the fruit. Or an average foundation syrup may be made by adding one and one half quarts of sugar, or six cups, to one quart of water, and boiling three minutes for pears and peaches, sweet plums, raspberries, blackberries, etc., or any fruit where a thin syrup will do, and eight minutes for strawberries, cherries, sour plums, or for any fruit where a richer syrup is desired.

In view of the growing scarcity of fats, the Food Board is urging the housekeepers of Canada to put up as much jam as possible to save butter next winter—but to make their jam with less sugar than usual. The old rule of "pound for pound," when modified to three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit has proved to give a jam more delicate in both texture and flavor. The season for

has proved to give a jam more delicate in both texture and flavor. The season for the berries so highly prized for jams has gone, but we still have plums and peaches and crab apples, from which alone, or in combination, can be made some of the most delicious concoctions ever turned out

of a jam pot.

A good supply of canned vegetables will be worth a little fortune next winter in enabling the housekeeper to provide a variety of tempting salads and savory dishes of green things for days when meat is forbidden, and other days when meat is forbidden, and other days when meat is too expensive to be afforded. Some of the things to can in quantities are green beans, tomatoes, young beets, cauliflow-er, peas and corn. The tomatoes may be done in an open kettle-and the woman who cooks an extra quart or two to seal in a jar whenever she is preparing tomatoes for dinner will soon have a considerable addition to her store without making any unnecessary work of it. The other vegetables, however, require longer sterilization than is given in ordinary cooking, and special treatment in the way of blanching and cold dipping, and it is a saving of both time and fuel to do a fairly large quantity at a time. Cold pack canning is to be especially recommended for vegetables as they can be given the long sterilization necessary without spoiling sterilization necessary without spoiling the appearance or flavor. The method is simply after blanching the vegetables in boiling water for the required time, to dip them in cold water, pack in jars, fill the jars with water if necessary, add one teaspoonful of salt to each quart, adjust rubbers and tops without screwing the rings down tightly, set the jars on a rack in a vessel of water, an ordinary wash boiler or a covered pail will do very well, bring the water to boiling point and keep it boiling for the time indicated in the table on page following.

While drying does not preserve the appearance and flavor of most fruits and vegetables as well as canning, it is to be especially recommended for green peas

vegetables as well as canning, it is to be especially recommended for green peas and corn. Blanch the vegetables in boiling water for fifteen minutes, cut the corn off the cob, spread on a shallow baking dish in a slow oven and leave the door partly open, or set the dish on the



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back of the stove. Stir occasionally that they may dry evenly.

Any corn left over from a meal may be cut from the cob and dried in this way. When preparing it for use, soak in cold water for a few hours before cooking. If carefully done, dried corn is as nice as the best canned corn. And some nice as the best canned corn. And some day this fall when you have your car out in the country or at the market, bring home a few pumpkins and slice and dry them on a rack over the stove. You can have inexpensive pumpkin pies all winter.

Time-Table for Cold-Pack Canning.
Hot Water

		TIOC WATE
	Blanch	Bath-
	or Scald	Outfit
	Minutes	212° F.
Apples	2	15-10
Apricots	134	15
Asparagus	5-10	60-90
Beans	5-10	120
Beets	6-10	51.0
Beet Greens		90
Blackberries		12
Blueberries		12
Carrots	5	90
Cherries	* *	15
Corn	5-15	240
Currants		15
Grapes		15
Pears	1-2	15
Peaches	1-2	15
Peas	3-10	120
Pineapple	5	30
Plums	1-2	15
Pumpkin	5-10	60
Quince	2	30
Raspberries		10
Rhubarb	1-3	20
Spinach	10-15	60-90
Squash	5-10	60
Strawberries	0.0-	8
Swiss Chard	10	90
Tomatoes	1-2	22

NOTE.—It is safer to give corn and peas the intermittent process of sterilization, that is to cook the corn in the jars for one hour on each of three successive days and the peas for half an hour on each of three successive days. Loosen the tops each time before putting the jars in the boiler.

It is not too late to "put down" eggs for the winter. They may not be very cheap but they will be a lot dearer before many months. To preserve eggs,

use a solution of water-glass and store in clean receptacles of glass, earthenware or wood. One-half gallon glass jars with screw caps will hold fourteen or fifteen eggs, and these make most satisfactory containers, as they can be covered so easily. Water-glass is sold in the form of a powder as well as in a syrup. Use the syrup form, and mix one part of this with ten parts of water. The water should be pure; boiled water is preferable. The eggs must be clean, with strong, sound shells, but they should not be sound shells, but they should not washed, as this removes some of the natural mucilaginous coating. They should be put into the preserving fluid if possible the same day they are laid, especially in summer. Unfertilized eggs are not likely to spoil, even if they are not so fresh. However, it is one of the strongest points of this preserving method that fertilized eggs will keep perfectly well if the above precautions are taken. taken.

As soon as the eggs are packed in the As soon as the eggs are packed in the preserving-liquid the receptacle should be carefully sealed with a paraffined or vaselined paper or pasteboard, or with a screw cap or other tight cover. This is necessary not only to prevent the water from evaporating, which would finally expose the unner eggs to the atmosphere, but also to prevent the carbonia soil designs. but also to prevent the carbonic acid of the air from decomposing the silicate.

The eggs packed in well-sealed jars should be stored in a cool place, especially at first, that is, before the egg-germs have lost their vitality. However, the temperature must not drop below the

freezing-point.

Now, when the price of eggs goes soaring, and midwinter finds them almost prohibitive for daily use, you will be repaid for your foresight by being able to use freely the ones you have "put down." Your family may have eggs for break-fast without feeling guilty; they may also have them for an occasional lunch-eon dish. And the nutritive value of frequent egg-dishes is unquestioned.

### Prophecies of the New Joan of Arc

French Peasant Girl Who Is Cheering Allies With Forecasts of Victory

SOME months ago reference was made in MACLEAN'S to the appearance of a new Joan of Arc, a French peasant girl whose prophecies have taken a firm grip on the imagination of the whole French ration. Further information of a very interesting kind is now available. The reputation of "Claire Ferchaud," the new Joan, grows in-stead of recedes. Writing in the London "Daily Mail" Andre Richard says:

Claire's gift of prophecy seems to be unquestionable.

Claire's gift of prophecy seems to be unquestionable.

It is absolutely beyond doubt that, at the end of 1915 she announced that members of the Government and other powerful politicians were plotting against France, and that revolutionary acts and military seditions would have to be punished soon.

As the recent case of the "Bonnet Rouge" and the Bolo trial have amply proved, a very influential, well organized gang actually tried, during the spring of 1917, to promote a mutiny on a large scale.

It is also beyond doubt that very high perchaud, at the beginning of this year, warned several generals that the front would soon be pierced, contrary to the theory of the unbreakable line which was then generally held among experts.

She added that the Allies would pass almost without any transition "from despair to victory," and that the cry "Tout est perdu!" (All is lost) would transform itself immediately into "Tout est sauvé!" (All is saved)—a prophecy the value of which we shall know soon.

Let me mention another prediction: the prophetess believes she will die at twentyfour, her mission completed.

prophetess believes she will die at twentyfour, her mission completed.

The Catholic clergy have been deeply
moved by the young peasant's religious
exaltation and her apparitions.

The Bishop of Poitiers, incredulous at
first, soon became her staunchest protector.
He introduced her to the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, who cross-examined her
in his palace and could not conceal later on
that her replies had filled him with "an intense admiration."

tense admiration."
Then, in February last, the interest of Pope Benedict was aroused. He instructed

Pope Benedict was aroused. He instructed one of the most learned theologians of the Church, Father Hugon, to open an inquiry into the case of the "visionnaire."

Father Hugon's report has not been published yet; but well-informed persons assure me that it proclaims "that none might entertain any suspicion on the sublimity of her inspirations, on the orthodoxy, theological science and mystical elevation of her writings." writings.

It is also beyond doubt that very high per-sonages have either granted her private hearings or called upon her in her native

Mention MacLean's Magazine-It will identify you.

She was introduced to President Poincare

She was introduced to President Poincare by the Deputy for Vendee, and it is not less beyond doubt that one of the Prench generals who won fame at Verdun made the long journey to Loublande.

I am told that, quite recently, Claire Ferchaud called on M. Clemenceau.

Our busy Premier (who is not quite a religious man) consented to hear her "for five minutes," but yielded to the mystical charm of his young compatriot (for he is a Vendeen himself), and remained talking with her for a full hour. I am even told that she urged him to recall into active service General M——, brought into disgrace last year owing to the intrigues of certain politicians, assuring him in the name of the Sacred Heart that he would soon lead our troops to victory.

A few weeks later General M—— stopped the Boche onrush in front of Compiegne, saving Paris and perhaps France.

#### How Lichnowsky was Betrayed

His Assistants in London Countermanded His Cabled Advice to Berlin

THE wife of the Naval Attache at the U.S. Embassy in Berlin, Mrs. Neville Taylor Gherardi, is beginning a series of articles in The Saturday Evening Post on her impressions of Germany during the earlier stages of the war. One incident that she quotes is a revelation of German diplomatic She writes:

One thing that has come vivid v to my memory has been brought up by Prince Lichnowsky's remarkable revelations concerning the time he left England with his embassy at the outbreak of the war. We knew very well one of the members of his staff, very well one of the members of his staff, who immediately after his return to Berlin gave us his opinion freely about his former ambassador. I have seldom heard more frank disgust than his at the attitude of the prince. He said with the strongest feeling that his chief had shown so little appreciation of England's determination to go to war, and had so allowed England to pull the wool over his eyes as to her real intentions, that it had made him blind and weak in his attitude toward the British foreign office, because he would listen to their pretensions, as he called them, of wanting to keep peace between the nations.

nations.

All this was said to me, and though I saw that this man had no use for his chief whatsoever it was not until I read the statements of Prince Lichnowsky that I clearly realized that it was his—Lichnowsky's—efforts to keep the peace and listen to England's offers of help, which his own country refused to do, that had enraged his attache against him. The speaker belonged to the fighting branch of his government, and any effort to stop the war that the militarists had arranged to bring on was of course bitter to him. bitter to him.

bitter to him.

In this conversation my informant said that both the naval and military attaches were ordered by their ambassador—Lichnowsky—to telegraph their respective chiefs in Berlin that England did not intend war, and that Germany should avoid taking any steps that would give offense to England or to attempt to force her hand. The naval and military attaches sent their telegrams to Berlin, stating in them that they were ordered to do so, and followed them immediately with other telegrams stating the exact contrary to their conviction and that Germany should take every step looking to immediate war with England.

Later on I met Lichnowsky at a luncheon

Later on I met Lichnowsky at a luncheon and he looked like a heart-broken man. His revelations show how the German Govern-ment deceived him and played their game behind his back, using his own attache to betray him.



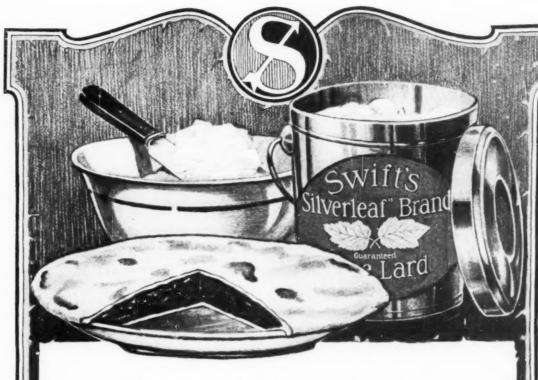
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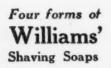
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